

SECOND FLOOR.

[illegible]

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Every day's developments at this stage of the campaign, when the indications begin to count for something, make the prospects of a

on charges of forgery and embezzlement.

Mr. Lewis has not lived in Chicago much more than a year, and does not live in the district, boarding at the Auditorium Annex, but under the

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## News Tندر to the Times This Morning

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Part I.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Henry Ellers kills his bride and

ited a ranch near Temple, eight miles east of here, where well-boring operations were being conducted. When there was a number of fish there, they were pumped out of the well. The importance of the incident lies in its proof that there is an underground body of water running through this valley that may be made available for irrigation by pumping. The extent of the water has long been known, but hitherto it has always been considered filtration from Salt River, through gravel beds.

parties to the controversy to be given at the meeting Monday, for the purpose of settling a few outstanding issues which will be convenient for all concerned. Notices have accordingly sent to the main question and such other persons, including the following, as are attending Monday. It was stated that most of the aims of today's meeting was taken up with a discussion of the question as to the time when hearings shall be held, the result of which was the conclusion to call on the people interested before reaching a decision. The commission already has

Lena Donahue...Gregory heirs sue Public Administrator...Queer brace of politicians...MAYOR'S OFFICIALS TO COURT.

Boston's Public Works declares for less speed on street crossings...New pay roll for firemen takes effect...Sensational examination of Harry Johnson in Boyd murder case...Summaries record...Eastern track summaries Match race for pacers.

LABOR. Mines slowly getting shape...Meeting of arbitration commission...Probable tie-up of building trades...Eggs teleg...phers join other organizations demand for raise...Gov. Stone orders

The Democrats feel very strongly that the personal popularity of the President must not be confused with the popularity or unpopularity of the individual members of Congress. This view, too, is taken by many more or less non-partisan observers. It is their opinion that if that be the fact, Congress did not do what the President desired on many impor-

The proposed use of petroleum as a substitute for coal on shipboard is treated at length and in such detail as thoroughly to meet the insuperable demands that have come to the Navy Department for the special information obtained by the engineering board composed of Lieutenant-Commanders Edwards, Parks and Bailey. For months this board has been working with a big 200-horse-power boiler at the water front in this city, testing a multitude of oil-burning devices, and the

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE)



## DARING OUTLAW.

Without Aid Holds  
Up Train.

He Takes Life of Brave  
Engineer Oneall.

Blows Express Car to Pieces  
With Dynamite.

Compels Three Men to Do His  
Work, Joking With Them  
the While.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

BUTTE (Mont. Oct. 24.—One of the most daring train robberies in the history of the Northern Pacific Railroad occurred early this morning, at a lonely spot three and a half miles west of Drummond, Mont. So far as known but one man engaged in the attempt to rifle the express safe. That one man seemed to be a host in himself, when he killed one man, cooped up a whole train crew and an entire trainload of passengers, and kept three men at work obeying orders. Single-handed the desperado captured two cars, the express messenger, the electrician of the train and the postal clerk, and went about his task of rifling the mails, and attempting to blow up the safe in the express car, with much coolness and nerve as if entertaining company.

Reports are conflicting as to the number of men engaged in the robbery. The Denver Herald, which is an express messenger say they saw but one man who did all the work and the shooting. The conductor and passengers insist there were two men at least engaged in the hold-up.

The robber, who made little by the desperate deed. The charge of dynamite failed to open the safe in the express car and the postal authorities state that the contents of the registered packages were intact. A small sum. Had the train going the other way been selected, the booty, it is believed, would have been rich, as that train is accustomed to carry much of value.

The train had left Bear Mouth, and as the fireman turned to either a scoopful of coal he was startled to hear a yell, and turning around, found a man standing on the coal, pointing two big revolvers at his head.

"Throw up your hands," shouted the man, elevating his voice so as to overcome the roar of the train. "Throw up and obey my orders and you won't get hurt."

The man slid down the coal onto the engine deck, and forced the fireman against the left side of the cab. He covered Engineer Oneall with one revolver, and ordered him to throw up his hands. "You mind what I say," said he to the engineer. "If you don't I'll blow you right here."

Then the robber turned to the fireman and commanded: "The first thing you do, you go out and put that headlight out, and be quick about it, and mind you come back here."

The fireman lost no time in obeying the order, and was returning to the cab when he heard a shot fired, and peered in just in time to see the engineer falling backward of the gangway to the ground along the side of the engine. Just before the shot he had heard Oneall say: "Well, if you've got to do it, you might as well do it here as any place."

Just then steam was shut off, and the brakes applied, and the train came to a stop in the murky cañon. Engineer Oneall, it seems, stepped from his seat, and in doing so overturned his lantern, which was set below him. Immediately he grappled with the robber, and tried to overpower him. The robber released himself, and placing the big revolver at the engineer's abdomen fired. Oneall gave a groan, and fell to the ground outside. The fireman was frightened and jumped from the running board to the ground and hid himself until what followed was over. The robber went from the engine to the express car, and at that instant passengers began poking their heads out of the car windows. Immediately following a fusillade of shots, which specifically sent the frightened passengers back into the coaches.

Success in getting valuable plunder. Two or three times he expressed regret at having been forced to kill the engineer, whom he characterized as foolish for trying to resist. The robber declared:

"If there is anybody who wants to know who I am, tell them I'm the same fellow who held up the Southern Pacific out at Portland last fall."

Only a meager description of the daredevil robber could be obtained. He is described as a small man, not over five feet four inches in height, and weighs less than 140 pounds. He was heavily masked and wore a peculiar-shaped cap, which pulled down over his face and neck. The only distinguishable portion of his clothing was a pair of overalls of dark color. Bloodhounds from the State prison have been put on the trail. The Northern Pacific today posted notices of a reward of \$5000 for the capture of the man or men, dead or alive.

Oneall believed that his capture will soon be effected. Old settlers, however, who know the country and its roughness, say there is little likelihood of the man being captured in the mountains, as this section of the country is a veritable hole in the wall, and wild and thickly timbered.

The train is known as the North Coast Limited, is the fastest train on the Northern Pacific system, and this was its first hold-up in the history of the road.

NO TRACE OF OUTLAW.

BUTTE, Oct. 24.—Late tonight word from the site of the hold-up says: Sheriff Prescott and his men have scoured the country about the scene of the hold-up, but could get no clew, although all day was spent by Underwood, the train engineer, and the bloodhounds, they were unable to get the dogs started on the trail. Sheriff Prescott arrived home this evening, it is thought the outlaw is hiding in the Rock Creek country, and is making a good job of getting away. The country is most favorable for a criminal to hide in, being almost inaccessible.

CIOTENARIAN GARMAN  
MARRIES HIS NIECE.

MRS. JOSEPHINE RAYNOR OF LOS  
ANGELES HIS DAUGHTER.

Bride is About Forty-five Years Old  
and Has Kept House and Devoted Her  
Time to Care of Aged Groom for  
Several Years.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

FREEPORT (L. I. Oct. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] It was learned today that Joseph Garman, one of the most venerable citizens, was married nearly three weeks ago to his niece, Miss Etta J. Garman. Bride and groom have as yet made no public announcement of their marriage.

Garman is 42 years of age, and his wife is about 45. They were married on October 5, by Rev. Dr. Kneeland Platt Ketchum, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this town. Garman is well preserved for his years, of portly figure, though in the last few years he has been something of an invalid. Ever since the death of his wife, several years ago, his niece, Miss Garman, has made her home with him, keeping house and devoting all her time to the care of her aged uncle. He has been retired from business for a considerable period, and has a fortune that is estimated at between \$25,000 and \$30,000.

Garman has a daughter residing in Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Josephine Raynor. Mrs. Raynor has made several visits East to her father, and it is understood that it was her desire that he should go to California, and make his home with her; but Garman, having spent so many years of his life on Long Island, was attached to his native place, and preferred to spend the remainder of his days here. It was only recently, however, that he and his niece decided to marry.

FLASHES FROM THE WIRES.

Harvey Lillie, aged 35, of David City, Neb., was shot in the head and fatally wounded by a burglar who had entered his house. Lillie owned three small hounds, two of which were poisoned previous to the shooting. Lillie is the agent for a local grain elevator.

Lewis A. Wood, of St. Paul, has brought suit in the Federal court against the Chicago Board of Trade for \$200,000 damages. Wood claims his business has been injured to the extent as a result of his expulsion from the board on August 12, on a charge of buckshot-shooting.

Fire early yesterday destroyed a stock of sporting goods in the warehouse of R. H. Ingersoll & Co. at York St. 105 Washington. A full stock of guns, shotguns and stock in estimated at \$50,000. Two firemen were overcome by smoke, and were carried to a hospital.

Just when Ignatz Butzer of Newark was preparing to return to Germany to be reconciled to his brother, with whom he quarreled fourteen years ago, he was killed by a train.

## LABOR. INCREASING PRODUCTION.

Miners Getting Down  
to Hard Work.

Gov. Stone Orders the  
Militia Home.

Espee Labor Situation—Tie-  
up of Building Trades.  
Strike Averted.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

WILKESBARRE, Oct. 24.—There were twenty-two more mines in operation today than yesterday, and the output will be close to 100,000 tons. This is as near as can be estimated. From reports received, the total output yesterday did not reach 75,000 tons. When in full operation, the mines employ in every capacity, about 145,000 men and boys. Of this number it is estimated that 82,000 were at work today. A more accurate feeling prevails today between employer and employee than yesterday. The excitement over the commencement of work yesterday were off some what today, and there was more work and less talk.

The non-union men, despite what may be said to the contrary, are slowly being displaced in many of the mines, and the old employees are taking their places.

The Lackawanna company continues to lead in production.

Ex-Congressman W. M. Williams, one of the largest individual operators in the Wyoming region, said his mines would not be in production before next week, but he would take back all his old employees, including those who had been in the coal mines with the individual operators in the Leigh region is expected to blow over in a day.

Stanley McCallie, a Lithuanian miner, was enticed into a house occupied by one of his countrymen in this city last night, and after being stripped of his clothing, was beaten most unmercifully all over his body, with a heavy rubber hose. He made his escape, and after being stripped of his clothing, was beaten most unmercifully all over his body, with a heavy rubber hose.

He was accused of having "sashed" during the strike.

Today six men were arrested, charged with being implicated in the revolt.

TROOPS ORDERED WITHDRAWN.

HARRISBURG (Pa. Oct. 24.—General orders for the withdrawal of the troops in the anthracite coal regions were issued by Gov. Stone to Gen. Miller today. The orders do not state the time and manner of withdrawing the troops, but it is expected that the troops will be withdrawn by the end of the month.

The demand for increased wages in the United States is from \$5,000 to \$10,000 strong, and is considered the most efficiently organized union that they have been promised an early conference with Kruttschnitt.

The demands of the operators includes a request for a uniform schedule everywhere on the Southern Pacific lines.

The grievance the men have is that the wages are not uniform. The number as low as \$30 per month, while in other portions the wages range from \$15 to \$40 per month. They also wish a uniform rate of wages.

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manded a working day of twelve hours, \$14 a week, and 25 cents an hour for overtime, but a compromise was reached on a week for seven days' work of twelve hours each, and 25 cents an hour overtime.

RAILROAD TELEGRAPHERS  
JOIN IN THE DEMANDS.

THEY ALSO WANT MORE PAY  
FROM THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

Developments in the Situation are  
Expected in a Few Days, With Return  
to Coast from New York of  
Vice-President Kruttschnitt.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

OAKLAND, Oct. 24.—With the return of Vice-President Kruttschnitt of the Southern Pacific Railroad to New York, developments are expected within a few days relative to the demand for increased wages made by the employees of the company.

It is stated that the demands which will be submitted by the United Brotherhood of Railroad Employees, to Vice-President Kruttschnitt, will be for a uniform schedule of wages for every man in the employ of the railroad.

The only new development which has come to light is that the Order of Railway Telegraphers have also added their demand for increased wages to the requests made by the other organizations.

The telegraphers' union includes all of the operators and train dispatchers on the Southern Pacific system. The membership is about 2000. The demand was submitted several days ago, and it is stated by the officers of the telegraphers' union that they have been promised an early conference with Kruttschnitt.

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## PITH OF NEWS FROM THE MIDDLE WEST.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The predicted break in the spell of fine weather failed to materialize in Chicago today, though the lake region generally was favored with rain. According to Prof. Cox, this city was scathed by the brisk southeast wind, which scattered the clouds. The temperature gained a little, reaching a maximum of 76 deg. The minimum was 61. Tonight, the wind shifted to the northeast, and the mercury started rapidly on the downward grade.

FROM LOS ANGELES.

Mrs. E. B. Miller and Miss Solano of Los Angeles are guests of Mrs. S. O. Blair, No. 4319 Drexel boulevard. CONVENTIONS AGAINST TRUSTS. Announcements were made today that two national conventions have been called, to meet in this city to carry on the war against the tobacco trust and its sub-company, the United Cigar Stores Company. More than a hundred cities will be represented at the convention of the recently organized Cigar, Cigarette and Tobacco Manufacturers' Association of America. The second convention will be composed of independent manufacturers of cigars, tobacco and cigarettes.

JAP MILLER'S INJUNCTION.

ANDERSON (Ind. Oct. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Jap Miller of Brooklyn, N. Y., will tomorrow file a petition for an injunction against the newspaper and theater against the further use of his name in connection with the "Vinegar" Buyer.

CANDIDATES' COMBINATION.

EAST ST. LOUIS (Ill. Oct. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] St. Clair candidates have organized for mutual protection. One of the candidates is being abroad alone. All the men on the ticket meet early in the morning and rally forth in a bunch to "glad hand" the stalwart voters. They move in close formation and are careful not to get separated. One of the number is the banker. After they have stormed one voting center and spilled enough beverage to make a good impression, the banker pays the damages and they move on to the next stronghold.

CONVICTED FARMER'S RESISTANCE.

DEB MOINES, Oct. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Samuel C. Streeter, a farmer living in the southwestern part of the State, has been convicted of causing the death of his father-in-law through striking him in a quarrel. Sentence has been deferred for two weeks in order to allow Streeter time to do his thrashing and put his farm in order, so that his family may not suffer during his term in prison.

VALUE OF CHILD'S LIFE.

DEB MOINES, Oct. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] In a case from Webster county, the Supreme Court today decided that in this State the recovery of damages for the loss of life of a child under 8 years of age cannot exceed \$500.

WALKING SHIELD, A Rosebud Indian, was hanged at Sioux Falls, S. D., yesterday, for the murder of a man. Judge S. M. Weaver, who is now the member of the Supreme bench, the jury returned a verdict of \$5000. This was the first execution in the State since the trial, admitted making the confession, and claimed it was false, and only made in a bragging way, while he and Laford were exchanging yarns.

Horn has been known on the frontier as a fearless scout, and served with the American army in Cuba, in charge of a pack train.

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## WINT RESO LIGHTNING PLAYS HA Burns Out Dynam Electric Comp

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

ELSONORE HOT  
SITUATED ON  
BEAUTIFUL  
LAKE—  
And surrounded by  
the business man's  
mineral water and  
Fine bath houses,  
fine shooting.

Beautiful Santa  
BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

With the late morning  
capacity of our hotel  
even our golf links in the  
size street one from the  
Perpetual May Clinic  
Ocean Bathing  
Write for booklet.

Hotel Del  
Long Beach  
Under New Management,  
Steam Heat, Private Bath,  
and Full Month's  
W. J. W.

"It Will Pay  
to write for rates  
cadia, Santa Monica  
dondo Hotel, Redondo  
for the fall months.

Oak Glen Cottage  
An ideal retreat from the  
city and its noise and  
large hotel. Private bath,  
and full month's  
Write for booklet.

QUICKSILVER MINES.  
COMPANY TO DEVELOP THE  
SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS.  
JOSE, Oct. 24.—A big  
silver mine is being  
developed in the New  
Cerro area. The mine  
has been discovered by  
H. R. Kennedy, who has  
been subleasing it. The  
mine is located in the  
Santa Monica mountains,  
about 10 miles from  
Los Angeles. The mine  
is expected to produce  
about 100,000 ounces of  
silver in the next few  
years. The mine is  
owned by the Kennedy  
company, which has  
been subleasing it to  
H. R. Kennedy.

BOUNDARY MONUMENTS  
FOUND IN RAINY HOLLOW  
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

BRATTLE (Wash. Oct. 24.—A  
Post Intelligencer from J.  
says that United States  
men have word from Com  
of Porcupine that John  
Indian, has guided J. W. Sm  
Altenhouse to the moun  
W











**Foot 33c**  
Dean's Only Today

**Purses**  
Think of buying a purse for \$1.00. This is a great bargain. It is a beautiful bag, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain. It is a beautiful bag, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain.

**Wrist Bags**  
Think of buying a wrist bag for \$1.00. This is a great bargain. It is a beautiful bag, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain.

**Freckles**  
Think of buying a cream for \$1.00. This is a great bargain. It is a beautiful cream, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain.

**Good Hair Brushes**  
Think of buying a hair brush for \$1.00. This is a great bargain. It is a beautiful brush, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain.

**Polish Ammonia**  
Think of buying a polish ammonia for \$1.00. This is a great bargain. It is a beautiful ammonia, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain.

**Mirrors**  
Think of buying a mirror for \$1.00. This is a great bargain. It is a beautiful mirror, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain.

**Adhesive**  
Think of buying an adhesive for \$1.00. This is a great bargain. It is a beautiful adhesive, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain.

**Trusses**  
Think of buying a truss for \$1.00. This is a great bargain. It is a beautiful truss, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain.

**Weights**  
Think of buying a weight for \$1.00. This is a great bargain. It is a beautiful weight, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain.

**Chocolate**  
Think of buying a chocolate for \$1.00. This is a great bargain. It is a beautiful chocolate, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain.

**Children**  
Think of buying a child for \$1.00. This is a great bargain. It is a beautiful child, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain.

**Always Bought**  
Think of buying a product for \$1.00. This is a great bargain. It is a beautiful product, made of the finest material, and is very stylish. It is a great gift for a friend or a relative. It is a great bargain.

**REPORTING RECORD.**  
**ATHER TIME**  
**OUTDID HIM.**

**Patch Meets His**  
**Match at Memphis.**

**to Make a New**  
**World's Standard.**

**ford's Protests not Affecting**  
**Football—Summaries**  
**from Eastern Tracks.**

**THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.**  
MEMPHIS (Tenn.) Oct. 24.—Dan Patch, the champion of the world, today made a new world's record in the mile race at the University of Tennessee. He won in 2:07.4, beating the old record of 2:08.4 set by the same horse in 1901. Patch's performance was a masterpiece of endurance and speed, and he was hailed as the greatest horse of the century. The race was held at the University of Tennessee, and Patch's owner, James Patch, was present to witness the triumph of his horse. The new world's record will stand for some time, as Patch is expected to be in excellent condition for the coming season.

**STANFORD'S PROTESTS.**  
STANFORD, Oct. 24.—Five furlongs: Stanford, 1:10.4; Swift Wing, 1:11.2; and a half furlongs, Stanford, 1:11.2; Swift Wing, 1:12.0. Stanford's performance was a masterpiece of endurance and speed, and he was hailed as the greatest horse of the century. The race was held at the University of Tennessee, and Stanford's owner, James Stanford, was present to witness the triumph of his horse. The new world's record will stand for some time, as Stanford is expected to be in excellent condition for the coming season.

**FAIRGROUNDS RESULTS.**  
LOUIS, Oct. 24.—Six furlongs: Larch second, Tennybelle third; and a half furlongs, Larch second, Tennybelle third. Larch's performance was a masterpiece of endurance and speed, and he was hailed as the greatest horse of the century. The race was held at the University of Tennessee, and Larch's owner, James Larch, was present to witness the triumph of his horse. The new world's record will stand for some time, as Larch is expected to be in excellent condition for the coming season.

**At Morris Park.**  
NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—Selling, Turf, and three-quarters: Yelp second, Carrier Pig third; and a half furlongs, Yelp second, Carrier Pig third. Yelp's performance was a masterpiece of endurance and speed, and he was hailed as the greatest horse of the century. The race was held at the University of Tennessee, and Yelp's owner, James Yelp, was present to witness the triumph of his horse. The new world's record will stand for some time, as Yelp is expected to be in excellent condition for the coming season.

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**BACKACHE? IT'S YOUR KIDNEYS.**

Thousands, both men and women, have kidney disease and do not know it. It is hereditary. If any of your family is in this or past generations have been troubled with kidney disease of any form, you cannot be too careful. You should make a test of your kidneys at once and satisfy yourself as to their condition.

Howard Ave., New Orleans, La., Aug. 19, 1902.  
Gentlemen: Last spring my health broke down under continual mental strain. For several nights I was unable to sleep and my nerves were completely unstrung. The doctor told me that my kidneys were diseased and that I should make a test of my kidneys at once and satisfy myself as to their condition. I did so, and I found that my kidneys were indeed diseased. I then purchased a bottle of Warner's Safe Cure, and I am happy to say it worked wonders for me. It healed my kidneys so that they were able to do their work, and my general health was restored speedily.

I enjoy refreshing sleep, and am now as strong and vigorous, physically and mentally, as I ever was in my life. Warner's Safe Cure is worth ten times its cost, and I would not be without it in the house for anything.

R. MCARTHY, Jr.,  
Vice-President and Director of the Plaster Club.  
Thousands of such letters as Mr. McCarthy's and Miss Ramsey's are received daily from grateful patients who have been permanently cured by Warner's Safe Cure.

**WARNER'S SAFE PILLS**  
**MOVE THE**  
**BOWELS**  
**GENTLY**  
**AND**  
**AID A**  
**SPEEDY**  
**CURE**

**WARNER'S SAFE CURE**  
If you have pains in the back, rheumatism, uric acid, gout, rheumatic fever, Bright's disease, inflammation of the bladder and urinary organs, scalding pains when you urinate, eczema, jaundice, swelling or torpid bowels, a bearing down sensation, fainting spells, so-called female nervousness, painful periods, your kidneys are diseased. You should lose no time in sending for a free trial bottle of Warner's Safe Cure, as a special arrangement has been made so that the readers of this paper may have a free trial of this cure absolutely free. If you do not wish to wait for the free trial, get a 50-cent bottle of the free trial at once and effect a permanent cure. It kills all disease germs. If the kidneys become diseased and are unable to do their work properly, the liver becomes affected, then the bladder, the urinary organs, the blood and the stomach. The blood becomes impoverished, the urine becomes muddy, and will have a brick-dust sediment, the liver becomes torpid and pains in the back are almost constant as the system becomes impregnated with the disease, the stomach is rendered unable to digest food properly, the result is a general breakdown with fatal results.

This state of affairs could be avoided if every one was careful to test their urine as soon as they felt the first backache. **MAKE THIS TEST:** Put some morning urine in a glass or bottle, let it stand for twenty-four hours. If then it is milky or cloudy or contains a reddish brick-dust sediment, or if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased.

**MADE HER A WELL WOMAN**  
"I was all run down, had no appetite, was troubled with indigestion, pains in my back and suffered untold misery during my monthly periods until I used Warner's Safe Cure. Thanks to it I am now as strong and healthy as any woman could be. My mother suffered for over two years with what our doctor called 'weakness peculiar to women.' She had severe pains in her back and her head ached almost constantly; in fact, she was an invalid until the doctor prescribed Warner's Safe Cure. Three bottles made a permanent cure. She has no more of her old troubles and enjoys perfect health. All her complications were caused by disease of the kidneys. Had my mother taken Warner's Safe Cure in the first place instead of a lot of so-called cures for female weakness, she would have been saved a great deal of suffering. We will never be without a bottle of Warner's Safe Cure in the house, and if every poor, suffering woman knew the merits of Warner's Safe Cure she might be restored to perfect health." Miss Lillian Ramsey, President of the Denver Club, Denver, Colo.

**KIDNEY DISEASE**  
WARNER'S SAFE CURE is a purely vegetable and contains no harmful drugs. It is free from sediment and pleasant to take. (Beware of so-called kidney cures which are full of sediments and of bad odor—they are positively harmful and do not cure.) It does not constipate. It is a most valuable and effective medicine. It is a stimulant to digestion and awakens the torpid liver. It repairs the tissues, soothes inflammation and irritation, stimulates the excretory organs and cleans the system. It builds up the body, gives it strength and restores energy. You can buy Warner's Safe Cure at any drug store, or direct to CENT'S AND A BOX.

**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.** There is none "just as good" as Warner's Safe Cure. It has cured all forms of kidney disease. It is prescribed by a number of the best and most successful hospitals as the only absolute cure for all forms of disease of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood.

**TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.**  
To convince every sufferer from disease of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood that Warner's Safe Cure will cure them, a trial bottle will be sent absolutely free, postpaid. Also a valuable medical booklet which tells about the diseases of the kidneys, liver and bladder, and many of the thousands of testimonials received daily from grateful patients who have been cured by Warner's Safe Cure. All you have to do is to write Warner's Safe Cure Company, of Rochester, N. Y., and mention having read this liberal offer in The Times. The genuineness of this offer is fully guaranteed.

contested for, besides many donated prizes. The tournament will close with a banquet on Sunday evening.

**Stanford to Meet Nevada.**  
STANFORD, Oct. 24.—The most important preliminary football game of the season will be played on the campus tomorrow, between the University of Nevada eleven and the variety.

**Revises Racing Rules.**  
NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—The New York Yacht Club has adopted the report of its committee appointed in February last, to revise the present racing rules, with reference to the measurement of racing craft. The principal change effected is the introduction of the factor of hull displacement, with the factors of length and sail area, previously considered.

**Vardon Wins at Golf.**  
NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—Harry Vardon of Scarborough, and James Braid of Romford, both former golf champions, have met in what probably was their last match of the season on Hazing Links, says a London dispatch in the Herald. Vardon secured the match by 4 up and 3 to play.

**Expel Charles Frank.**  
NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—The National Association of Baseball Leagues today expelled Charles Frank, manager of the Memphis baseball club. It was recommended that J. H. Seaver, manager of the Tacoma club, for his action in refusing to abide by the mandates of the national board and in permitting himself to be used by Charles Frank, be penalized in the sum of \$100, and stand suspended until the fine shall be paid.

**Yale's Protest Sustained.**  
NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—Yale University was awarded the intercollegiate track and field championship at a meeting of the executive committee of the I.A.A.U., held here tonight. The protest lodged by Yale reports against W. A. Sheek, Harvard '06, who ran second in the 100 yards and 220 yards sprints at the intercollegiate athletic meeting held at Berkeley oval May 30 and 31, was sustained, Sheek being declared ineligible.

**Match Race for Pacers.**  
MEMPHIS, Oct. 24.—A match race for \$10,000 a side was arranged here tonight between the pacers, Sir Albert S., 2:03.4, and Prince Alert, 2:03.4, the distance to be a dash of half a mile, only one heat to be contested. El Smathers of New York and Mart Demarest took the Prince Alert end, while Millard Sanders of California put up the bet on Sir Albert S. The race will be decided on Monday afternoon next.

**FIRST CHINESE BOOKIE.**  
Sporty New York Celestial Will Lay Odds Against Horse Because He is in Need of Money Since Tammany is Out.  
[New York Times.] When the Aqueduct racing season opens this fall there will be a new face seen in the betting ring—a face that has probably been seen there many times before, sometimes taking in or dealing out money, on his luck may run. It will be "Boston," and he will be the first Chinese bookmaker to be seen about this section, if not in this country.  
"Boston" is known throughout China. He is considered rich, dresses

well in American clothes, wears the latest style hat of the expatriate kind, has a liking for red neckties, and talks English with ease.

He is proprietor of a shop on Seventh avenue, near Thirty-eighth street, where he sells teas and Chinese novelties. He has always been a lover of horseflesh. He likes to gamble, and few of his brethren in Chinatown can give him high stakes enough to suit him, so he is forced to commune for his pleasure with other gamblers, and it is said by a number of them that he can play a hand of poker with as much skill as the best of them.

"Boston" has determined to go to the track for this reason, as he explains it: "I like to keep pool room, but can't do no business with the police now. Pool room better in every way. Too long way to track."

"Boston" has been said to have been interested in public institutions of this kind before and to have met with opposition with the police. When seen a few nights ago and asked if the report was true he answered: "I guess I have to go to the track. No money here in New York while Tammany is out. Reform people won't stand for pool room. I'm saving all my money, and I will open a book down at the Aqueduct. I start in the field first, and if I make money enough then I go to the ring."

"Do you expect that there will be a big following down from Chinatown to play the horses?" he was asked. "Not light away. Chinese no like horse race. Like fan-tan only."

"Will you explain the game to them and let them educate them to the horses?"

"Oh, I no wolly 'bout Chinese. Mellican man is the best gambler," Chinaman comes along. "I take his money just same as Mellican man."

"If you get enough customers from your race, won't you have the sheets written in Chinese and the odds posted up in the same Chinese characters?"

"Chinaman can't get away from laundrie only Monday. So not much money from him."

**A Mediocre Megaphone.**  
A curiosity of great antiquity is still to be seen within St. Andrew's Church, at Willoughton, near Gainsborough, says a Sunday magazine. This is a quaint speaking trumpet, with an obscure early history, dating back to the times of the Knights Templar. In shape it resembles a French horn, and is more than five feet long, having a bell at the end of the graduated tube. It was formerly six feet in length, but is now telescoped at the joints, where the metal has apparently decayed. Tradition declares it was formerly sounded from the tower to summon aid in case of need, as when blown at a height the weird, deep notes the trumpet produced could be heard a great distance away in bygone days. It is believed that this curious instrument has often been used to call together the villagers, thus dispensing with the usual bell, and to give additional power and strength to the choir, being probably used by the chief singer, as the trumpet intensifies vocal sound to a marked degree.—[St. James Gazette.]

**Indignant.**  
"So my son threw a lump of coal at you?"  
"Did," answered the indignant pedestrian.  
"Well, I'll attend to his case. From his extravagance you might think they were millionaires."—[Washington Star.]

**COYOACAN.** A suburb of the City of Mexico, said to be the oldest town on this continent, will be described in The Times Magazine the coming Sunday.

**The Broadway Department Store**  
BROADWAY COR. FOURTH, LOS ANGELES. ARTHUR LETTS, PROPRIETOR.

**Special Showing**  
**Mid-Season Pattern Hats**

A handsome collection of new arrivals direct from New York, representing prevailing styles for the Horse Show and other events of fashion. Notable among the features is the use of fur and other out-of-the-ordinary materials which are stylishly used on these novel creations. Millinery marvels that will appeal to the most fastidious tastes, special values priced for today's selling at

**\$10 and \$12.50**

**Unusual Values in Millinery.**

New trimmed hats, representing the latest ideas and newest fads in French millinery, rich velvets, choice ornaments, elegant plumes, put together in most stylish way imaginable, splendid values up to \$10; priced for today, each..... **\$5.98**

Children's hats of rough scratch felt, stitched trim, tastefully trimmed in pretty ways for children, the colors include red, blue, tan, green, as well as black and white, special value; priced for today only at, each..... **\$2.48**

**Stylish, Seasonable**  
**Suits, Values up to \$25.. \$15.00**

Today we offer a group of broken lines of women's high grade suits. This means an almost unprecedented trading opportunity. There are only about twenty suits in the lot; in blue, black, brown and some mixtures; stylishly cut, properly shaped, and splendidly tailored; suits representing excellent values at from \$22.00 to \$25.00; choose from the lot today while they last, at, per suit, \$15.00.

**New Waists at \$2.48**

Stylish new waists of French flannel, slit or open seam effects; neat stock trimmed with white pearl buckle; full line of colors; some French flannel waists in the new golf red; inch tucks with hemstitching between; new tan waists, brilliant effect, open back, trimmed with stitched bands and crocheted buttons; stylishly attractive waists worth nearly double the price; sizes for all; today, each, \$2.48.

**Special Items from the Jewelry Section.**

Sterling silver Netherdale bracelets, splendid weight, beautifully chased; cheap at 75c; on sale today, each..... **45c**

Beaded chateaux bags, lined with chamois skin, inside pocket, beaded border, rich oxidized metal frame; worth \$1.25; on sale today at, each..... **85c**

Belt buckles of rich oxidized silver or French gray, new designs, very attractive patterns; worth 25c; on sale today, each..... **15c**

Beautiful sterling silver souvenir spoons, handsomely engraved, suitable for souvenirs of Los Angeles. Well worth \$1.00; today..... **75c**

**Bargains from Hat Section.**

Caps for conductors or motormen, regular style, good materials, all sizes; regular price \$2.00; today, each..... **\$1.25**

Boys' cloth caps, golf or yacht shapes, light or dark colors, all wool; 25c and 35c values; on sale today at, each..... **15c**

Men's fine fur felt hats, in black, brown, pearl or slate color, fedoras, Columbia and Gracioso shapes, worth \$1.00; today..... **98c**

**BAD BACK TALK**  
Endorsed by a Los Angeles Citizen.

Bad backs mean bad kidneys. Sick kidneys—kidneys that can't do the work nature intends them to do. Bad backs are the result—lame backs, weak backs—backs that feel as though all the life had gone out of them—never rested backs, tired in the morning than at night—lots of them right here in Los Angeles. Not so many as there were, though—hundreds have been cured, made strong and vigorous by

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.**

That's the little remedy that cures kidney troubles. Cures lame backs and aching limbs, cures urinary irregularities—every form of kidney disorders, down to the advanced stages of Bright's disease—nothing will cure that.

Here's Los Angeles proof:

H. J. Gardner, barber, of 634 Bellevue Ave., says: "I have been so bad with backache that I was continually forced to place my hand across the loins for the slight assistance that make-shift afforded. These attacks occurred for at least 18 or 19 years. I knew from other indications that my kidneys were either weakened or overexcited, but it was at a loss what course to pursue to get relief. Advertisements about Doan's Kidney Pills which positively guaranteed a cure if the remedy were taken at directed, induced me to go to Dean's drug store, corner of Spring and Second streets, for a box. At the present time not only am I free from backache and other incidents due to kidney complaint, but there has not been the slightest appearance of a recurrence."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale at all drug stores—30 cents a box. POSTER-WILBURY CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

**THE BEST CEREAL COFFEE-FIGPRUNE**

You actually get the nutritious and health giving properties of the fruits and grain in your morning cup of Figprune.

Looks like coffee  
Tastes like coffee  
Better than coffee  
Boil 5 to 10 minutes

**All Grocers**

**JUDSON-ALTON EXCURSIONS**  
Personally Conducted  
To Kansas City, Chicago, Boston, via Har  
Denver & Rio Grande  
(SCENIC ROUTE.)  
Through car leaves Los Angeles Thursdays, Annex car Mondays, connecting at Sacramento with through car leaving Oakland Tuesdays. Latest design tourist cars. Lowest rates. Cheap rates from the East to California, September and October. For particulars address Judson-Alton Excursions, 1000 Mission Block, Los Angeles.

**VITALITY RESTORED. "CUPIDENE."** This is the prescription of a famous French physician, who quickly cures you of all nervous diseases, such as Nervous Debility, Pimples, Eczema, Itch, and all other skin diseases. Cupidene cleanses the liver, the kidneys and the urinary organs of all impurities. Cupidene strengthens and restores. The reason sufferers are not cured by doctors is because 90 per cent are troubled with Prostatitis. CUPIDENE is the only known remedy to cure without an operation. \$3.00 bottle, \$1.00 a box, 50c a box, by mail. Send for free circular and testimonials. Address DAVID MEDICINE CO., P. O. Box 2078, San Francisco, Cal. For sale by OFF & VAUGHN DRUG CO., N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

**Help for Your Eyes**  
Is your eyesight failing? Are your eyes growing weak? The greatest help you can have is a pair of our perfect fitting glasses. We fill prescriptions, grind lenses to order, fit glasses perfectly.  
**BOSTON OPTICAL CO.**  
Kyle & Granger, Props.  
238 S. SPRING ST.

**BUY DRUGS**  
And Drug Goods at any of our eight stores and save money.  
**SUN DRUG CO.**

**FINE OLD PORT WINE**  
Per Gallon \$1.50  
Edward Germain Wine Co.  
397-399 Los Angeles St. Tel. Main 918.  
Open evenings.

**REGAL SHOES**  
For Men and Women  
The equal of any \$6.00 shoe made  
A. S. VANDERBILT, Mgr.  
Tansey to Consumer  
Catalogue free.

**WINCHESTER**  
**REPEATING RIFLES**

No matter what your ideas or preferences are about a rifle, some one of eight different Winchester models will surely suit you. Winchester Rifles are made in all calibers, styles and weights; and whichever model you select, you can count on its being well made and finished, reliable in action and a strong, accurate shooter.

FREE Send your name and address on a postal card for our 164 page illustrated catalogue.  
**WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.**  
127-129 FIRST ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**Cleaver's Laundry,** USE THE DOMESTIC FINISH. Phone M. 1330.

**TRUSSES Elastic Hosiery Made to Fit**  
W. W. SWEENEY, 481 South Broadway. (Removed from Fourth St.)











# THE WEATHER.

## COMPARATIVE TEMPERATURES.

City	Oct. 22	Oct. 21	Oct. 20	Oct. 19	Oct. 18	Oct. 17	Oct. 16	Oct. 15	Oct. 14	Oct. 13	Oct. 12	Oct. 11	Oct. 10	Oct. 9	Oct. 8	Oct. 7	Oct. 6	Oct. 5	Oct. 4	Oct. 3	Oct. 2	Oct. 1
Los Angeles	72	70	68	65	62	58	55	52	50	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18
San Francisco	65	63	61	58	55	52	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10
Pittsburgh	68	65	62	58	55	52	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10
Chicago	65	62	58	55	52	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8
St. Louis	62	60	58	55	52	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8
San Antonio	70	68	65	62	58	55	52	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12
Memphis	68	65	62	58	55	52	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10
Indianapolis	65	62	58	55	52	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8
Cincinnati	62	60	58	55	52	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8
Cleveland	60	58	55	52	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6
Buffalo	58	55	52	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4
Albany	55	52	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2
Syracuse	52	50	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2
Pittsburgh	50	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0
Philadelphia	48	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2
New York	45	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4
Boston	42	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6
Washington	40	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8
Richmond	38	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10
Philadelphia	35	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12
New York	32	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14
Boston	30	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16
Washington	28	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18
Richmond	25	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20
Philadelphia	22	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22
New York	20	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24
Boston	18	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26
Washington	15	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28
Richmond	12	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30
Philadelphia	10	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32
New York	8	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34
Boston	6	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36
Washington	4	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38
Richmond	2	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40
Philadelphia	0	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42
New York	-2	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44
Boston	-4	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46
Washington	-6	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48
Richmond	-8	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50
Philadelphia	-10	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52
New York	-12	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54
Boston	-14	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56
Washington	-16	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58
Richmond	-18	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60
Philadelphia	-20	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62
New York	-22	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64
Boston	-24	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66
Washington	-26	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68
Richmond	-28	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70
Philadelphia	-30	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72
New York	-32	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74
Boston	-34	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76
Washington	-36	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78
Richmond	-38	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80
Philadelphia	-40	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82
New York	-42	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84
Boston	-44	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86
Washington	-46	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88
Richmond	-48	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90
Philadelphia	-50	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92
New York	-52	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94
Boston	-54	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94	-96
Washington	-56	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94	-96	-98
Richmond	-58	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94	-96	-98	-100
Philadelphia	-60	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94	-96	-98	-100	-102
New York	-62	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94	-96	-98	-100	-102	-104
Boston	-64	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94	-96	-98	-100	-102	-104	-106
Washington	-66	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94	-96	-98	-100	-102	-104	-106	-108
Richmond	-68	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94	-96	-98	-100	-102	-104	-106	-108	-110
Philadelphia	-70	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94	-96	-98	-100	-102	-104	-106	-108	-110	-112
New York	-72	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94	-96	-98	-100	-102	-104	-106	-108	-110	-112	-114
Boston	-74	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94	-96	-98	-100	-102	-104	-106	-108	-110	-112	-114	-116
Washington	-76	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90	-92	-94	-96	-98	-100	-102	-104	-106	-108	-110	-112	-114	-116	-118
Richmond	-78	-80	-82	-84	-86	-88	-90															



**BATHS—**  
Kaiser, Elec.

[illegible]







HIM CHART.						
RACE						
Selling, Cal. Oct. 24—Cloudy. Track muddy.						
Mile		To 1st, \$200				
No.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey.	Op.	Ct.	
1	1-1	1-1	Russch .....	4-5	3	
2	1-3	2-5	A. Sheehan.....	3-2	9	
3	3-4	3-14	Fraxey.....	4	6	
4	2-1	4-1	Boorman.....	6	10	
5	5-2	5-2	Tullet.....	8	10	
6	7-10	7-10	Lewis.....	9	10	
7	2-2	7-12	Alexander.....	10	10	
8	3	8	Fogg.....	10	5	
—1-1954.						
Selling.						
Upper Div. 105; 105; 105; 105; 105.						
Mile		To 1st, \$200.				
No.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey.	Op.	Ct.	
1	3-4	5-1	Tullet.....	2-3	3	
2	1-1	2-1	J. Sheehan.....	4	5	
3	3-4	3-4	Russch.....	5-2	7-10	
4	5	5-10	Boorman.....	6	10	
5	8	8	Lewis.....	10	10	
—1-1954.						
Selling.						
Upper Div. 105; 105; 105; 105; 105.						
Mile		To 1st, \$200.				
No.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey.	Op.	Ct.	
1	3-4	5-1	Russch.....	4-5	6-5	
2	1-1	2-1	Boorman.....	3	5-2	
3	3-4	3-4	A. Sheehan.....	1	7-3	
4	2-1	4-4	Fraxey.....	3	3	
5	5-10	5-10	Russch.....	3-2	3-2	
6	8	8	Gross.....	10	10	
—1-1954.						
Selling.						
Upper Div. 105; 105; 105; 105; 105.						
Mile		To 1st, \$200.				
No.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey.	Op.	Ct.	
1	1-1	1-1	Boorman.....	7-1	1	
2	3-4	3-4	Russch.....	1	7-3	
3	1-1	2-1	J. Sheehan.....	2	11-5	
4	4	4	Lewis.....	3		
—1-1954.						
Selling.						
Upper Div. 105; 105; 105; 105; 105.						
Mile		To 1st, \$200.				
No.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey.	Op.	Ct.	
1	1-1	1-1	Fraxey.....	2-3	3	
2	3-4	3-4	A. Sheehan.....	7-10	2-10	
3	5	5	A. Sheehan.....	4	10	
4	2-1	4-4	Boorman.....	6	10	
5	5-10	5-10	Tullet.....	8	10	
6	7-10	7-10	Fogg.....	10	10	
7	3-4	7-3	L. Jones.....	6	10	
8	8	8	Lewis.....	6	10	
—1-1954.						
Selling.						
Upper Div. 105; 105; 105; 105; 105.						
Mile		To 1st, \$200.				
No.	Str.	Fin.	Jockey.	Op.	Ct.	
1	1-1	1-1	Fraxey.....	2-3	3	
2	3-4	3-4	A. Sheehan.....	7-10	2-10	
3	5	5	A. Sheehan.....			

The Hoegge-Dayton trip easily de-  
 feated the Long Beach team last night  
 in a match of five games played on the  
 Coliseum alleys on South Main street.  
 The scores were as follows:  

	1	2	3	4	5	A.V.
Hoegge	137	105	138	178	158	126-5-1
Dayton	182	181	177	152	195	135-4-3
Long Beach	158	128	138	167	185	8-1
Totals	467	494	453	485	497	
Team pins—362-151.						

	1	2	3	4	5	A.V.
Long Beach	158	142	158	180	181	141-4-3
Hoegge	137	105	138	178	158	126-5-1
Dayton	182	181	177	152	195	135-4-3
Totals	413	430	465	497	527	500
Team pins—228.						

**Golf.**  
 The regular mixed foursomes are  
 scheduled for play this afternoon at the  
 Country Club.

**DEDICATED TO MASONY.**  
 Impressive Ceremonies at East Gate  
 Masonic Hall Last Night Drew Host  
 of Masons.  
 East Gate Masonic Hall was formally  
 dedicated last night, the night being  
 the happiest that has ever occur-  
 ed among Masons in Southern Cal-  
 ifornia. Between 700 and 800 Masons  
 attended the ceremonies, which were  
 conducted under the direction of Grand  
 Master Orrin S. Henderson of Stock-  
 ton. Assisting him were grand officers  
 and past masters of the local lodges.  
 By the time that the dedicatory serv-  
 ices had begun the lodge hall, which  
 has a seating capacity of 250, was over-  
 flowing, and the great crowd had to  
 be admitted in relays.  
 Nearly all the members of East  
 Gate Lodge, which is 220, were present  
 as welcome brother Masons, and the  
 gathering was made a notable social  
 event.  
 The lodge hall has excellent acoustic  
 properties, and this added greatly to  
 the impressiveness of the ceremonies.  
 The following grand officers were used  
 in dedicating the hall to Freemasonry:  
 Grand Master Orrin S. Henderson, Ju-

**WALTER BAKER**  
ESTABLISHED 1780

**FINEST IN THE**  
**NEW RECIPE BOOK (80 P.)**

**Walter Baker &**  
Established 1780

**Last Day**  
of the Great  
Persian  
**RUGS.**

At 412 SOUTH SPRING, Op

Today will see the close of this great  
pass into history.  
This is the general talk among the buyers  
at such prices."

If you have not yet attended it, it is the  
last day, greater surprises are prepared. (C  
Sale will commence promptly at 10:30  
30 p.m. sharp, when all purchasers are  
this, as Mr. Mihan will leave same night.

**Remember: This will be**  
**and a Great**

**PAU**

**WORLD**  
SENT FREE  
**Co. Ltd.**  
ROCHESTER, MASS.

**BURKE BROS.**  
His values  
406 S. SPRING.

**SHOES** ...AT...  
**BLANEY'S**  
SOUTH SPRING STREET

**Wash Dye Works**  
CLEANERS AND DYERS—  
HAWWAY. TEL. 86 473

**SALE & SON**  
**DRUG COMPANY**  
South Spring Street.

**TE** The Exalted Mystic Adep  
care of the Magazine of  
Mysticism, 22 North Wil  
New York City.

**'s Cluster Arc Gas Light**  
ies or dust. Fine Mantel  
ies and Retail  
25. 523 S. Broadway.

**YAL BENGALS**  
15c FOR 10.

**MUNYON'S**  
**MATISM CURE**

**'s** In Symp- Good  
Spring St. Furniture stores  
1531.

**ies Lemon Juice**  
& CO., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

**'s Creme de Lis**  
edies, Buntlers and Tan, Sam-  
e & S. HAMILTON ST., San-  
Cal.

**LA TOUCHE'S**  
**\$2.50 Hat Store**  
236 S. Broadway

**LUMBER**  
LUMBER  
25c

**HOM**  
EQUITA  
Nos. 520-513

**Dr. F.**  
Medical and  
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chronic affec  
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**W. CO.**  
**AND PLANTING MATERIALS.**  
**COMMERCIAL ST.**  
 (coupon accepted for this amount on one pair of Ladies' shoes) 408 S. Broadway.  
**Thrasher's Shoe Store**  
**E.S. BOUGHT.**  
**BUILT.**  
**BUILDING AND TRUST CO.**  
 Parkersham Building  
**ndall & Co.**  
 Electrical Specialists. Cusings.  
 Electronic Rheumatism and all  
 Hours: 9:30 to 5; Evenings,  
**BROADWAY.**  
**BONDS-6 PER**  
**CENT**  
**SEMI-ANNUALLY**  
**ITALIAN INSURANCE CO.**  
 Laughlin Building  
**Florida Cream of Lemon**  
**STEAD OF SOAP.**  
**Hardware Co.,**  
**ARE. 230 S. SPRING ST.**  
**DENTAL PARLORS**  
**SPRING STREET.**  
**Interiors Are the Best**  
**Home-Price 10c.**  
**NEW and S. Spring Street**  
**to 511 West Second Street.**  
**and Awnings.**  
**ST. FILIP. ST.** Tel. Joseph 1871.  
**Let us examine your eyes**  
**free this week to see if your**  
**eyeglass or glasses can be**  
**improved.**  
**L. A. OPTICAL CO.,**  
**119 South Spring Street.**  
**STOPHER'S**  
**BROWNIE CHOCOLATES.**  
**St. Phone Main 531**  
**Doors 75c**

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## NEWS AND BUSINESS



# Goodenow's

327-329 South Broadway.

## Items of Interest.

More or less interesting to everybody. Our business is to interest you. You need dress goods, silks, linens, sheetings, muslins, draperies and domestics. There are many things which you need in the way of dry goods. We have them, and we want to give them to you in fair "exchange for current interest for your consideration, and we trust that they may be of value to you.

Dress Goods.	Underwear.
35c Black Satin \$1.00—54 inch wide, very heavy, reversible, and highly finished, comes in gray and black, regular \$1.50 value on Saturday at <b>\$1.00</b>	35c Children's Vests 19c—Children's fine ribbed vests, fleece lined, high neck, long sleeves, comes in gray and black, with pants to match, 85c value on Saturday at <b>19c</b>
45c Vesting 45c—Comes 36 inches wide, full width, and self finished, suitable for street wear and very regular, comes in the following colors: blue, green, brown, black and white, regular \$1.00 value on Saturday at <b>48c</b>	\$2.50 Vests \$1.98—Ladies' fine jersey ribbed vests in all wool, fine silk crocheted finish, silk ribbon taped, in pure white, pants to match, \$2.50 value on Saturday at <b>\$1.98</b>
50c Cambray \$1.00—54 inches wide, exceptionally good weight, comes in the new shades and very pretty, regular \$1.50 value on Saturday at <b>98c</b>	Ladies' Vests and Pants—Odds and ends in ladies' pants and vests, in gray and white, \$1.50 value on Saturday at <b>54c</b>
50c Black More Vesteur \$1.00—54 inches wide, full width, and self finished, comes in the new shades and very pretty, regular \$1.50 value on Saturday at <b>98c</b>	75c Vests 39c—Ladies' natural, sanitary wool vests, ribbed or flat goods, pants to match, 75c value on Saturday at <b>39c</b>
50c Black More Vesteur \$1.00—54 inches wide, full width, and self finished, comes in the new shades and very pretty, regular \$1.50 value on Saturday at <b>98c</b>	\$1.50 Union Suits 99c—Ladies' fine ribbed union suits, part wool: they come in the well known Ocelita style and are worth \$1.50, our Saturday price <b>89c</b>
50c Black More Vesteur \$1.00—54 inches wide, full width, and self finished, comes in the new shades and very pretty, regular \$1.50 value on Saturday at <b>98c</b>	\$1.50 Ladies' Natural Wool Vests 75c—Ladies' natural wool sanitary vests, high neck, long sleeves, and pants to match, worth \$1.50, on Saturday at <b>75c</b>
50c Black More Vesteur \$1.00—54 inches wide, full width, and self finished, comes in the new shades and very pretty, regular \$1.50 value on Saturday at <b>98c</b>	75c Children's Wool Pants 27c—Children's fine merino wool pants in white and gray, exceptionally good garments and worth 75c, special for Saturday at <b>27c</b>

## HOSIERY.

For last Saturday we advertised a line of ladies' hose. They were good and were fast sellers. The result was greater than we expected, and today we are going to try again. We have a line of boys' hose that we are going to use for a leader in this department today, which consists of heavy weight, fast black stockings that are all worn out for 25c; it comes in a full fashioned foot, double knee, heel and toe, and we recommend it for its wearing qualities; Saturday only at, per pair **15c**

## STANDARD MUSIC, 19c

Domestics.	Muslins.
40c Flannel 6 1/2c—Dark blue, in stripes and checks, good weight and very soft, 40c, Saturday <b>6 1/2c</b>	Muslins—A lot of ladies', children's and misses' Corset Waists to be placed on sale Saturday, shaped forms, well boned, with protected steels, lace trimmed and in drab and white, regular price 75c and \$1.00, Special for Saturday <b>49c</b>
40c Percales 7 1/2c—Extra good in dress percales, in light and dark colors, stripes, checks, and plain, regular price 75c, Saturday at <b>7 1/2c</b>	Corset Covers—Of every description, lace trimmed, insertion and tucks, full tight fitting, a large assortment of styles and just as pretty as you could make them, special price, each <b>25c</b>
40c Blue Calico 3 1/2c—Standard prints in stripes, figures, and checks; good patterns and good weight; from 8 to 10 o'clock today night at <b>3 1/2c</b>	Gowns—Special for Saturday evening from 7 till 10 o'clock, we will sell our assorted line of gowns; they come in fine muslin and cambric, are trimmed with open Claspure (insertion, hemstitched tucks, or yokes of insertion and edging, worth 75c and \$1.00; our price at <b>49c</b>
40c Muslin \$1.00—Fine unbleached muslin, 36 inches wide and extra soft quality; this cotton is worth 60c, and is suitable for every purpose; Saturday <b>\$1.00</b>	
40c Sheets 53c—9-4 bleached sheets, made of an extra fine quality of cotton, strong and hemmed, well finished, and at the market price of 53c; our special price for Saturday is, each, <b>53c</b>	

## Millinery.

We have just received from the East a large assortment of ready-to-wear hats that cannot be surpassed. The styles are all novelties—nothing quite like them in the city—and they are made of mohair felt and beaver in delicate shades of brown combined with cream and white; black and white and silk in all shades of brown and black. They make very striking hats and the price range from \$3.50 down to \$1.00.

We have in stock the black "Fedora" that is so popular this season; \$3.50

"Newberry" is a beautiful hat for children, comes in navy blue and red, and is quite new and fetching in style, \$2.50

Black and white "Newberry" is a beautiful hat for children, comes in navy blue and red, and is quite new and fetching in style, \$2.00

Black and white "Newberry" is a beautiful hat for children, comes in navy blue and red, and is quite new and fetching in style, 95c

For Saturday and Monday a large stock of children's ready trimmings, hats, and two alike. They come trimmed with velvet and quills, birds, ribbons, and feathers, and scarfs of tulle silk; we have them in all colors and dainty designs. Prices marked from \$3.00 down to \$1.00, and from \$1.98 down to 50c.

## Ray and Static Demonstration

Free Daily from 4 to 5 p.m.



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## AVENGED ON FALSE WIFE.

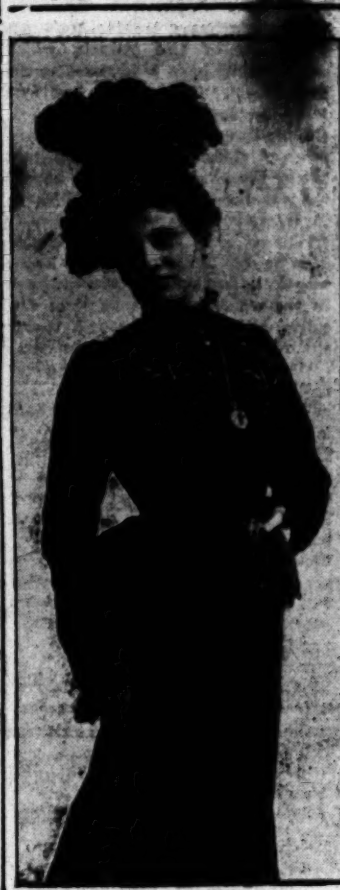
Husband Sees Her in Prison Cell.

Her Paramour also Put Behind Bars.

Chicago Man Comes to Los Angeles on a Bitter Errand.

In the women's ward at the City Jail a pretty woman, an unfaithful wife, spent last night in tears. On the floor below, in what is known as the "lower tank" among the drunks, hobos, vagrants and thieves, a well-dressed man, her paramour, passed the night, pacing the stone floor of his small cell. She had been rudely taken from a comfortable suite of rooms in which she had been living with her lover. He was called from behind the bars at the Van Nuys Hotel and given more secure, but less comfortable quarters. It is doubtful if he can be prosecuted. It is unfortunate if he cannot be, for he wrecked the home of his best friend, a man who worked by his side in Chicago and who shared his home with him.

The woman is Mrs. Anna Cherney, aged 25; the man is Bert Maxwell, also aged 25. She was arrested last night at her rooming flat on West Eleventh street near Main street on a warrant issued at the instance of her husband, Anton Cherney of Chicago, charging her with adultery.



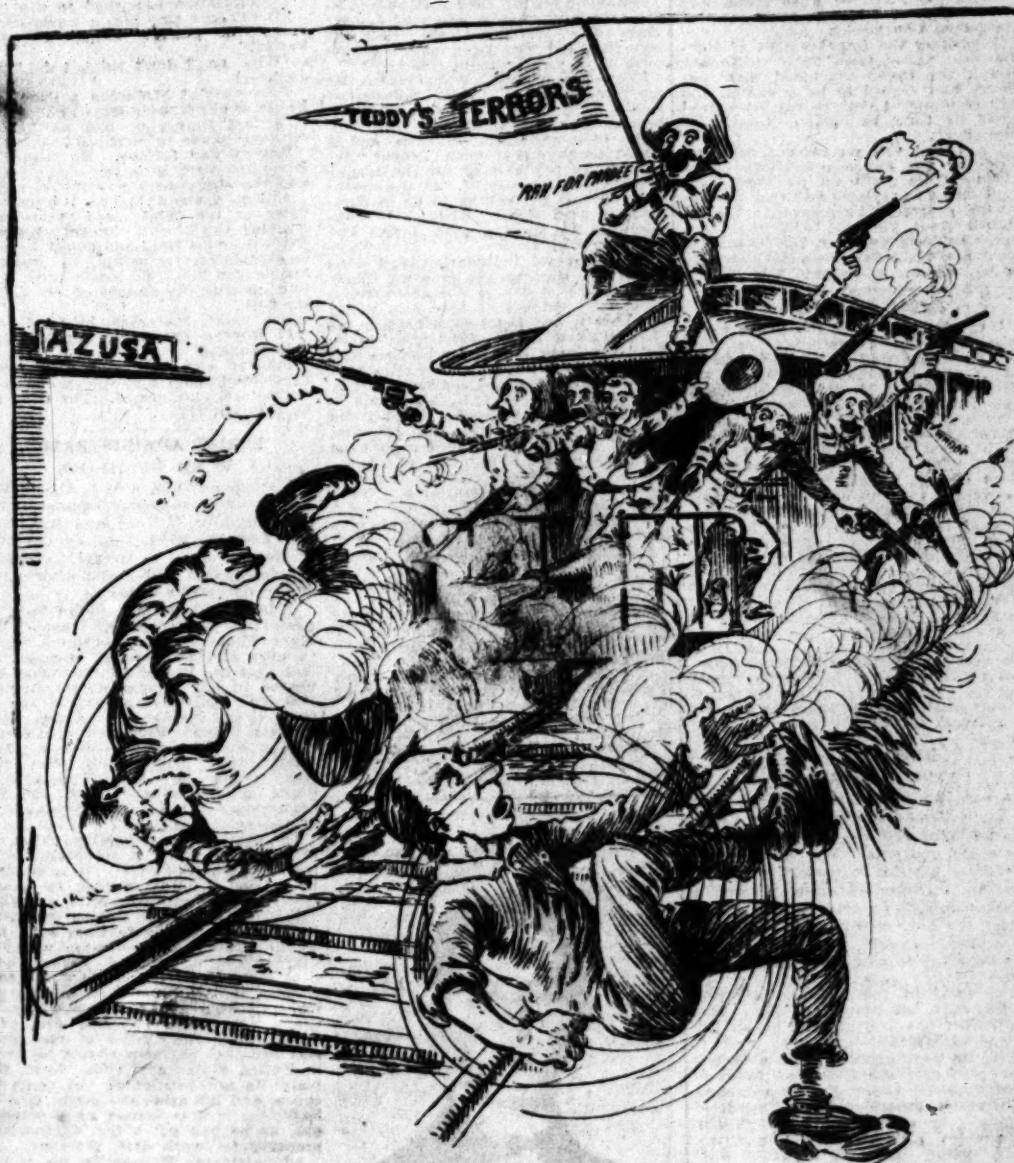
MRS. ANTON CHERNEY.

was locked up more to prevent the possibility of a tragedy; for having seen his wife placed behind the bars, the husband, loving her still despite her unfaithfulness, had become almost crazed, and threatened to kill Maxwell on sight.

About ten days ago a well-dressed young man appeared at the office of Chief of Police Elton. He presented a letter from Francis O'Neil, general superintendent of police of Chicago, which spoke of him in highest terms. He gave his name as Anton Cherney, of No. 7600 West Harrison street, Chicago. Asked his business he told a sad story.

Four years ago he had married a beautiful woman and had purchased for her a comfortable home at the number given. He was employed at the Palmer House, one of the famous hotels in Chicago, and commanded a salary which enabled him to gratify almost every wish of his wife. They were happy for several years, although no children came to bless their union. In the course of events Bert Maxwell obtained a situation at the Palmer House and was assigned to work by the side of Cherney. They became the best of friends, and a few months Cherney invited Maxwell to his home and gave him a room there. He did not notice that there was any undue intimacy between his wife and his friend. Last spring Maxwell decided to come to the Pacific Coast. He went to Avalon and secured a position at Hotel Metropole. Early in March Mrs. Cherney expressed a desire to visit California, and her husband had abundant means for the trip. She, too, went to Santa Catalina and wrote home that she had met Maxwell and that she was very much interested in him. She was so much interested in him that she proposed to join him in California. Then they parted, and soon thereafter on June 21 she left Chicago for the West. According to later information obtained by Cherney she joined Maxwell at Bluebe, Ariz., whither he had gone from Avalon. She did not like the Arizona climate, and the couple came to Los Angeles. They secured a flat on Eleventh street near

## ONLY THEIR ANNUAL "BUST."



But it made a sensation along the "Kite."

Main, and began living there as husband and wife.

When Cherney arrived in Los Angeles it was on a mission of vengeance. He candidly told Chief Elton that it was his purpose to cause the arrest of both his wife and Maxwell if that could be done. What he first wanted was to secure positive evidence. Ensnaring the services of a private detective, he soon located the woman, and began having her shadowed. He tried to keep out of the way, but at the recent two days ago he ran face to face with her. In order to prevent a scene, Cherney left the grounds. Last evening the warrant was issued for the woman, but owing to the fact that Maxwell is said to be unmarried he could not be charged with adultery, and no warrant for him could be obtained. Detective Jones served the warrant on the unfaithful wife, and when his prisoner was brought into the Police Station she again met her husband in the hallway. Both were in tears, and the woman appealed to the man to talk to her. They exchanged a few words, and the husband turned away with the remark: "I wish to God I could, but it is too late now."

She was led to a cell in the women's ward, and then Cherney demanded that Maxwell also be arrested. It was explained to him that under the laws of California no charge could be preferred against his false friend. Then the injured husband declared that there were more than legal ways of procedure open to him. This decided Chief Elton, and he ordered Maxwell brought in. He was found at the Van Nuys Hotel, and having known of the arrest of the woman he was surprised. Cherney was waiting when he appeared at the Police Station, and almost danced with glee when his enemy was placed behind the bars.

Later he burst into tears, and walked about the Station for nearly two hours, sometimes laughing, sometimes crying. He was finally advised to go to his room and seek some rest. This he agreed to do, saying he had not slept for two days.

## FOOTPAD HITS VICTIM WITH AN IRON PIPE.

FIENDISH ATTACK ON DR. MAGEE EARLY LAST NIGHT.

Was Struck on the Head and Knocked Down by Highwayman, Who Then Left Hurriedly Without Securing Plunder from Victim's Pockets.

Dr. Chester L. Magee, whose home is at No. 331 South Flower street, was the victim of a murderous assault by an unknown robber last night, and owes his life to the fact that his hat tempered the blow aimed at his head. As it was, he was knocked down and painfully injured, but his assailant got nothing.

Dr. Magee was walking along Flower street, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets about 8:30 o'clock, en route to his home. It was early, and there were many people on the street, and he little thought of danger. While he was passing under a clump of shade trees which made that portion of the street very dark, he was struck from behind by a man whom he did not see, and whose approach he had not heard. It is supposed that his assailant crept up behind him and delivered the blow before the doctor knew any person was near. The blow came with such force that Dr. Magee was knocked flat on his face on the sidewalk. He was almost senseless, but retained consciousness sufficiently to realize that some person was bending over him. He said afterward that it did not then occur to him that he was the victim of an attempted robbery, but he thought he had fallen and that the person bending over him had come to his assistance.

was removed by the assailant beginning to search his pockets. Before the robber could secure anything, he suddenly left his victim and running rapidly down Flower street, disappeared around the corner of Eleventh street.

Dr. Magee does not know what caused the footpad to take flight, unless it was the approach of a street car, or the cries of some person who had witnessed the assault. In a few minutes he was able to arise, and as he did so he found at his side a piece of iron pipe nearly three feet long, and weighing several pounds. He made his way to his home, and notified the police, but he admitted that inasmuch as he had not seen his assailant at all, he was unable to give the officers the slightest clue upon which to work.

## MRS. MURPHY'S HOME-GOING.

Officers of the Opinion That Woman Forger is Ill—Her Tough-looking Husband.

Apparently sick in body and uncertain in mind, Gertrude Murphy, who was brought here a prisoner Thursday night from San Francisco, where she was taken from a sick bed in the Receiving Hospital, to accompany her criminal husband to this city with a United States officer, was yesterday allowed by the authorities to accompany her parents to their home, after a \$500 bond had been deposited. Bail was



MRS. MURPHY.

returned to this figure out of consideration for the condition of the girl.

The Federal officers here are of the opinion that she is really ill, though it was rumored in San Francisco that she was shamming. She is said to have suffered a severe fall in the northern city, which landed her in the hospital, and it is generally agreed that she is not very strong, mentally.

She claims that she was deceived in the purpose of her husband, Frank Murphy, when she falsely introduced him at the postoffice here to Miss Skotstad, thereby enabling him successfully to forge four \$100 Canadian postal money orders.

Murphy, who is a tough-looking customer, and may have imposed on his girl wife without her being aware that she was aiding and abetting a crime, is confined in the County Jail, and will be arraigned in the Federal Court Monday morning.

## AT NEW YORK HOTELS.

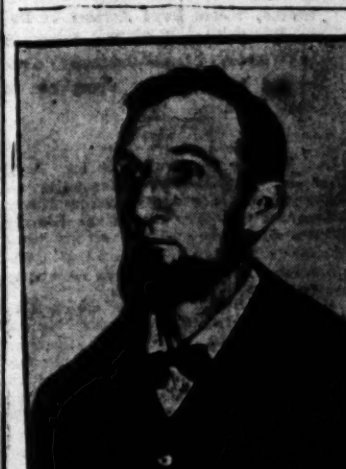
NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—(Exclusive Dispatch) At the Kensington, Miss M. E. Elliott, at the Grenville, J. Wilson and wife; at the Grand, G. H. Hooper; at the Fifth Avenue, H. G. Faber; at the Broadway Central, W. P. Lett; at the Marlborough, W. M. Pitt, Mrs. Wright and Miss D. Eyer.

## LOOKS LIKE LINCOLN.

The New Elevator Man of the California Bank Building—Only One Inch Shorter.

The accompanying cut is not a picture of Abraham Lincoln; it is William N. Burns, Lincoln, perpetuated in the flesh.

William Burns is engaged, as was his distinguished original, in elevating the masses; he is the new elevator man at the California Bank building, corner of Second street and Broadway. He is



THE MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE LINCOLN.

only one inch shorter than the immortal Lincoln, and the likeness is carried out in the general bearing—the stooping shoulders and the awkward carriage.

Mr. Burns is a native of Indiana and has been in Los Angeles eight years. He is a carpenter by trade, but ill health compelled him to do lighter work. He lives with his family at No. 211 East Fourteenth street.

When the Civil War broke out Mr. Burns was too young to enlist. In 1862, however, he became a Union soldier and fought until the surrender at Appomattox with the Fourth Indiana Cavalry.

## GIFT FOR OCCIDENTAL.

Generous Friend of Presbyterian College Makes Handsome Donation to Fund for New College Building.

The Presbyterians of Southern California are happy; the child of their heart, the apple of their eye, Occidental College, is expanding in all lines, and the end is not yet.

Prospects are good for the college securing a new \$75,000 main building, to be located in the fine tract between the present building and Pasadena avenue. This has been talked of for some time past, and among the future possibilities, and about a year ago Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Gordon purchased the five-acre tract spoken of, to hold in trust for the college.

Now generous friend of the school has come to the front, and given the new main building project a great impetus by donating \$15,000 for this purpose, provided the Presbyterians will raise \$60,000, and thus provide for a \$75,000 building.

This generous offer has been accepted, and the Occidental people purpose going to work in earnest to secure the money needed. Canvassing committees have been appointed, and an active campaign for funds will be carried on.

It is hoped that financial matters will be shaped so that within a short time work may be begun on the new building. When the main building is completed, the present building will be used for the academic department.

## PARSON BOYD HAS RETIRED.

His Enemies Sing Songs of Triumph.

Climax of the War on Boyle Heights.

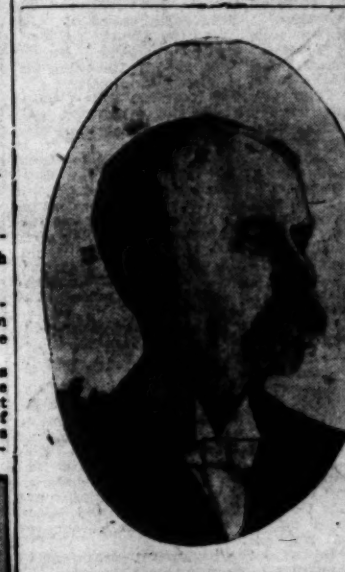
Friends of Pastor Indignant at Scandalous Reports—Presbytery to Act.

Unlike Pastor Smale, Parson Boyd has decided not to keep up the fight, and has left town.

After a contention that has lasted through several years, the Rev. James Newton Boyd, pastor of Boyle Heights Presbyterian Church, has given up the struggle and announces that he will resign on January 1 next. In the meantime, the charge will be cared for by the presbytery, and it is said no opposition will be made to Dr. Boyd's withdrawal. The pulpit was supplied last Sunday.

Since Dr. Boyd's departure for Chicago, about a week ago, a story has been given circulation by the minister's enemies connecting with his name of a young woman of the city; but the friends of both parties indignantly deny that the story has any truth, and are most emphatic in attributing the story to malice on the part of the pastor's detractors, who, they say, are trying to add insult to injury, now that the object of their spleen is far away.

On the other hand, there are those of the disaffected members who are open in the statement that Dr. Boyd timed his departure to avoid being brought to answer charges before the presbytery, and they are jubilant over what they call their victory. Dr. Boyd, however,



REV. JAMES N. BOYD.

announced when he left that he should return to Los Angeles, and his enemies' assumption that they have driven him from the city may be premature.

The trouble in the Boyle Heights Church originated very soon after Dr. Boyd assumed the charge, and times have been tumultuous there ever since. The first outbreak culminated in November, 1900, when Dr. L. D. Swartout, P. A. Mulford, J. A. Sanborn and others headed an opposing faction that nearly succeeded in deposing the pastor. The principal objection to his being that they had "lost faith in him," and that attendance had fallen off at the Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor meetings during Dr. Boyd's ministry.

An investigation was made by a committee appointed by the presbytery, but the charges brought were not deemed of sufficient weight to warrant the pastor's removal.

The next development was the resignation of about a quarter of the congregation, forty-nine members leaving in one body.

For a time the affairs of the church progressed more smoothly, but other brethren began to complain that the pastor was dictatorial and unreasonable, and a number of the seceders in an investigation of Dr. Boyd's Chicago record, resulting, says Mr. P. A. Mulford, in whose charge they are, in "a mass of papers a foot thick."

Mr. Mulford was seen at his residence, No. 2619 Michigan avenue, last night, where he was in conversation with Dr. L. D. Swartout. In response to an inquiry concerning the Chicago investigation, Mr. Mulford said: "Yes, I have the papers and they make a pile about a foot high. I tell you there is some mighty interesting reading in them, too."

"A man like that Boyd ought to be shown up so people can see what he is, and it is a shame he is in conversation on folks. He had to leave Chicago on account of a scandal with a woman in it in his church, and the correspondence I have proves it doesn't do 'em any good."

Dr. Swartout nodded affirmation. When asked if he purposed bringing the correspondence in question before the presbytery here, Mr. Mulford said: "I don't know as we shall. I don't like to give it to you now, as it would interfere with a nice little political movement we have here in Boyle Heights. If we give it to you, the people in this church would trace it to us right away and then they would be down on us."

"Anyway, you see we are on top now. Boyd has gone and we have the other side down. Now we've got them on the run I would like to give them a jab, but if we antagonized them now it would interfere with the plans of my friends. I may let you see the papers later."

The general impression among the members who are still in the church is that another pastor will remove the difficulty of restoring harmony, since strife has lasted for so long they would welcome any peace not tendered through Dr. Boyd.

It is expected that the course of the presbytery will be to quietly dissolve the relation without any trial or disturbance.







[illegible]















TOBER 25, 1902

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

OCTOBER 26, 1902.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$2.50.  
SINGLE COPY.....5 CENTS.

## AFTER THE STRIKE.



The Operator and Miner, After Counting the Cost: Let's settle our future differences in some other way.

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St. Los Angeles  
O'clock Tonight.

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\$3.50

Men's \$2.50 Call  
Shoes—Lace styles,  
good solid leather  
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Boys' School Shoes—  
a good quality shoe  
shoe; honest leather  
both comfortable and  
less \$1.25 to  
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L. A. KNIGHTEN, D.D.,

Newman M. E. Church,

and Towns, at 11:15

Take San Pedro cars, of

ast; take E. Fifth-st. car

, go south; Central

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with it. In the

Day, D.D., will

short sermon by

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will be assisted by

extra. Seats free.

BAPTIST CHURCH

at 11:15 a.m., preaching

for: 2 p.m., preaching

for: 2 p.m., preaching

"The Gospel for the

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ELTON EDWARDS, WILL

Sunday, at M. E. Church,

Central ave.; in the

at Church, on First

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at World James D. Ab

at THE ANGELA, AVE.

H. Johnson, D.D.,

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n at 7:30 p.m. The

Avenue G. Monthly

and 2:15.

ALL—REV. E. J.

monday night. Rev.

hold a Pentecostal

day, Oct. 26, and

ev. 2: services each

nd 7:30 p.m.

CONGREGATIONAL

Loveless ave. The

at, with one-half

by Rev. J. H. Mallon;

th, 7:30 p.m. "The

CHRISTIAN CHURCH, NEW

er, A. C. Smith will

gush a "Green Old

Do Men Say the

free. Fine music; at

HERMAN CHURCH

Rev. Herbert J. W

A. Edmund of the

will preach at 11 a.m.

actor will preach at 7:30

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Y.P.C.C.E. at 4:30

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'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCI

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Their Owners." Be

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Long Beach trolley line....Drunk  
juror jailed in San Bernardino....Hor  
rible death of "Uncle Sam"

STATE



### SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

**THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,**  
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

**ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.**  
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

## WHAT OF OUR FUTURE?

We believe that the country is a grand schoolroom for the young, for—

**"To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she  
Speaks a various language."**

One does not fully realize what an empire of space is

What of the future? It is ours to answer what it shall be, and if we, as individuals, as well as a people, are true to our duty, the future of America will be the Golden Age of civilization and of Freedom.

## AMERICAN EDUCATION

"If, on the other hand, by system of education we mean a group or complex or aggregation of educational institutions which have grown out of the life of the people, have been developed in answer to the needs

## THE BIRTH OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

October, 1891. (Republished.)

In the old days they spoke of a time when all the fools were required to have a government could do away with its other to maintain the surplus. There's a "single" (Montesano Independent).

## Among

## AMONG THE SILK

THE CITY OF LYONS THE VEL  
ITS FOUR HUNDRED SILK

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

I AM in the silk center of the world, more than four centuries the finest goods all nations have been turned on looms. Lyons makes about \$30,000,000 and silk goods every year. Its markets cover the world, and within the past year it has been busy making the rich red velvet for the coronation of King Edward VII.

The city is the commercial center of France, and, next to Paris, the chief city in Europe. It took me eight hours on the railroad to get from Paris to Lyons, a distance of 250 miles between here and Paris, and it is in the rich valley of the Rhone, in one of the most centrally located of cities.

Lyons is surrounded by hills. It under the mountains, at the confluence of the Saône. On the other side of Heights of Fourvieres, with a group which we shall climb for the town, passing the site of a Roman the most cruel of the Roman Emperors Caligula, were born; we go over bridges and by a cable railroad are of the tower. Another elevator takes us 600 feet above the river, high over the city. Behind us are the hills of Lyons, and beyond them, over trees, are the mighty Alps, their snowing a ragged silver mass against the clear and we can see the snowy hundred miles away. Turn about into the valley. There is the Rhone glacier cradle in Mont St. Gothard flowing almost at our feet, is the Rhone through the town side by side with the Rhone. Between the two is the great and as we look we see the silvery municipal maiden in her silken dress singing on together to the sea.

**The Second City of France.**

Stop a minute and think where the heart of one of the oldest parts of the site of one of the most famous valleys in the world is. This Rhone Valley was a trade route for Julius Caesar and great fairs were



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**Music by the Cell**



# Among the Silk Workers. By F. G. Carpenter.

## AMONG THE SILK WORKERS.

### THE CITY OF LYONS THE VELVET METROPOLIS. ITS FOUR HUNDRED SILK FACTORIES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

I AM in the silk center of the world, where for more than four centuries the finest gowns of the belles of all nations have been turned out on common hand looms. Lyons makes about \$30,000,000 worth of silks and silk goods every year. Its satins and velvets go all over the world, and within the past few months it has been busy making the rich red velvets which were worn at the coronation of King Edward VII.

The city is the commercial center of Middle France and, next to Paris, the chief city of this republic. It took me eight hours on the railroad to cover the 200 miles between here and Paris, and I now find myself in the rich valley of the Rhone, in one of the most beautifully located of cities.

Lyons is surrounded by hills. It lies on the lowlands, under the mountains, at the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone. On the other side of the Saone are the heights of Fourviere, with a great tower upon them, up which we shall climb for the view. We walk through the town, passing the site of a Roman palace in which the most cruel of the Roman Emperors, Claudius and Caligula, were born; we go over one of the Saone bridges and by a cable railroad are elevated to the foot of the tower. Another elevator takes us to the top, and we are 600 feet above the river, hanging, as it were, high over the city. Behind us are the Golden Mountains of Lyons, and beyond them, over a valley of gardens and trees, are the mighty Alps, their snowy peaks forming a jagged silver mass against the clouds. The day is clear and we can see the snowy cap of Mont Blanc a hundred miles away. Turn about now and look down into the valley. There is the Rhone, fresh from its glacial cradle in Mont St. Gothard, and nearer still, flowing almost at our feet, is the Saone, winding about through the town side by side with its twin sister, the Rhone. Between the two is the greater part of Lyons, and as we look we see the silvery streams embracing the municipal maiden in her silken clothes and going gliding on together to the sea.

#### The Second City of France.

Stop a minute and think where we are. We are in the heart of one of the oldest parts of Europe and on the site of one of the most famous cities of France. The Rhone Valley was a trade route in the days of Julius Caesar and great fairs were held here in the

Middle Ages, to which merchants from Amsterdam to Venice and from other parts of Europe came to buy and sell. The Gauls had a town on this site 600 years before Christ was born, and at the time Christ lived here was a Roman city. On this very hill one Roman Emperor caused 20,000 Christians to be massacred, and in the days of the French revolution the Tribunal, finding that the guillotine would not kill the Lyons aristocrats fast enough, tied them together with ropes, in rows of sixty, and executed them by wholesale with cannon loaded with grape shot.

The Lyons of today, however, devotes itself more to business than to politics or religion. It is a great manufacturing center. It contains 500,000 people, and with its suburbs has about three-quarters of a million. Standing here on the tower you can see the smokestacks of its car shops, tanneries and chemical works, and there across the valley, on the other side, is the famous Croix Rousse (Red Cross), the hill where the silkworkers live, where the fashions of generations have been woven and where today some of the most beautiful cloths of the world are produced. The hill looks but little like a manufacturing center. It has no vast brick buildings, walled with windows, such as you see in the factory towns of our country; it has no smokestacks pouring volumes of black into the clouds, and it looks more like a residence section than an industrial one. Still Lyons has hundreds of silk factories and the most of them are situated upon that hill.

#### On the Croix Rousse.

Suppose we visit it. We descend to the Saone, cross the bridge and take the trolley car through the city to the cable station at the foot of Croix Rousse. We go into the car dropping a sou, or 1 cent, at the turnstile, for that is what is charged for the ride. We enter a box car where a score of silk workers are standing, and in a moment find ourselves riding to the top of the hill. A few steps from the station above takes you into the heart of the silk industry of Lyons. We can tell it by the click! click! click! which is heard on every street and in every hallway. The houses are lean five-story structures, built along alley-like streets, with narrow entrance doors. They look like tenement buildings and they are indeed little more than tenements, great beehives filled with laborers, every cell of which is a little factory. Most of the work in the great silk department of the Rhone is done on hand looms, and there are 400,000 men thus employed in this department. Even where power looms are used the work is largely that of house industry, several weavers having, in a single

room, looms worked by electricity, paying therefor a few cents per day per loom.

#### Among the Silk Workers.

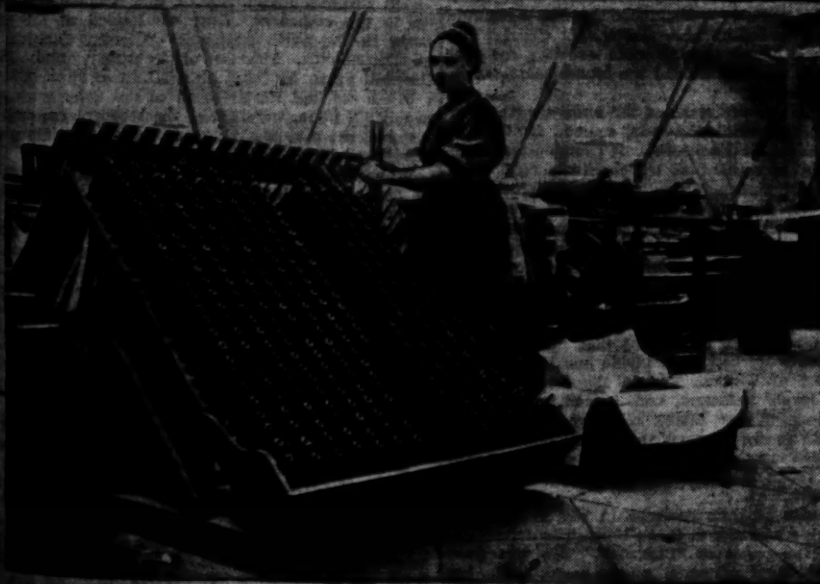
We enter one of the buildings and walk up the narrow stone stairs. We hear the clicking going on as we mount from story to story. The building is rudely constructed and without modern conveniences. We knock at a door, pounding loudly in order that we may overcome the noise of the weaving. A Frenchman in his shirt sleeves, with a cap on his head, opens the door and asks us to enter. He has just left his loom and at our request he again goes to work. The loom is old-fashioned, and he works it with his feet, throwing the shuttle by hand from one side to the other through the silk threads. He is making a pattern of dress goods which may eventually be worn by some of the Four Hundred, or may shine perhaps on a Virginia belle at a White House reception. I ask him his wages. He replies that he earns three francs and a half, or 70 American cents, a day of eleven hours. He has been working at his trade ten years, and is one of the best-paid men in the building.

Going on, we enter room after room. Each has one or more looms, with bare-armed, bare-headed men and women weaving away. All kinds of silks are turned out, and the wages in all cases are low. The men earn on an average 60 cents a day and the women 48 cents. The best workmen sometimes earn from \$1 to \$1.25, and a few as much as \$2.40, or 12 francs, per day.

In some buildings we find the looms worked by electricity, the lightning having been called to make brocades and silks for our ladies' dresses. The electricity is furnished by a society at such a rate that a man gets electrical power for 5 cents a day and pays for his loom on installments. With such looms the men can make better wages, working in the same room in which their families have been living and working for generations.

#### Silk Mills.

I have talked with many of the silk men of Lyons, both factors and laborers. I find a general belief that the days of such house industry are numbered. Lyons has been gradually losing its standing as the chief silk-making center of the world. Other countries are coming into competition with it, and its trade is slowly but steadily falling. Germany is making beautiful silks with the best of modern machinery at Krefeld, not far from the left bank of the Rhine; the English have long been known as makers of fine silks, the Russians are doing some wonderful weaving near Moscow and the Italians are rapidly regaining the place they held in the Middle Ages as one of the chief silk-manufacturing



In the Silk reeling room



The Silk workers are bare-armed bare-head girls



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# IN OCEAN'S DEPTHS. STRANGE DISCOVERIES BY SCIENTISTS ABOARD THE ALBATROSS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE return of the United States Fish Commission steamer Albatross to San Francisco, after an eight-months' cruise among the lesser islands and coral reefs of the South Pacific Ocean, marks the close of a voyage of the most remarkable exploration of the bed of the great ocean ever made. The German and English expeditions have made notable additions to the knowledge concerning the mystery of the floor of the vast deep, but previous to this year's work by the Albatross expedition, no investigations of the watery depths have been made below 17,000 feet, or about three miles, and American scientists have now scooped the bottom of the mighty ocean at a depth of nearly five miles, and revealed a vast quantity of facts for the good of science and commercial information.

The greatest and most fascinating of all wonder books has been opened further to the human investigation. There is there that has ever seen a lake, a stream, or even a pool of water, but that has not felt a deep curiosity as to the aspect of a part of the earth's surface hitherto unknown to our gaze? The feeling is universal to know the unknown and to look where no one ever looked. If this curiosity obtains regarding the depths of the ocean, how enormously it is increased concerning the knowledge of life and physical characteristics on the floor of the deep. One's imagination runs riot trying the impossible task of reproducing to our minds the state of things in the lightless depths—away down in the true valleys of the shadow of death.

In his "Song of the English," Rudyard Kipling has beautifully touched upon this theme:

The weeks dissolved above us; their dust drops down  
In the dark, the utter dark, where the blind sea  
Makes are.

There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of  
The deep.

On the great gray level plains of ooze where the shell  
Hunted cables creep.

There is the womb of the world—here on the tie ribs of  
Earth.

Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and  
Pass—

Bring sorrow and gain, salutation and myth—  
A power troubles the Still that has neither voice  
Nor feet.

Remarkable Trawl.

The most interesting feature of the Albatross' expedition in the South Seas has been the working of the wonder deep-sea dredge, or trawl. It has no counterpart. Formerly, the largest trawl ever operated had a mouth opening ten feet wide and two and one-half feet high, a net for the reception of the catch from off the bottom of the deep-seas proportionally small. The great trawl on the Albatross has a mouth twenty-two feet wide, ten inches high and a net thirty feet long. This contrivance has done more to reveal the character of the creatures that lie away down in the vasty deep of the ocean than anything else. The deepest spot in the ocean's bed so far sounded, lies about eight hundred miles northwest from New Zealand. The British ocean steamer Penguin found that the bed of the sea there is five miles and 4500 feet deep. The big trawl would not quite reach there.

The Albatross is strictly a scientific fishing craft. Prof. Alexander Agassiz, of the United States Fish Commission, gave much valuable suggestion to the equipment of the steamer. The Germans are now building a craft modeled after the Albatross, for submarine scientific exploration. She cost about \$185,000, is 234 feet long, and 1000 tons displacement, with a brigantine rig. Her mission is to follow ocean fish as they migrate from summer to their winter habitat and observe their mode of life. This work includes the collection of fish, and shells from a depth of 24,000 feet to the surface.

Lights for Denizens of the Deep.

The tremendous scope of this work is hardly approachable by minds not conversant with the details of it. It involves not only the exercise of a rare scientific skill, but also the exercise of a masterly seamanship in carrying out the demands of science in securing "fish" from the depths. For instance, the ingenuity of the scientists has resorted to the employment of the electric light at great depths in order to attract heretofore unknown and otherwise unobtainable fish into the net which is let down from the ship's side. In this way fish are usually caught. Sometimes when the electric light is near the surface of the ocean large fish are attracted by the illumination. The light seems to make the fish angry. Sharks, for instance, will dart at the light as if it was a deadly foe.

The light is sometimes lowered 300 feet from the surface. At a depth of seventy feet the illumination becomes visible. When the light is twenty or thirty feet from the surface, and huge fish congregate about it their shadows are cast upward on the surface of the sea and from the side of the ship the scene is weird, indeed. It is a gathering of monsters of the deep that sometimes makes one feel that he is to them a wonderful sight. The electric-lighted submarine home is something novel to a tough, old shark. Occasionally a man-eater is curious enough to "monkey" with this electric light and tries to swallow it. If the electric current supplies the light happens to be strong the curiosity of the shark is soon satisfied. In fact, the fish is attracted by the modern innovation. It dies. The bodies of such shocked fish have floated to the surface.

Light on Big Fish.

It has been noted that the effect of the electric light

upon big fish has been such that, as deadly enemies as the shark and swordfish, will swim up to the light side by side, and so amazed are they by the wonderful shining bulb that they appear to forget the deadly feud existing between these piscatorial families and they do not rush at each other in mortal combat. Other fish that usually fight on sight lie down together, as it were, in this shining presence, as might a lion and a lamb.

The operation of sounding, or of fishing at a depth of thousands of feet, requires much skill in both management of the ship and of the sounding apparatus. In ordinary deep-sea sounding a three-eighth-inch steel wire is used. The tension on this wire must be constant, else it will kink, thus reducing its tensile strength 50 per cent. Ocean currents complicate deep-sea exploration. A surface current is quickly detected and guarded against, but when the rope or sounding line is swept under the bottom of the ship by a submarine current, with perhaps thousands of fathoms of line out, it requires great skill and patience to clear the line without kinking and thereby possibly losing a portion of it. When a deep-sea sounding is to be taken the slaker is lowered to the water's edge. A thermometer and water specimen cup are clamped onto the line of three-eighths-inch wire. An officer takes his position beside the sounding machine. Seamen are at hand attending to the guide pulleys. A fireman stands with his hand on the throttle of the sounding engine awaiting the officer's command. The record-keeper takes his position beside the register, where he can read it readily. This register shows the number of fathoms paid out. At the order "Let go!" the slaker shoots down into the ocean at a speed of ten to fifteen feet per second. The record-keeper makes a note of every 100 fathoms of line paid out. The officer of the deck maneuvers the ship in a way that will keep the wire vertical. The instant the slaker strikes the bottom of the sea, miles below the ship, the sounding engine is stopped. The record-keeper notes the number of fathoms indicated on the register, the slack line is hove in by hand until it clears the bottom. Then the sounding engine is reversed and the line is hauled aboard about as fast as it was paid out.

Caring for the Specimens.

The trawl was hauled with uncommon success on the voyage among the Marquesas, where priceless biological specimens were brought up from watery depths. While the trawl was being drawn, Prof. David would divide the captured submarine creatures into two groups, one comprising the very perishable specimens, and the other embracing the less delicate ones. The former were put into glass jars, while the latter (such as the fish and larger crustaceans) were consigned to large tanks. Next, the colors of the fishes and other creatures whose tints are likely to fade were sketched, because otherwise this point of knowledge in respect to their appearance would be forever lost.

Very little scientific study of the specimens was made on board of the Albatross, however, the work of the expedition consisting almost wholly of collecting. There are two laboratories on the ship, which are used for sorting the animals and caring for them. Some of them can only be kept in alcohol and on ice—for example, certain large cuttlefishes, which in the tropics will decay before the alcohol penetrates their tissues, unless they are kept nearly frozen at the same time. Little fishes were put into vials of alcohol, and sometimes they were wrapped in tissue paper to preserve them from injury. Big abyssal fishes were cut open and injected with preservatives, and it was a curious thing to see the air bubble out of their flesh while this process was being performed, showing how spongy is their make-up. It is owing to this looseness of texture that they are able to resist the enormous pressure of the depths, which three miles down, amounts to two tons to the square inch. Sometimes they burst when brought to the surface.

Hauls at Different Depths.

Daily hauls were also made at various depths, from 600 feet to 2100 feet, with tow nets of another kind, which are so constructed as to be opened when they have been let down to a certain point, and to be closed again by an automatic device before being drawn up. Thanks to this contrivance, the animals they catch are all from one level in the ocean—a matter of the utmost importance when it is desired to study the fauna of the different strata of the sea. Prof. Agassiz says that the study of the present expedition on this subject has indicated that below 1800 feet there is comparatively little marine life. Near the surface, of course, animal life is extremely dense and varied, but below the level mentioned it rapidly thins out, though it is likely there is no stratum entirely devoid of living forms.

Perhaps the most fascinating feature of this investigation of the floor of the South Pacific Ocean, is that there is always at least a probability of the discovery of something entirely new and very extraordinary. Unquestionably there are many kinds of monsters and chimeras dire in the depths of the ocean which no mortal eye has ever seen or imagination pictured. Prof. Agassiz has gone so far as to say that he believes there is such a thing as the sea serpent—at all events, an animal corresponding more or less to the descriptions given of that marine horror. It certainly seems likely that some prodigious creature has, by its occasional appearance, afforded a basis of truth for what is so generally supposed to be a myth, observations concerning the beast having been a matter of written history for at least 3000 years.

Remarkable Discoveries.

The Albatross' scientific exploration expedition in the South Seas has especially investigated cephalopods—that is, cuttlefish-like animals—which exist in amazing numbers and in great variety of species in the depth of the ocean. One reason why they are so interesting is that they represent an extremely ancient form of life, the rocks of today being often found filled with their fossils. Some of them, too, are very remarkable. It would seem that they furnish food to many of the ferocious deep-sea fishes, which are so much more predatory and fierce than the worst of sharks familiarly known. On one occasion the Albatross steamed 100 miles over a space of sea so thickly covered with cephalopods of a species previously regarded as rare, that there was no time

when dozens of them were not in sight, every one of them dead and all more or less mutilated. These creatures were about large enough to fill a water bucket, including their tentacles.

The deep-sea shrimps and other crustaceans brought up by the trawl are most of them a brilliant scarlet in color, and some of them are highly phosphorescent. Others have their hind legs modified for climbing up on the sea-pens and sea-lilies at the bottom, under which circumstances their young climb out on the ends of the mother's enormously-long antennae to reach for food. The sea-lilies, like the sea-pens, are not plants, but animals; but the sea-lilies counterfeit exquisite flowers, while the sea-pens, of a beautiful deep red, are likewise imitative of the vegetable world. Some of the sea-pens are very phosphorescent, and doubtless the inky caves of the ocean are continually and most beautifully illuminated by forests of these curious creatures, through which the finny inhabitants of those mysterious regions pass in endless torchlight processions, some bearing brilliant flambeaux on their heads, others with rows of gleaming spots on their sides, and others yet with their fins or their whole bodies luminous, as in the case of certain abyssal sharks.

Among the bottom animals are queer-looking worm-like relatives of the sea urchins, called "holothurians," their method of living is very simple, inasmuch as they absorb their nourishment by eating the ooze, which is filled with organic slime. Some of them have suckers by which they hold on. The sailors of the Albatross have named one species of them "boxing gloves," and another species "overshoes," by reason of the grotesque resemblance they bear to those articles. In the great hollow of the sea floor, to which he gave the name of Moser Basin, Prof. Agassiz gathered a great many sharks' teeth and the ear bones of whales. It is wonderful what numbers of these objects are scattered about on the bottom of the ocean, the imperishable quality of their material being accountable, of course, for their preservation.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the abyssal fishes are the sharks, some of which are eel-like in form and reach a length of at least sixty feet. Another freak is the oarfish, which is a very rapid swimmer and shaped like a huge snake. Occasionally specimens have been stranded. Then there is the electric snake, which has given severe shocks to some of the officers of the Albatross. Beyond a depth of half a mile the fishes begin to have enormous eyes; their bodies become slender and their skeletons soft. No appliance has ever been invented suitable for taking the bottom fishes, which are probably too swift and too wary to be captured by the slow-moving trawl. The number of species so far collected by science from below 1000 feet is not over 600, seven-eighths of which are represented by a single specimen. Scientists are embarrassed to classify them, because it would never do to dissect an only and unique example of an animal.

M. M. PETERS, Ph.D.

## IT WAS FORCE OF HABIT.

YOUNG MAN INVITED OUT TO DINNER ASKED  
FOR THE CHECK—HE FORGOT.

[New York Times:] Take a young man who has been living civilized all through his youth and compel him to subsist on restaurant fare for two or three years and you make him a dyspeptic, a hopeless martyr, or a married man.

He becomes so accustomed to reading the column beginning "small steak, sirloin, extra sirloin," etc., and ending with some thing that is always out, that when he gets into a place where he doesn't have to order his food and wait for it he becomes wholly irresponsible.

One of these young men was recently invited to take dinner with a friend who lives in a suburban town. He accepted with an alacrity that was not understood until he began on the dinner.

The old passion for "home cooking" was so strong that he ate voraciously and long, to the amazement and delight of the hostess.

He complimented everything that was served and asked himself the question, which had never yet been answered, "Why can't they do things this way in a restaurant?"

As he and his friend were chatting over the coffee he began to fumble around his saucer as if in search of something.

"What are you looking for?" asked the friend.

"The check."

Then he remembered where he was and wished he could disappear through the floor. He says he will rehearse before invading another private family.

## HOW YOUR WATCH GOES WRONG.

It is strange how little the average person can account for what seems the whims and caprices of his watch, said a watchmaker to the writer the other day, and yet in the majority of cases they are due to very simple causes.

For instance, the going of most watches varies according to the temperature at which they are kept. Consequently, if you wear a watch next to your body during the day, and at night put it on a cold marble mantelpiece, or, in fact, anywhere in a cold room, the watch is sure either to gain or lose. Cold causes contraction of the metals composing the balance wheel and its parts, and the watch consequently gains. When the parts expand under the heat of the body, the pivots, bearings, etc., tighten up and the watch loses.

Of course, this is not the case with watches having a compensating balance—that is, one made of different metals that both expand and contract under the influence of cold, so that the expansion of the one counteracts the contraction of the other.

Getting the steel parts of one's watch magnetized is another frequent cause of trouble, while changing the position of a watch, such as putting it down horizontally, is also apt to affect its action.

It is well known that a watch will stop for some unexplained reason and go on again if it is given a slight jolt. The same trouble may not recur for years. This is due to the delicate hairspring catching either in the hairspring stud or in the regulator pins. The cause is a sudden jump or quick movement, which gives a jolt to the balance wheel and hairspring, and thus renders the catching possible. The jolt must come at a particular fraction of a second, during the revolution of the balance wheel, otherwise the spring will not catch, and the odds against this happening are very great.—[Times.]



## NEW COAST LIGHTS.

LENSES THAT CAN SEND A BLINDING LIGHT TWENTY MILES.

By a Special Contributor.

WITH the beginning of November, there begins a hard fight all along the coast of the United States—a fight rarely chronicled, yet incessant and fierce. It is the fight of the coast lights and signals against storm and fog.

From March to November the men caged in the slender steel and stone cylinders that stand on hidden ledges, with the nearest land lying along the horizon like a dim cloud, need not fear even if storm-beset; for the summer storm does not last long and they are sure that the relief and supply vessels will make their way to them within a few days. But when the gales of the late autumn and of the winter begin, there may be a

There is another battle as great. It is worry and anxiety.

The light keepers of the United States have been trained to look on their lights as the American soldier and sailor look on their flag. So well have they been disciplined and so well do they guard the trust that there rarely is a case of a light having failed when human energy and pluck could keep it burning.

When sleet and snow drive over the towers, these men are stricken with the fear that despite all their care, the light, burn it ever so brightly, may not be able to pierce the thick air. Only one who has been in the lighthouse through a great winter night's storm, can realize how keen and wearing an anxiety this is to them. Like all men who have to do with the powers of nature, they know not that, though they do their best, that best is not good enough, if it is not successful.

So, blow the gales as they may, the keepers climb out on the narrow platform around the outside of the big windows that protect the precious lens, and with the weather beating them and the wind threatening to blow them into the black sea below, with waves reaching up to them, they scrape the drifted snow and the frozen

Although not a first-order light, the one at Diamond Shoals is one of the most powerful in the world. It flashes every five seconds and the Lighthouse Department report from a sea captain who declares that it flashes seventy-five miles at sea. It is so powerful that it is certain that its light can be seen of the flash on the sky; for the Navy Department reports that it is seen at a distance of twenty-two and one-fourth miles, the earth precluding any greater reach. It is so powerful that it is certain that its light can be seen of the flash on the sky; for the Navy Department reports that it is seen at a distance of twenty-two and one-fourth miles, the earth precluding any greater reach. It is so powerful that it is certain that its light can be seen of the flash on the sky; for the Navy Department reports that it is seen at a distance of twenty-two and one-fourth miles, the earth precluding any greater reach.

## Wonderful Bearings.

The bi-valve light, of course, must be more quickly than any cylindrical lens, and weighs from two to three tons, according to the problem was a difficult one in practice, since all the lights of the country are now on work. A system of chariot wheels mounted on steel ball bearings have been perfected for these great masses of ground glass as a touch of a finger is sufficient to set them.

Once, as an experiment, a mighty light actually was set to revolving in the quarters at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, by powerful lungs who blew at it until it turned.

Another big improvement in the efficiency of house service is the final construction of a light that will burn acetylene gas perfectly.

have been tried only to be rejected, but the experiment feels fairly certain that it has succeeded.

The value of acetylene gas for coast lights in its illuminating power. Kerosene is found to be the most satisfactory in all kinds of lights in that respect. But acetylene has great value with the hundreds of lights that the care of keepers, but are simply lights burning day and night. Small lights on reefs, range lights set along shore and on many lesser lights in harbors and estuaries are this way.

The trouble with kerosene is that it wick carbonizes and the light falls below in the reservoir is exhausted. With the for making and burning acetylene gas, the trouble and the burners will last at least a gas holds out. Lights have been kept burning days and nights without needing attention.

The method cannot be applied to light floating lights as the proper production of the supply of gas demand that water chemicals only in strictly regulated quantities class of lights still must continue to use gas and kerosene for fuel. For this reason iron tanks are used. On their tops is a the lens is set. Immense chains are stretched and a queer cast-iron mushroom anchor in position. These mushroom anchors are shaped that they work themselves deep in sand and after a few weeks they cannot even by the huge derricks of the light. When it is desired to take up buoys of the winter when the ice threatens them, shackled from the chains and dragged wooden spars are fastened to the chains marks until the danger is past.

## Diamond Shoals Still Defiant.

While every year sees more or less houses and beacons, there is only spot that has defied the lighthouse builders and that is Diamond Shoals off Cape Hatteras, a dangerous place in the lighthouse service. An engineer will get "hot in the collar" if he says that this spot has defeated the department say that a lighthouse can be built there. He will point to the lighthouse that has been constructed and has remained off the mouth of worse spot than even Diamond Shoals. A lighthouse of money prevents. A lighthouse at Shoals would cost too much.

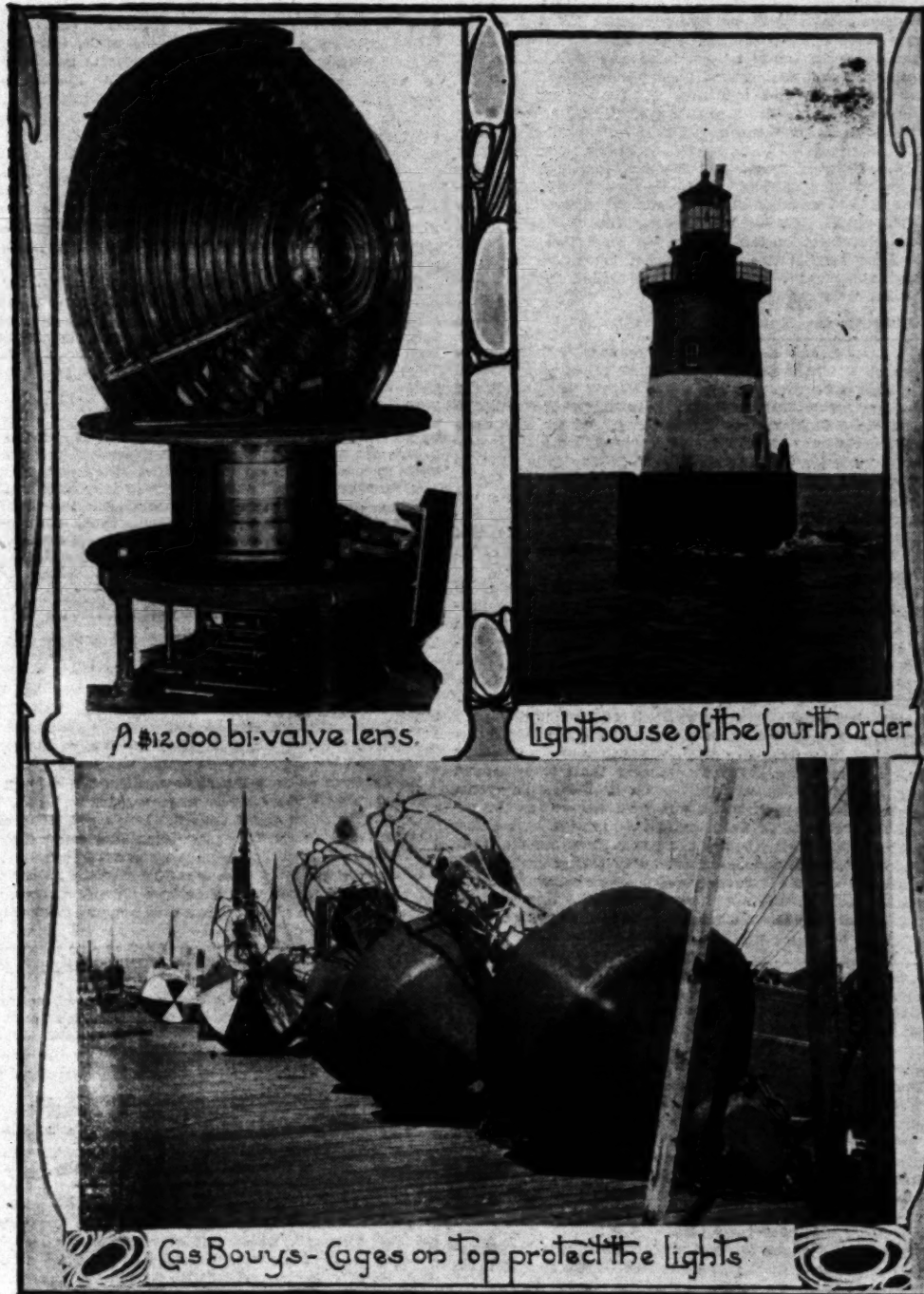
So this year, as in previous years, a hang on to the bottom there with its death with all on board praying that it hang on. A somewhat alarming comment of the station is to be observed in the directions for the year: "Light vessels will be used on this station alternately." Ships is fitted so that she can move under so she will not be an absolutely helpless breaks away from her mooring in a heavy will more than once in this coming winter.

Light ship, number 69, also built to go steam, was driven from her anchorage in months, but managed to steam back to each time. The seventh time she failed against the hurricane for three days and on the North Carolina beach near the Station. The life savers got her crew off.

The value of the Diamond Shoals light by the fact that during this vessel's stay at station, 2570 steam vessels and 2576 sailing ships passed.

## Light Ship's Extraordinary Voyage.

The United States light vessel that probably is the most extraordinary of the Columbia River light vessel, number 64, at the mouth of the Columbia River, sighted That shore is one of high rocks and dangers, where there are such threatening miles as Cape Disappointment, weather and Destruction Island. One day a gale began to blow from the sea. In seventy-four miles an hour. The heavy of the light ship snapped. She drove on that were so bad that even the old men them as "frightful" in his short, dry, Ball was made and the men worked



\$12,000 bi-valve lens.

Lighthouse of the fourth order

Gas Buoys - Gages on Top protect the Lights

month and even more when no ship can dare approach those foam-bordered ocean perches.

Then the keepers are as besieged men. They must save every drop of oil, that their lights may be kept burning even should a new supply fail to arrive when due. They must watch their machinery every minute, for no help could reach them to repair it should it break down.

On such lighthouses as famous Minot's Ledge off Boston Harbor, rising sheer out of the sea, they are imprisoned, unable to move an inch out of their narrow tower.

Minot's Ledge light stands eighty-five feet high from the level of the sea. The reef on which it is set is far below the surface in any except low tides even in ordinary weather. When the ocean roars around it in a winter storm, the mariner, looking at it from the sea, often can discern only its brave lantern above the spray. The entrance to this lighthouse is half way up the tower and an iron ladder reaches from it to sea level. In the winter there are days after days, and sometimes weeks, when no man can venture into that doorway. He would be carried away by the rollers that break against the base and sweep the little balcony.

## Fighting for Their Lights.

But this merely physical fight is only one part of the battle that goes on in the lighthouses during the winter.

sleet from the panes throughout the night that the light may shine out freely.

The dimming of an ordinary sufficient light in thick weather has troubled the Lighthouse Department seriously for years, during which time the engineer and naval officers on the board have experimented constantly. The result of their efforts has been the recent adoption of a lantern lens entirely different from the cylindrical one used to this time.

## New Bi-Valve Lens.

The new lens is known as the "bi-valve," which is expressive of its appearance. Instead of a cylinder of glass revolving around the light, it consists of two immense convex disks joined at the edges by thick brass bands. The value of the bi-valve lens is that each face throws an immense beam, concentrating the light rays that in the ordinary lens are dissipated by being shot to many angles.

A bi-valve light of the fourth order will throw a flash of 5000-candle power from a light of only 250-candle power.

Only a few of them have been installed as yet. Their cost is heavy, a third order lens costing \$12,000.

One of these bi-valve lights has been installed in the famous Navesink lighthouse overlooking Sandy Hook.

five miles off shore. The next day out and tried to tow her in. Both the high-sided lightship was in the Now there was only one chance south lay rocks, promising a sure But between them lay a short stretch the ship could hit that, she might destruction. She was headed for it spot before dark. Her crew was breeches buoy.

When she struck, her men by so handled her sails that she turned and thus presented her high bow result of saving her. When the high and dry on the sand. Then tract was made by the government which contractor failed. Finally it the ship into the woods behind the half a mile of country to Baker's the Columbia River. This ship made the pine trees without accident and launched and anchored in front of partment's wharf.

## LISTENING FOR A

CURIOUS BUT PROFITABLE OCC IS FOLLOWED IN LONDON AND

[Answers:] To simply make a to metropolitan music halls and variety to the innumerable songs rendered tag a substantial salary for so doing. ant and easy way of earning a living.

Most of the big firms of comic-songs someone for this purpose, and it is t "lerner" to report to his principals who would repay the cost and trouble. Naturally, every vocalist thinks his songs would be sure to make a "hit" public; but until the listener has seen the way in which the audience has and observed other signs of popular liced ear and eye detect, no effusion print—unless, of course, the vocalist at his own expense.

If the listener likes a song, he strains singer, and offers to purchase it on This offer usually takes the form of varying from £3 to £30. The latter only offered in the case of an almost popular singer. Most of the first-class, however, prefer to have their royalties, receiving no fixed sum, but usually £1 to £1 5s per hundred on the sold. A comic song is usually cleared itself by the time a thousand disposed of; so that, should it turn out success, the singer, not the author, £10. The luckless author, it should be previously sold the song right out to the guinea—or even less—and there his transaction usually ends.

Although the listener's judgment of the best that is to be procured, it is liable. Out of all the comic songs a three does more than pay for the cost as much—and only one in ten can really financial success. For some in the fickle public, although they will words of a chorus, or go into screams "patter" of a comedian, steadily refuse self-same ditty when published, although has indicated to the listener the

It is this fact that keeps the price of present high standard. The lowest price of a current comic song can be procured is 1s 4d. If every different song were a success, they could be sold with profit to the publisher, at sixpence; but himself for the failures out of the success. Like Caesar's wife, the listener should roach. In his professional capacity, offered bribes to induce him to recommend the songs of an unknown or comedian. A good listener is aware, ve ear to such a proposal is fraught may not matter once or twice, perhaps principals find that he is recommending at turns out to be a "frost," his service able to be dispensed with.

Listening is not a business that can require a great amount of natural, od listener will not be content to rest after hearing it. He will journey

London, watching the reception of very different classes of people who come of the East End and West End that will "go like steam" at the Tivoli or a ditch water at, say, the Queen's, Poppermoorsey.

"It is a huge mistake to imagine that popularize a song," London's leading writer, "On the other hand, nothing there is a run on it for a week or two, dies. People have had too much of it."

## THE MILKY WAY.

'Twas a warm October night and the shimmering shadows about the woods which the rippling brook tumbled on to a small. He was a freshman, and she—his daughter of a tiller of the soil. "Harvest home."

"Chauncey," she whispered, with the sweetest, "why do they call that the Milky Way? And she turned her light green eyes

"Lizzie," he cried in ardent tones, as his boyish breast, "it is because the moon there."

Just then the moon went behind a cloud.



**STATE**  
**Alab**



*By a Special Contributor.*

Few of the tramps of this desert are cast in this mold; however; they are there because they love the life—eating, sleeping, living, that is all. With them today is one with "unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday"—what matter so one does not work. It is easy, perhaps, to understand why such a man as Stevenson should seek solitude.

*By a Special Contributor.*

The "matrimonial sea" is an easy way to discover just what your course through life will be. In the nutshell, shells are placed tiny lighted tapers; they are named, and sent sailing across the matrimonial sea, which, by the way, is represented by a tub of water. As the shells move and float together steadily with tapers burning brightly

## MOVING SIDEWALK

## PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER DISCUSSES VANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES

they came aboard; and, say, when they get dead sure to get off the wrong way!"

*From a Special Corr*

### A Little Early History.

In the seventh century of the Christian era, the Aztecs captured Coyo-hua-can. Intrenchments and fortifications made of the Pedregal and Calchimecas overran the place. In 1519 Cortez soon dominating the entire valley, made 1418 the King of Atzacapotzalco, Texcocoan in feudal fee to his son Maxtli. During the subsequent wars between the Aztecs and Mexico, Coyoacan remained neutral.



CHURCH OF SAN JUAN D

the defensive. They were a rash people punished and conquered by King Izcoatl in the time of King Ahuizotl, the eagle occurred another incident showing the capital city of Mexico, Tenochtitlan, Aztec empire, was surrounded by Lake Texcoco, salty to this day. Cacique of Coyoacan to bring the Mexico springs to the capital. Tzuntzuntz informed King Ahuizotl that it would divert the waters to the city, for the As the supply from Chapultepec, III," was insufficient for the city, Tzuntzuntz refusing, was executed. War was started and in the year 1519 completed. The priests of Chalchicomula of water, consecrated the new water supply incense over the singing water shells and rude Aztec instruments of thousands of birds. A minor strain of rejoicing, for the waters, true to the murdered Cacique, did overflow the earth. The specter of the murdered the palace of the King and the first victims of the flood.

The people of Coyoacan did not resent the insult. Later they deified Moctezuma King was a devout worshiper of war, Huitzilopochtli, and in the year 1500 he ordered his subjects of Coyoacan to furnish a larger sacrifice of basalt, for he had 10,000 prisoners wished to immolate. The Coyocan with other tribes under Aztec control sacrifices, and for a long time refused King had ordered. Finally they sent him on the way over the causeway bridge, dragging with it the high priest, nobles, who were drowned. The great recovered and installed in its place incident, however, impressed the superstitious and increased his hatred of the Coyocan. At the time of the conquest of Mexico, Indians of greater numbers than ever overrun the forests and climbed the mountain. They never had dreamed



# QUAINT OLD COYOACAN.

THE MOST ANCIENT TOWN ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENTS.

From a Special Correspondent.

MEXICO, Oct. 16, 1902.—Coyoacan under the Aztec nomenclature was Coyo-hua-can, or "The Place of Owners of Wolves." It is a charming town of 12,000 people, situated about six miles south of the City of Mexico, and is located in the district of Tlalpam, in latitude 19 deg. 21 min. 9 sec. north and 0 deg. 1 min. 22 sec. west of the Mexican meridian.

This delightful suburb of Mexico is a small place, geographically and topographically speaking, but it is interesting from the fact that it is the most ancient town on the American continent. In all the vast territory reaching from the Arctic Circle to the Straits of Magellan, Coyoacan was the first town built by white men. For 1400 years it had been a market place for Indians, where they indulged in barter of commodities, for they had no coin. It was but one of the numberless villages scattered through the wilds of the Americas, that this continent of 14,000,000 square miles, that was, until the coming of Columbus, curtailed in its very.

## A Little Early History.

In the seventh century of the Christian era the Toltecs captured Coyo-hua-can, intrenching themselves with fortifications made of the Pedregal lava close by. The Chichimecs overran the place in 1250 A. D. King Ahuizotl soon dominating the entire valley of Mexico. In 1519 the King of Atzacapotzalco, Texcocomon, deeded Coyoacan in feudal fee to his son Maxtila, the famous tyrant. During the subsequent wars between the rival kings of Mexico, Coyoacan remained neutral, but was always on

be hunted down and eliminated by a race of white men; on the contrary, in their legends lived the hope that as a race they were to be redeemed by Quetzacoatl, the "Fair God," whom Wallace has so charmingly described. They believed that this immaculate priest of purity, who had so mysteriously disappeared from the Vera Cruz coast, would as mysteriously reappear, and deliver them from the subjugation of neighboring nations, abolish human sacrifices and unify the people. When the Spaniards approached the Vera Cruz coasts, the superstitious Moctezuma II supposed them to be the fair children of the Sun, for, like Quetzacoatl, they had yellow beards and fair faces. But the Aztecs were soon undeceived.

## The Population.

When Cortez invaded Mexico in 1519, there were supposed to be 30,000,000 Indians within the Aztec empire, that stretched from Guatemala northward toward the Great Lakes. Today scarcely 200,000 Indians survive in the United States, and though the American government does spend \$10,000,000 a year on their schools and other equities, the fact remains that the strenuous white race did force them foot by foot back to the Pacific, and in place of virgin forests and untenanted ranges have established an empire of 75,000,000 souls, and had, even at the last census, nearly 3,000,000 square miles of public lands available for settlement. At that time New York was but a narrow strip of land, but the Indians sold it to the white man for \$14. Today New York has an area of nearly forty square miles, a population of 4,000,000, and an assessed property valuation of \$3,000,000,000, and that but 10 per cent. of the actual value. San Francisco, with its present assessed valuation of \$400,000,000, was but a system of wooded hills and silent seas. The Indian roamed unhindered throughout the length and breadth of the vast Aztec empire, paying homage only to Moctezuma. Today in Mexico there are not over 9,000,000 Indians, survivors of the proud, pathetic race that struggled so bravely and so unavailingly for their autonomy.

Columbus had dreamed of this savage world, but supposed it to be part of the fabled East, of untold wealth. Scarcely thirty-five years before the founding of Coyoacan, Columbus had anchored in the islands of palm that haunted his dreams. Thirty-five years later, or contemporaneous with the founding of Coyoacan, Copernicus, another bold voyager, had pushed his thought to the stars and had anchored the system of solar revolutions. One hundred years after the discovery of printing, the first newspapers were published in Europe. But about twelve years prior to that time (in 1536) a printing press arrived in Coyoacan, the provisional capital of New Spain, as Mexico was called. The volume of printing done in the United States last year, or 5000 books and 25,000 newspapers with a yearly issue of 4,000,000,000 copies, is an interesting and astonishing evidence of the spread of knowledge, but at the same time it should be borne in mind as an historical fact that the first printing done on the American continent was done in Coyoacan.

## Spanish Greed.

The discovery and settlement of North America did not transpire for nearly ninety years after the occupancy of Mexico. The Spaniards had the start of the Anglo-Saxon nearly a century in the experiment of nation-building on this continent. But they allowed the greed for gold and for power to blind them to the best possibilities of the occasion. Under a flag of crimson and gold, the emblazonment of blood and treasure, they lost and won in Mexico. Spain had drained blood and treasure from Italy, Germany and Portugal, and they repeated history in Mexico. For nearly three centuries the galleons of Spain visited Vera Cruz, Acapulco and other ports, to carry out the gold and silver mined by the unwilling Aztecs, so fast enslaved. During the colonial epoch, from 1537 to 1821, the gold, silver and copper coined in Mexico was valued at \$2,151,581,961.81. This was but a small portion of the revenue that reverted to the crown.

After the seventy-five days siege of the City of Mexico it was captured. The Spaniards entered only to find the streets and interlying canals choked with the dead and the dying. The air was pestilential, and acting on the advice of his royal prisoner Cuauhtemoc, the last Aztec Emperor, Cortez decided to occupy Coyoacan as a temporary capital. He occupied the place on August 17, 1521, and transferred thither his distinguished prisoners, Cuauhtemoc and Tellepanquetzal, his cousin, also Teuicuchpoch, a daughter of Moctezuma II and wife to Cuauhtemoc. Another Aztec princess, her sister, inhabited the somber place; she was the wife of valiant Cristobal de Olid, the commander of the Spanish garrison at Coyoacan. Thither flocked the entire entourage of Cortez, including Malinche, his frail and fair companion and secretary. The Spaniards had a perfect mania for building. Their work was solid and has lived after them. For instance, the massive cathedral in Mexico, built by Aztec slaves under Spanish direction, was nearly a century in building (finished 1667). The church at Coyoacan was another characteristic bit of Spanish architecture, solid, somber, substantial.

Cortez had in his train some unprincipled monks and friars, but there were also good stately men among them, such as Olmedo and Gante. Had he listened to their advice the early history of the conquest of Mexico would have been less shameful. Had he hearkened to the plea of Las Casas, the philanthropic priest, against the indiscriminate slaughter of the Indians, the latter would have yielded the desire to the new control. Yet, with all his faults, Cortez was a far-sighted man. Though stern by nature, and even cruel when opposed, he was personally liked by his followers. He was a fairly educated man, and his letters to the Spanish court were concise and clear. He was fond of his gardens and his Indian mistress, and was unsparing in energy and strength in following up public improvements of his time. He was a many-sided man, fond of gold, fond of power, but he was, after his rude fashion, a nation-builder.

## A Notable Landmark.

The church of San Juan Bautista (St. John the Baptist) witnesses still to that romantic past, as does also the palace of Cortez, the latter a rather unpretentious affair, simply called by courtesy a palace. Though poor in its

exterior, the palace or house of Cortez is rich in historical interest. The dead dull patios of hewn rock resounded to the sandaled footsteps of Gante and Tecro, the eminent Franciscans. The delicate Tabascan Princess Malinche glided among the tiled corridors shadowed by the jealous Doña Catalina, the rightful wife of Hernan Cortez, whom he was said to have murdered on All Saints' Day of 1522. Through the rooms wandered "The Fallen Eagle," Cuauhtemoc, nursing his wounded pride. In this prison-palace plined and passed away the general of the Tecpanecas, the royal cousin of Emperor Cuauhtemoc. In one of the fatal chambers the two heroes were tortured by Cortez to make them disclose the hiding place of Moctezuma's treasure. Their feet were slowly charred over a charcoal brazier. Tellepanquetzal groaned with the pain, but the Emperor reproved him, and asked if he himself were on a bed of roses. The Tecpanecan died under torture, but Cuauhtemoc was afterward "executed." The secret of the hidden treasure died with them.

To this rude palace came the Cazonzi of Michoacan to lay at the feet of Cortez the treasures of his country and the independence of the fierce Tarascan, dominated by the Spanish thought. Rare feather work and gems, gold in dust and thread, and silver in rough bars were brought, product of unwilling labor. Here Cortez feasted his captains, among them lion-hearted, athletic Alvarado, the chivalrous and skillful Sandoval, the deep diplomat and strategist De Olid, the fearless Ojeda, the bluff outspoken Bernal Diaz, Aguilar the interpreter, and Alderete, the royal treasurer.

Coyoacan was the seat of Spanish domination for at least fifteen years until the City of Mexico was rebuilt.

Nearly a hundred years before the Mayflower reached Plymouth Harbor, Cortez had the church of San Juan Bautista built in the heart of Coyoacan. It was commenced in A.D. 1530, and was nearly twenty-five years in erection. It is an edifice of the old Spanish style of the fifteenth century. A portion of the old wall surrounding the churchyard has fallen, and through the gap as seen in the accompanying photograph, the ancient church stands out, mute witness to the past. In a further letter I will include a description of this and other interesting edifices in Coyoacan.

EDWARD C. BUTLER.

## MUST NOT USE BLOTTERING PAPER.

It may not be generally known that registrars of births and deaths are hedged round with restrictions issued from Somerset House by the Registrar-General. If, for instance, a registrar makes an accidental blot on his register, he must not remove it with his pen knife, nor yet may he erase it with an ink eraser. The blot must stand, and, however strong the impulse may be to make it non-existent, the temptation must not be yielded to.

An error or misspelt word must be altered strictly in accordance with regulations. As with the blot, no erasure of any kind whatever may be made. Supposing, for example, "William" be spelt "Williem," the offending "e" has to be struck through with a perpendicular line and "a" inserted above it. If more than one letter in a word be incorrect, the whole word must have a horizontal line drawn through it—leaving it still legible—and the correct word inserted.

Registrars are provided with printed instructions to the effect that their writing must be distinct and bold. Flourishes are not permitted, neither should blotting paper be applied to the entries in the register books. Any registrar using it for the purpose named is acting contrary to the instructions of the Registrar-General.

A special kind of ink, approved by the government chemist, and no other fluid, must be used. The ink in question is known as "Old English Record Ink." Inspectors of registration, who periodically inspect the registers, would at once detect the use of any other.—[Tit Bits.]

## SERVE WHERE NEED IS FOUND.

Still keep the armor on,  
The strenuous life maintain;  
All honored victors thus have won,  
And thus you must attain.  
Gird up your loins, O man,  
For perils grave abide,  
Lest foes within or foes without  
Turn careless feet aside.

The fight is ever on,  
And evil is alert,  
By stealth or by defiant blows  
Its falsehoods to assert.  
Should care or fear oppress,  
And all the way seem dark,  
Look up and hail the coming dawn,  
The rapture of the lark.

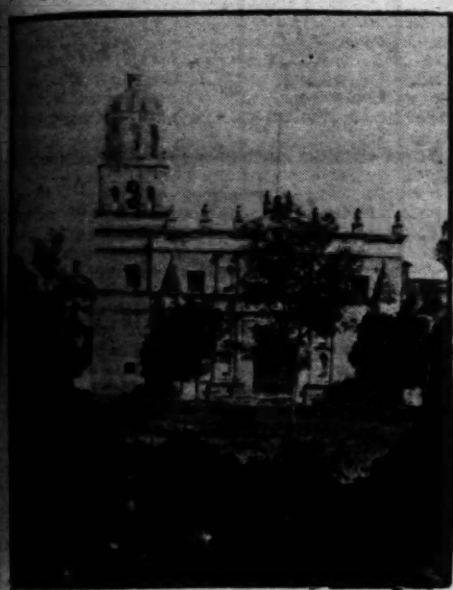
A drone within the hive,  
Ignoble is the shirk;  
He garners up no precious store  
By self-ennobling work.  
The Master came to serve;  
In fellowship divine  
You will augment your human strength,  
With borrowed luster shine.

Half-hearted do not wait  
The mandate of the King;  
In loyal and abounding love  
Unbidden service bring.  
Your loins still girt about,  
Your burning lights afore,  
Rejoice to serve where need is found  
In Truth's victorious war.

—[Charles B. Botsford, in Boston Transcript.]

## THE GLORY OF THE GREAT.

As the stars are the glory of the sky, so great men are the glory of their country, yea, of the whole earth. The hearts of great men are the stars of earth; and doubtless when one looks down from above our planet these hearts are seen to send forth a silvery light just like the stars of heaven.—[Heinrich Heine.]



CHURCH OF SAN JUAN BAPTISTA.

the Aztecs. They were a rash people and were finally punished and conquered by King Ixcoatl, King of Mexico. In the time of King Ahuizotl, the eighth King of Mexico, occurred another incident showing their rashness. The capital city of Mexico, Tenochtitlan, the capital of the last Aztec empire, was surrounded by the salt waters of Lake Texcoco, salty to this day. The King asked the Cacique of Coyoacan to bring the waters of the Aquecane springs to the capital. Tzuntzuma, the Cacique, informed King Ahuizotl that it would be dangerous to divert the waters to the city, for they would flood it. As the supply from Chapultepec, "The Grasshopper Hill," was insufficient for the city, the King insisted. Tzuntzuma refusing, was executed. A canal ten yards wide was started and in the year 1499 the work was completed. The priests of Chalchultlicue, the goddess of water, consecrated the new water supply, waving their eagle incense over the singing waters, to the music of the shells and rude Aztec instruments and the sacrifice of thousands of birds. A minor strain ran through this song rejoicing, for the waters, true to the prophecy of the murdered Cacique, did overflow the city. Thousands perished. The specter of the murdered Tzuntzuma haunted the palace of the King and Ahuizotl was one of the first victims of the flood.

## A Sweet Murderer.

The people of Coyoacan did not easily forgive or forget the insult. Later they defied Moctezuma Xocoyotzin. This King was a devout worshiper of the hideous god of war, Huizilopochtli, and in the year 1511 he asked the Coyoacans to furnish a larger sacrificial stone, a huge block of basalt, for he had 10,000 prisoners of war whom he wished to immolate. The Coyoacans, in common with other tribes under Aztec control, disliked human sacrifice, and for a long time refused to do what the King had ordered. Finally they sent the block of basalt, but on the way over the causeway it rolled into the lake, dragging with it the high priest and some of his attendants, who were drowned. The great stone was finally recovered and installed in its place in the temple. The incident, however, impressed the superstitious Moctezuma and increased his hatred of the Coyoacans.

At the time of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, Indians of greater numbers than is generally supposed overran the forests and climbed the peaks of the mountains. They never had dreamed that they would



*By a Special Contributor*

### Compulsory Hibernation of Animals.

Tom Howe, living near Tuscola, Ill., was a few years ago the owner of a sheep that was buried under a straw stack for sixty days, under circumstances that precluded all possibility of its obtaining water, food or air, and which, on being released, had sufficient strength to out-run its pursuers.

### A Hibernating Cat.

### A Hen Buried.

### A Gold Fish Story.

There are but few physicians who will admit that the heart's action can be suspended longer than five minutes; in fact, a number of authorities are on record as stating that a failure of respiration for that length of time is a sure sign of absolute death. But in cases of suspended animation, from whatever cause, I ignore authorities (as I did in my forty days' fast), and recognize facts only, that cannot and do not lie.

### Feats of Orientals.

Still later we have the authoritative statement of Archibald C. Lowellyn, a sturdy Briton, who, having been an eyewitness to a live burial, states that the remarkable power of the oriental adepts to bury themselves for months has not been exaggerated in the least. He says: "When I first went to India, some years ago, like every other white man, I was absolutely incredulous as to the ability of any man on earth to be hermetically sealed in a box, and buried underground for six months, or even six hours for that matter. One day my things

Incredible as the statements of Lewellyn may seem, and surprising as were the results strongly pronounced as were the declarations of 'inability' at the time, such facts are now accepted in the medical literature of Europe and this country, as are forty-days' fasts, which - were declared 'inability' twenty years since.

## How Long Can a Person Remain Comatose?

Lizards, serpents, toads, etc., have been found in solid rocks, where they had lain entombed for years, deprived of air, food and water. Hours of exposure to sunlight restored them to normal conditions.

I have interviewed a score or more of persons who have been pronounced dead, and who, by some circumstance, have been rescued from life by me. Among them the celebrated Miss Mollie Fancher of N. Y., who lay in a comatose state for ten months, pronounced dead by three reputable physicians, and at the end of that time, came out of her hibernation, and is today very much alive, so far as I am concerned. In answer to my inquiries as to their experience in the dormant state, the majority of the subjects declared that their physical sufferings were comparatively light, but their mental distress terrible. Further investigation has revealed the fact that the loss of mental equilibrium is the result wholly of fear and dread of live burial, and cremation. Divest such ghoulish expectations, and the apparent death is a natural sleep.

In the Sunday issue of The Times, under the heading "The Fear of Being Buried Alive," I find a startlingly apropos to the foregoing. The synopsis: D. C. Leavett of No. 3214 North 28th street, Kansas City, Mo., slept three months in a condition resembling that of persons who are thought to be dead, but who really heard and knew what was going on, and understood the torture of being buried for the grave while still alive. [See Illustrated Section of Sunday Times of September 23, 1906.]

## Hibernating a Means for Ameliorating Distress

"Some time since I was interviewed in the subject of human hibernation, and was pointing out its feasibility, desirability, and how it would be so well understood in time—these experiments now so much in vogue—that it was generally adopted as a humane method of alleviating the sufferings of the impecunious, the idiotic, the insane, etc.; not only from the economy, but from many others too numerous to mention. Pauperism has increased with tenfold greater than the increase in population in the United States the last ten years; insanity, suicide and crime in the same ratio. The care of this constantly-increasing number is annually adding to the burdens of the State and in time our law-makers will be compelled to resort to means of lessening the burdens. A liberalizing remedy, in part. The government is just now from its "Rip Van Winkle" sleep on the pauper immigration, and Secretary Hay's powers forewarns them that "contagiously diseased" aliens must be excluded from the country.

In view of aliens becoming a burden, and

The peasants of Russia choose from care or expense) to months of hunger and toil. The hypnotizing methods of Thibet, would produce the results on human beings, as on their stock, of suspended animation the most increasingly large class, that in children, in mills, sweat shops, coal mines, is reduced one-half. The ranks of those victims of humanity! fill our insane asylums, hospitals, etc., would diminish in the end. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." It is applicable to crime, ignorance, etc., as to disease. If the destitute Pennsylvania comprehended the philosophy of the oriental magi, and would say—farewell to every care and woe that

## LONDON LEADS THE WAY

No manuscript not typed will be even considered. It has therefore come to this, that the writer of one great newspaper a poor article will receive more attention than the writer of one which is written with the pen. In fact, the editor announces, will receive no attention at all. The rapid growth in popularity of the typewriter among authors has been largely due to this preference of editors for typewritten manuscripts.—(New York Times.)

## ROUGH ON RATS!

live rats, a keg of nails, a glass of water will be used in the test to determine whether the lower elevator in the Philadelphia tower, which will be made within a few days, is safe. The test will consist of dropping the cage from the top of the tower, a distance of 372 feet 9 inches. It is estimated that it will, when thus released, fall at the rate of 256 feet a second. The eggs are placed on the keg of nails. The rats (in the cage) are placed on the floor beside the keg. If the eggs do not crack and the rats are not injured, the test will be considered a positive one. The test will be considered a positive one.

## A CALIFORNIA VERSION

"In melancholy days are come, the  
 year;" "heed not that, but listen while I  
 ear:  
 re is no such a time for us, who have  
 "wailing winds and naked woods"  
 sing.  
 I gaze upon our meadows; they're  
 brown and sere,"  
 "they're green as God can make them,  
 'till we all the year.

ere are the flowers, the fair young  
lately sprung and stood,  
righter light and softer airs, a beauties  
look around and see them, for the  
their heads,  
smile with very joyousness from  
earth beds;  
me another all the day they whisper  
greet the gentle zephyrs with a sweet  
kiss.

I know not of the blizzard's blast,  
I know not "cold November rains,"  
I make them grow,  
I'm here to show their loveliness to  
them dear,  
I haven't got one thing to dread, though  
cause them fear;

If we see one weeping, or should see  
 dead,  
 know 'tis mourning for the ones that  
 dead.

**F. W.**



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that all immigrants shall be denied admittance to the United States unless they can present certificates that neither consumption, idiocy, crime nor degeneracy of any character are hereditary in the family from which they sprang.

Their inhuman action may be likened to the man who locked his stable door after his horse was stolen. The mischief done, cannot well be remedied. The class mentioned should have been prohibited a century since.

It is time we set about the work of repairing the mischief in earnest effort to subordinate the Moloch of consumption, crime, insanity, pauperism, etc., at home. The employment of children by the thousands in southern cotton mills is a glaring injustice that calls loudly for official action, as much so as foreign immigration.

It is a waste of time, money and energy to attempt to ameliorate the condition of the desperately poor, by compulsory education. Compulsory hibernation would be more effective and no more arbitrary than the other. We must take humanity as we find it. Want, ignorance, crime, etc., stalk like a pestilence at noonday, in all our large cities. How to overcome the evils is a question calling for profound legislative thought and action. The prohibition of pauper immigration is a step in the right direction, but only one.

The hibernating practices of the Russian peasants suggest a palliative remedy. In the light of these natural phenomena (as Touchstone would term them,) we see the way open, for a mere nominal sum per capita, to care for the insane, diseased, vicious, and impecunious—during the winter months—and that, too, without injury or discomfort to the subjects of whatever age.

The peasants of Russia choose prolonged sleep (free from care or expense) to months of suffering from cold, hunger and toil. The hypnotizing methods of the shepherds of Tibet, would produce the same beneficent results on human beings, as on their flocks, and during the period of suspended animation the reproduction of the amazingly large class, that in childhood drift into cotton mills, sweat shops, coal mines, etc., would be diminished one-half. The ranks of those who eventually (as victims of humanity) fill our insane asylums, almshouses, hospitals, etc., would diminish in the same ratio. The old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is applicable to crime, ignorance, insanity, pauperism, etc., as to disease. If the destitute coal miners of Pennsylvania comprehended the philosophy of hibernation as do the oriental magi, and would submit to it, they would be well to every care and wipe their weeping eyes."

H. S. TANNER, M.D.

**LONDON LEADS THE WAY.**

We hear a great deal nowadays about the progressive Americans, and especially the position away out in the advance of the rest of the world occupied by American journalism, but it has remained for an editor in old London to be the first to make an announcement which some shrewd observers have lately come to regard as a landmark.

The English editor lately astonished his readers by publishing the following notice at the top of his editorial column:

"No manuscript not typed will be even considered."

It has therefore come to this, that in the office of at least one great newspaper a poor article that is typewritten will receive more attention than a good article which is written with the pen. In fact, the latter, as the other announces, will receive no attention at all.

The rapid growth in popularity of the typewriting machine among authors has been largely due to the marked preference of editors for typewritten manuscripts.—[New York Times.]

**ROUGH ON RATS!**

Live rats, a keg of nails, a glass of water and fresh eggs will be used in the test to determine the safety of the tower elevator in the Philadelphia City Hall. The test, which will be made within a few weeks, will consist of dropping the cage from the top of the tower to the air cushion, a distance of 372 feet 9 inches. It is calculated that it will, when thus released, travel at the rate of 250 feet a second. The eggs and water will be placed on the keg of nails. The rats (in a trap) will be placed on the floor beside the keg. If the water is not spilled, the cage not cracked and the rats are not dead after the test will be considered a positive success.—[Central Star.]

**A CALIFORNIA VERSION.**

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year," had not that, but listen while I whisper in your ear:

"There is no such a time for us, who have eternal spring, 'swelling winds and naked woods' our poets never knew."

"I gaze upon our meadows; they're not 'meadows brown and sere,'"

"I'm green as God can make them, and they're that way all the year."

"There are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that daily sprang and stood,"

"Brighter light and softer airs, a beautiful sisterhood?"

"I look around and see them, for they still hold up their heads,"

"And smile with very joyousness from out their warm beds;"

"I know mother all the day they whisper of their bliss,"

"I know the gentle zephyrs with a sweetly fragrant kiss."

"I know not of the blizzard's blast, nor of the wintry snow,"

"I know not 'cold November rains,' but those that make them grow,"

"I'm here to show their loveliness to those who hold them dear,"

"I haven't got one thing to dread, there's naught to make them fear;"

"If we see one weeping, or should see one droop its head,"

"I'll be 'tis mourning for the ones that in the East are dead."

F. W. MINTOSH.

## FORTUNE TELLING.

### HALLOWEEN AN OCCASION FOR FORECASTING THE FUTURE.

By a Special Contributor.

IN ANCIENT times, when All Saints' eve saw the gathering of the clans for the celebration of one of the four great festivals of the year, the young people looked upon Halloween as the season for playing certain rustic pranks and many harmless games, customs varying in different localities; but at the present time, the night of October 31 is remembered rather differently. To the merry-maker it suggests many delightfully uncanny witcheries and wizard pranks; but, most of all, it is regarded as the time set apart to forecast the future.

To those not averse to fortune telling by cards the present Halloween is full of pleasant possibilities, for the Goddess of Destiny, Ananke, according to the calendar of the superstitious, was in a very amiable mood when she arranged October of this year; she bestowed therein three signs—auspicious auguries to those who should come seeking favors of her through mystic rites; she gave it two luck hampers—new moons; one to begin the month, and—wonder of wonders—another to begin the day. Moreover, she placed Halloween on Friday; and the faithful know that Friday is the most fortunate day of all days for card reading.

Of course anyone can deal out and read the soothsayer's own cards, whereon are set forth ample wishbones, intelligent foxes and immense bells, but the very presence of the pictures anticipates the result, detracting greatly from the pleasure of the mystery, and far more charmingly unexpected and intricate vistas with sure-to-come-true events are offered in a pack of ordinary playing cards. The Oracle of Sibyl may easily memorize the meanings attached to each of these cards; and with a little ingenious skill in picking up connective threads and in weaving them smoothly into the points revealed she may afford no end of interest and amusement at the Halloween gathering.

A few inexpensive adjuncts, such as a staff, a long cloak and hood, elf-locks and a little facial make-up with stage paint or a mask will add prestige to the Sibyl's power; and she is to be propitiated only by the crossing of her palm with a bit of silver—a dime will suffice the gods; also, nothing but a stocking foot ever held an oracle's fees.

The following method of dealing cards and meanings ascribed was given by a card-seer of French ancestry, handed to her through generations of card-seers reaching back to the time of the fateful Man of Destiny. To deal the cards, the dealer, or oracle, runs the cards over face up and removes the ace of hearts. This card is the personal card and stands for the client and his or her house. Turning the deck face down, she hands it to the client, who shuffles the cards thoroughly; then, while the oracle holds her left forefinger on the house card, the client makes a wish, and cuts three times, with the left hand, placing the cut under the rest each time.

Next, the oracle takes the deck, and deals them out, face up, in this manner: Taking from the top of the deck, the first card is slipped under the house card, and means what crosses you; the next one is laid over it to shield you; and the rest of the cards necessary to the reading are taken from the top also, and placed around the house card, row after row, so as to form four lines of seven cards in each line, making a horizontal line, an upright, and two diagonal or cross lines, altogether forming a star with the house card in the center.

To read the fortune: Start from the ray points and run to the house card. Beginning with the upper left diagonal point and going down and around in routine they read: Upper left-hand card line—what is coming to you through sun or rain. Left horizontal card—coming from the west; lower left diagonal card—treasures from the earth; bottom card—from the south; lower right diagonal card—from over the sea; right horizontal card—coming from the east; upper diagonal card—what the wind will blow to you; and the top card is what will come from the north. The card next below the house card is what lifts you up; the one above, holds you down; the card next it on the right of the house hurries you on; and the one immediately behind it pulls you back.

Two cards of any denomination promise a surprise; three cards of a kind bode astonishing news, good or ill, governed by the predominating color; and four of a kind convey the event of life. Hearts indicate social life; diamonds present sanguine prospects; clubs refer to business, and spades harbor a somber aspect. The Jack is supposed to allude to a young man and the king to an older one, generally a married man. Diamonds, in face cards, stand for pronounced blondes; hearts for semi-blondes, clubs for mixed types generally, and spades mark jet black eyes and hair.

The meanings of the cards were given thus: The ace of hearts, the personal card, and the client's house. The deuce of hearts seeks a kiss, with the five of hearts means a lover; the three of hearts concerns a relative; the four of hearts signifies the house of a friend or a strange bed; the five of hearts hints of gay company, flirtation; and the six of hearts directs toward a short journey. The seven of hearts is a surprise from a friend; the eight of hearts insinuates frivolity, a feast with jesting, or where wine is served; the nine of hearts is the wish card; and the ten of hearts proclaims a proposal or a wedding.

The ace of diamonds indicates a ring; the two of diamonds appraises one of a visit from a stranger; the three of diamonds foretells good news, surprise, invitation; the four of diamonds points out a journey to foreign lands, and the five of diamonds alludes to children. The six of diamonds announces a card party or excursion; the seven of diamonds brings an unexpected sum of money; the eight of diamonds marks a parcel; the nine of diamonds betokens a gift of jewels; the ten of diamonds vouches for a fortune, inheritance.

The ace of clubs bears a letter; the deuce of clubs sug-

gests a small space of water or tears; the three of clubs foreshadows a slight mistake; the four of clubs denotes any wheeled vehicle, a bicycle, carriage, railway car or automobile; the five of clubs prognosticates an offer—business, trade, letters, love—governed by the card following it. The six of clubs suggests diplomacy—eating and drinking on a business trip; the seven of clubs is the harbinger of a very lucky deal. The eight of clubs is the luckiest card in the pack; when standing between the personal card and hearts it brings reconciliation of loved ones after an estrangement; if between diamonds, then great honor is to be conferred, or received; if between spades, it shows a way of escape from great trouble. The nine of clubs means property, real estate; and the ten of clubs sets forth a serious argument either upon a social, religious, educational or financial subject of great import.

The ace of spades represents the ocean, any large body of water, or a steamer, ship or other water craft; but if reversed, it presages a death; the two of spades bodes a coffin; the three of spades predicts a voyage of disappointment, crosses; the four of spades stands for a wick bed; the five of spades intimates drunkenness, and the six of spades is the sign of anger, vexation. The seven of spades is equivalent to a quarrel; the eight of spades means jealous gossip, disturbance, a false friend. The nine of spades is the unluckiest card, the card of ill-omen; if standing between the personal card and clubs it foretells bankruptcy; if between diamonds, treachery; if hearts, it warns one of slander. The ten of spades heralds an immense business transaction, or involves one in the illness of some one at a distance.

To learn whether the client will get her, or his, wish the oracle runs over the discarded deck and takes out the wish-card, that is, if it does not appear in the client's fortune cards, but if it is there already, she then asks the client to select a card at random, the deck being held face down, and, after mixing the new card and the fortune cards, the client shuffles and cuts three times, as at first; and the oracle deals them out as before. If the extra card, or the left-over, is the wish card, then it does "not come true," but if it appears in the fortune, it comes true very soon or not, depending on its position to the house card.

HELEN HOWARD.

**MEN WITH WAISTS.**

**INDICATIONS POINT TO THEIR BECOMING FASHIONABLE AGAIN.**

[London Daily Mail:] Gentlemen of comfortable girth will learn with something approaching dismay that "waists" are now indispensable, if they would be regarded as well-dressed.

For over half a century waists have been an almost unknown quantity among men. Their studied cultivation has been limited to the sex whom they suit best. But now fashion has issued the fiat that the masculine waist must be compressed and that hips must be padded!

The situation is beset with obvious difficulties. Men have ignored their waists. They have been allowed to develop, within limits, at their own will. Then suddenly the order is issued that a slim, genteel meridian is absolutely requisite for the proper wearing of autumn and winter clothing! Let him expend never so lavishly in tailors' bills no man can hope to be stylishly attired if his waist does not taper triangle fashion from the shoulders.

West End tailors have had an anxious, worrying time since the new order was promulgated, and many gentlemen of athletic disposition, despite their invisible waists, have tried to discover the identity of the men who originated what they naturally regard as an insensate and ridiculous fashion. Others of a more practical turn of mind have visited the corsetiers!

The fashion amounts to a return to the days of the dandies. Men paid a great deal of attention to their waists and wore padded hips in the first year or two of Queen Victoria's reign. The same is required of them in the coronation year of Edward VII.

Mr. Vincent, the president of the Tailor and Cutter Association, who knows to a stitch what is "the correct thing" in male attire, confirmed the report.

"The nipping in of the waist and the padding of hips," he said, "will be most required when dress clothes or overcoats are worn. To a less degree the tendency is the same in all kinds of coats. Lounge jackets are being made with a seam down the back, so as to closely encompass the waist. The top buttons of the frock coat are left unfastened. This appears to add to the slimmness of the waist."

"The new style is a vigorous rebound from what has prevailed in recent years. Then clothes were made to fit straight and loosely. The waist was obliterated, and therefore did not count. Now no man can flatter himself that he is sartorially perfect unless he has a nice slim waist. The latter is accentuated where evening clothes or heavy overcoats are worn by the padding of the hips."

"The padding, however, must be confined to the hips. None must appear in the shoulders as it did in those of the early Victorian dandies. Slimness must be aimed at all round."

In the matter of ease and hygiene, Mr. Vincent would not admit that a moderately compressed waist was either uncomfortable or unhealthy.

"Indeed," he added, "it is a question whether a very loosely-fitting jacket is not less comfortable than one that fits tightly."

But this is a secondary consideration to the men who like to be well dressed, and yet mourn a departed and irrecoverable waist.

Men are not alone, however, in reverting to the fashions of our parents.

The writer noticed in Paris recently that the Parisienne is again wearing the chignon—a greatly improved and glorified form of that ancient coiffure, but, nevertheless, an unmistakable chignon, though experts in hair-dressing call it "the low coiffure." The style has been seen in England, and it is believed that by Christmas men with nipped waists and padded hips will walk side by side with ladies who have fully adopted the new chignon.





## Stories of the Firing Line + Animal Stories.

### A Generous Irishman.

THE following curious incident is furnished by a Times correspondent:

Capt. Andrew Willard, having served thirty years in the regular army, has been retired on half pay. During several years of Indian warfare, Willard had several interesting experiences, but none more unique than his introductory one.

Willard enlisted in New York City, and, after a month passed on Governor's Island, he, with the rest of his company, was sent to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, at a time when the Indians were giving the troops a lot of trouble. He had not been there long before he, with others, was told off for picket duty. The assignments to posts were by number, and Willard's number chanced to be 2. Before the officer came to escort them to their posts Willard was approached by a red-haired, freckle-faced Irish lad, who had been assigned to post 8.

"See here, me bye," said the Irishman, "ye're jist in an' grane at the biznis, an' they've gone an' put yez on fer number two. That's fornist the stables, down yonder, an' it's the hardest place av thim all, so it is. I've number eight, which is out be thim two haystacks, an' all yez have to do is to walk from wan to the ither, back an' forth. It's a cinch, so it is, an' bairn's av yer grane at the biznis, I'll thrade wid yez fer the wanst."

Willard thanked the young fellow for his kindness and gladly availed himself of his offer. When they fell in to march to their posts, the Irishman fell into the second place and Willard into the eighth. As the officer of the guard left Willard at the post, he said:

"Now look here, young fellow, we lose a man on this post, every night or two. Nobody knows how it happens, but when we come to relieve him we find him laid out cold. You are supposed to make frequent trips from one stack to the other, but you need not make the trip very often. Keep in the shade of the stack, where you cannot be seen, and keep a sharp lookout. If you see anything suspicious whatever, fire at it. Fire first and inquire afterward. Good night."

The Irishman's generosity was explained. Willard says his hair immediately took a perpendicular position and maintained it the rest of the night. Half of the night passed away without incident, and then—the moon being bright—he saw away out on the plain what he took to be a dog trotting about, back and forth, and circling here and there, as though seeking the trail of some quarry. After watching it awhile, Willard turned his attention elsewhere, and for a time forgot all about the animal. Later he looked for the dog and found that it had approached much nearer to the stack, but was still circling about as when he first observed it. He continued to note its movements, and became aware that, each circle or tack the animal made, it approached a little nearer the stack. The movements seemed to him to be systematic, and he grew suspicious. He determined to take a shot at the beast on a venture. Raising the gun he took careful aim and fired. There came a yell that sounded wonderfully like a human voice, and the dog arose upon his hind legs and ran swiftly across the plain. When the officer and men came running to learn the cause of the shot, Willard explained and was complimented for his sagacity. There were no more men picked off from that post during Willard's stay at the post.

A. J. B.

### How He Reduced His Sentence.

A FREE man now is Vincente Rivera, murderer. Killing men had no terrors for him, and when the State sought an executioner, Vincente Rivera stepped to the front.

"A year of freedom for each life," they told him. So every time he gave the garrote wheel a turn with his powerful arms one year less remained of his term of fifteen years. He was sentenced in 1898 for murder committed in 1888. He managed to keep in hiding for ten years before the authorities captured him.

When in 1900 five men were sentenced to be garroted at Ponce, the authorities found it almost impossible to secure an executioner. The people of Ponce loathe an executioner as they would a leper. It was finally decided to secure a long-term prisoner and hire him at the rate of one year's remission of sentence for each life legally taken. Rivera had had two years' of dungeon existence and jumped at the chance.

He killed the five condemned men and all Ponce knew him for the executioner. Four other men were condemned to death last June and again Rivera offered his services. This regained for him his liberty.

Rivera returned to his home a free man. He has not lived a happy moment since. Every door has been shut to him. None will hold communication with him. Even the occasional words of his former dungeon keeper come back to him now as cheerful sounds in contrast to the silence which is maintained by people who cannot avoid meeting him.

The Governor of Porto Rico has received a letter from Rivera declaring that it is impossible for him to lead an honest life, as none will hold intercourse with him or give him work. He begs that work be given to him. —[San Juan (P. R.) Correspondence New York World.]

### Two Little Philippine Travelers

TWO little Chicago wanderers, who have traveled many miles by land and sea—especially for such youthful babies—and who have lived under Uncle Sam's protection in several different and widely-separated parts of the world, are back in Chicago. These diminutive travelers, small Mariana Ruth Skinner and smaller Leslie Golding Skinner, are the children of Surgeon George L. Skinner of the United States Army, and for the last two years their home has been in San Isidor, the Philippine Islands. Now, their father's term of Philippine service

completed, he has returned to the United States, and gone West to his new station at Fort Snelling, Minn. The children, with their mother, Mrs. Georgia Golding Skinner, are visiting their maternal grandmother, Mrs. E. L. Golding, in Washington boulevard, Chicago.

Their unusual experiences on dry ground and salt water, even the supposedly deadly climate of the Philippine Islands, would appear to have harmed them by not so much as the breadth of a shadow; they are as fat, rosy, saucy, and hilarious now as when first leaving San Francisco for the Philippines, as eagerly, childishly ready for the new life in Minnesota as they were reluctant to leave behind the sunny surroundings of the time that has just gone by.

While in the Philippines the two children, the elder of whom, the little Mariana, has yet to see her sixth birthday, while the younger, Leslie, is still less than 3 years old, were allowed to conform to the strange environments and conditions as much as possible, which undoubtedly accounts, in part, for the fact that they came through the trying experiences of two Philippine summers, to say nothing of as many rainy seasons, untroubled and unscathed. A daily ride in the cool of the early morning periodically fortifies the small bodies for the constitution-testing torridity and fervid atmosphere of the later hours. This ride was enjoyed through the assistance of the dwarf pony, found by their father in the mountains of Central Luzon, and dedicated to their personal use. The cool, shady rooms of the quaintly-thatched family residence provided some saving spot of dusky and comforting relief for baby heat and restlessness during most portions of the day, and outside in the shade of the worn old walls of bamboo and nipa were cool and pleasant nooks and corners wherein the small but grateful sojourner from the United States might bask. —[Chicago Tribune.]

### Why Spaniards Were Quickly Whipped.

WANDERING into the First Precinct Police Station an old G. A. R. man, who had reached a condition of cheerful familiarity with strangers, met two Virginians, with whom he engaged in conversation about the great civil strife in which he had taken part. "How do you account for the fact," he was asked, "that it took the North so long to subdue the South, when a few years ago the United States troops, with Confederate soldiers fighting in their ranks, thrashed the Spaniards with neither trouble nor delay?" The grizzled veteran thought but a moment, when hitting upon an idea which seemed the very thing to his mind, he exclaimed, with a vigorous qualifying clause, "Yes, but they wan't rebels." —[Washington Star.]

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### The Super-sense of Animals.

WHEN engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick, James Camden, a civil engineer, was compelled one night by a very severe snow storm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs—one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Camden and the man with him rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr. Camden and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again.

They waited a few minutes, and then Mr. Camden rose, unfastened the door and looked out. Seeing nothing, he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door. Two or three minutes later the latch was tried a third time. This time the door opened, and the collie walked in. He pushed the door quite back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland, and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Camden lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer, that had become separated from the rest of the flock, and was in danger of perishing in the storm. Now, how did the collie impart to the other dog a knowledge of the situation unless through some super-sense unknown to us? —[Forest and Stream.]

### A Muskrat in Prison.

IN THE woods not far away from the house we have an apple cellar, and often during the winter after picking the apples over for market we would throw the partly decayed ones outside the cellar on a little side hill. Near by there was a stream of running water. We noticed after a while these apples disappeared and at first thought that some school boys had found the spot and being hungry carried them off; but looking closer, we discovered in the snow a little narrow track leading from the apple heap to the brook. This showed us it must be some animal, but as he always made his trips at night or when nobody was about we could not tell what kind of an animal it was. Without our knowing it, however, we had set a trap which caught him.

Just outside the cellar door there stood a barrel which had a few sticks resting against it, and our friend, after eating all the apples on the bank, had climbed up to see what was in the barrel and tumbled in. Poor muskrat! he was a prisoner. Try as best he could, he was unable to get out, and when we found him he had been gnawing the barrel in his efforts to escape. Some of us

never had seen a muskrat before, so we all went to look at him and no doubt we enjoyed it. He was the unhappy prisoner, for he put his nose between his feet, which made him look more like a ball of fur than anything else. His fur was brown and brown, but the most peculiar part of him was his broad, flat leathery tail.

We threw some apples into the barrel for him, but the poor fellow knew he was a prisoner and quite took away his appetite.

Little Jimmy wanted to take him to the house, but he decided it was better to give him liberty than to have all creatures. So one of the boys tipped the barrel away he ran as fast as ever his feet could carry him down the same little path he had trod so often in search of a meal. He plunged into the brook, swam across and disappeared under the water a brown wiser muskrat. —[Story Teller.]

### Lord Salisbury and His Cat.

LORD SALISBURY'S fondness for animals is well known but it is perhaps not generally known that he has a favorite cat. It is a cross between a tabby and a chinchilla gray, and has the name of "Puss." It is sleek and well bred, with fur as soft as down, and the sort of a cat one would expect to find in the domestic atmosphere of Hatfield House. She is the free run of the place, and, when she is not displaying all the signs of feline emotion with her happy cats are wont to manifest. They talk to her, and those who have been spectators of the scene declare that the cat's best language—a series of murmurs and soft purrs—soon as Lord Salisbury sits down the cat takes possession of his knee, and there the ex-Premier sits it to remain, stroking and talking to it. At his most constant companion. —[Boston Journal.]

### Tiger Was Pleased.

COSSACK, ignorant of the French language, was recently brought to the zoo by the lion tamer Pezon to clean the wild beasts. Their understanding, or misunderstanding, was arranged by means of gestures and sounds. Pezon thought that the man thoroughly understood his duties by entering with bucket, sponge and soap into the cage of a tame beast, as his master had done, but of a splendid untamed tiger, which lay on the floor. The fierce animal awoke and fixed his eyes on the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his hands and, undisturbed, to rub down the tiger as he would a horse or a dog; while the tiger, apparently by the application of cold water, rolled over on its stretched out its paws, and purring, offered up its body to the Cossack, who washed it as placently as a mother bathes her infant. The cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage beast from the zoo, but Pezon drawn him off with difficulty. —[The Enquirer.]

### A Dog Kleptomaniac.

THE most interesting object of all was a shaggy Newfoundland dog, which is not a programme as an entertainer.

Rover was discovered quite by accident. He was walking with the little ones, when he was up. Mr. Reed told the children of some of his tricks, and he was piled with queries until he had the entire history of the animal.

The dog belongs to Capt. Young, and he is on the pier as his master. What seemed to the children most was the story of a prank he had recently done.

The dog was very fond of some carpenter's pier. He would help carry boards and make himself so useful that he had the carpenter's tool shed. Then tools began to be missed in the titles that suspicion fell upon two men on the pier. Just as these men were about to be discharged began to bring the tools back, one at a time. It was found that the dog had buried the tools under the pier. Mr. Reed told the children that he knew innocent men were being suspected and it was honorable to let the matter go any further.

So impressed were the children that each of the way home that he or she would buy a dog like Rover when they grew up. —[Philadelphia Record.]

### Fido, a Man and Some Grips.

FOR a few minutes at the Union Depot yesterday afternoon a small yellow dog was the center of attraction. He played the principal part in a comedy which was enjoyed by a platform full of people. It was a mystery how the dog found its way to the depot, but it was there and strolled about among the passengers with as little concern as an experienced dog. The local Frisco train for Springfield and Chicago just about to pull out shortly after 1 o'clock, the cars began to move some one picked the dog up and threw him on the rear platform. But the dog had no desire to leave home and with a jump from the car. An excited man with a grip bag in his hand was rushing down the platform. Just as he was reaching out for the rear end of the dog jumped and man, dog and grip bag fell into a heap. Assistance was at hand and before he knew it the fat individual was on his train looking surprised to see what had caused his sudden fall. He didn't see. Fido had raced wildly toward the rear of the 200 pounds had rolled off of him. —[Journal.]

## GOOD SHORT

Compiled for 2

### Hetty Green's Revenge.

A YEAR or so before the death of the railway magnate, the grievances against that world reached a point where she took revenge.

At this time Mr. Huntington freely with which to carry on were still several weeks short. Hetty Green knew this. She at most of Mr. Huntington's loans began depositing in that bank, amounting to more than \$1,000,000.

One day, when she had satisfied that she was still borrowing from him, she was still in the thick of the active officers of the company.

"Mr. Stewart," she said, "I've been waiting for you. When do you want it?" asked her.

"Now, if you please. And I want it in cash."

"But, Mrs. Green, this is very business of the bank to loan money up in vaults. A million and a notice—well, it is just a trifle on the matter, Mrs. Green?"

"Well, Mr. Stewart, I am uneasy. I hear you have been doubtful loans—"

"Not a word of truth in it, Mrs. Green. Every one of our loans is sound. But I am uneasy, just the same. I want my money—in cash. Is there no other way, Mrs. Green?"

was beginning to perspire.

"Well, while I'm waiting your balance sheet, Mr. Stewart."

"Impossible, madam. That is banking. What particular loans do you want?"

"I'd rather not say, Mr. Stewart, but I'm uneasy. So give me please; let me have it in cash."

Hetty Green got her money on the spot. It made so large a bundle of bills that she had to send a messenger to the safe deposit vaults where all a box to receive it.

Another messenger was dispatched to Huntington's office. During the tremendous excitement in financial circles that Collis P. Huntington had a matter of fact he probably never before.

—[Unidentified.]

### Lost His Bet.

FOUR men in a Philadelphia shooting in Jersey, were fences the other day. Three had been paying a license fee under the new law.

"I paid the license, but I thought I did my level best to get extra birds, for I never kill more than I can use."

Having some fun with the game with me a man who is one of the country. I gave him the license and he was very good at it. When the first sparrow dropped his gun and ran, with the heels. He ran for a good half mile exhausted, and he was caught.

"You'll have to come along with me."

"What for?"

"Shooting reed birds."

"Ain't shot any."

"But you have a gun."

"Well?"

"That's the same thing."

"How?"

"Oh, come off! You know you're shooting without a license, whether or not."

"But I've got a license."

"What!" screamed the warden.

"That's what," and he pulled the pocket.

"What the devil did you give me and a license in your pocket?"

"That man over there," said he, "me a dollar that I couldn't beat you."

—[Newark (N. J.) News.]

### Why She Consented.

THERE is one little girl in Washington who gave her parents an exhibition which they were totally unprepared for. Her affliction was a source of anxiety to herself and family. An operation was advised and it was decided to take the little one to the city.

The utmost secrecy was observed. Miss Annie had once made a great tooth pulled, and, of course, it was she would enter serious objections to the operation.

She was taken to Baltimore and that she was going on a pleasure trip and mother. When they arrived mother took her daughter in her arms and she was the real object of the trip.



GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Hetty Green's Revenge.

A YEAR or so before the death of Collis P. Huntington, the railway magnate, Hetty Green's schedule of grievances against that power in the financial world reached a point where she felt that she must have revenge.

At this time Mr. Huntington was borrowing money freely with which to carry on some large deals that were still several weeks short of their culmination. Hetty Green knew this. She also knew the bank where most of Mr. Huntington's loans were negotiated. She began depositing in that bank, and presently her balance amounted to more than \$1,600,000.

One day, when she had satisfied herself that Huntington was still borrowing from her bank, and that his big deals were still in the ticklish stage, she called on one of the active officers of the concern, wearing a very long face.

"Mr. Stewart," she said, "I've come to get my money."

"When do you want it?" asked the wary banker, thinking hard.

"Now, if you please. And I don't want a check; I want it in cash."

"But, Mrs. Green, this is very unusual. It is the business of the bank to loan money, not to keep it piled up in vaults. A million and a half withdrawn without notice—well, it is just a trifle out of the ordinary. What is the matter, Mrs. Green?"

"Well, Mr. Stewart, I am an old woman, and I feel uneasy. I hear you have been making some rather foolish loans—"

"Not a word of truth in it, Mrs. Green," interrupted the banker. "Every one of our loans is gilt-edged."

"But I am uneasy, just the same. I can't help it, Mr. Stewart. I want my money—in cash, please."

"Is there no other way, Mrs. Green?" The banker was beginning to prepire.

"Well, while I'm waiting you might let me look over your balance sheet, Mr. Stewart."

"Impossible, madam. That is against all the rules of banking. What particular loans do you object to?"

"I'd rather not say, Mr. Stewart. They may be all right, but I'm uneasy. So give me my money—no check, please; let me have it in cash."

Hetty Green got her money on the spot in all kinds of bills. It made so large a bundle that she had to borrow one of the bank's messengers to carry it for her to the safe deposit vaults where she had already secured a box to receive it.

Another messenger was dispatched post haste to Mr. Huntington's office. During the next hour there was tremendous excitement in financial circles over rumors that Collis P. Huntington had gone to smash. As a matter of fact he probably never had a narrower escape. —[Unidentified.]

Lost His Bet.

FOUR men in a Philadelphia restaurant, who had been shooting in Jersey, were telling their experiences the other day. Three had successfully evaded paying a license fee under the new law, and chuckled at their smartness. When it came to the last man, he said:

"I said the license, but I thought it a mean game, and did my level best to get square—not by shooting extra birds, for I never kill more than I want, but by having some fun with the game wardens. I took along with me a man who is one of the best sprinters in the country. I gave him the license to carry and my instructions. When the first spotter hove in sight my man dropped his gun and ran, with the warden close at his heels. He ran for a good half mile, and then dropped exhausted, and he was caught."

"You'll have to come along with me," said the warden.

"What for?"

"Shooting reed birds."

"Ain't shot any."

"But you have a gun."

"Well."

"That's the same thing."

"How?"

"Oh, come off! You know you can't come over here shooting without a license, whether you get any birds or not."

"But I've got a license."

"What!" screamed the warden.

"That's what, and he pulled the license out of his pocket."

"What the devil did you give me such a chase for, and a license in your pocket?"

"That man over there," said he, pointing to me, 'bet me a dollar that I couldn't beat you running—and I've lost.' —[Newark (N. J.) News.]

Why She Consented.

THERE is one little girl in Washington who recently gave her parents an exhibition of her nature for which they were totally unprepared. The child was cross-eyed, and her affliction was a source of extreme annoyance to herself and family. An oculist was consulted, who advised an operation to remedy the defect, and so it was decided to take the little one to a hospital in Baltimore. The utmost secrecy was observed in the matter. Miss Annie had once made a great fuss about having a tooth pulled, and, of course, it was to be expected that she would enter serious objections to an operation on her eyes.

She was taken to Baltimore under the impression that she was going on a pleasure trip with her father and mother. When they arrived at the hospital the mother took her daughter in her lap, and nervously launched the real object of the trip. She set forth in all

its triple horror the embarrassment which is the lot of the cross-eyed person, stating that the trouble would increase as she grew older.

"Now, Annie," she said finally, "we have brought you over here to have your eyes straightened. It won't hurt you at all. Wouldn't you like to have your eyes like other people's?"

"You just bet I would," exclaimed Annie, to the astonishment of the others. "You can go ahead and do anything you want, and I don't care how much it hurts. I'm just sick and tired of having a pack of colored boys spit into their hats and cross their fingers every time they meet me."

The operation was performed forthwith, and the young lady has as good a pair of eyes as anybody in Washington. —[Washington Post.]

Moral Suasion a Failure.

"SHE seems to have abandoned her moral suasion ideas relative to the training of children."

"She has."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, I was largely instrumental in bringing about the change. You see, she has no children of her own and I grew weary of her constant preaching and theorizing, so I loaned her our Willie."

"Loaned her your boy?"

"Precisely. She was to have him a week on her solemn promise to confine herself entirely to moral suasion."

"Did she keep her promise?"

"She did, but at the expiration of the week she came to me with tears in her eyes and pleaded for permission to whale him just once." —[Brooklyn Eagle.]

In a Dentist's Chair.

A BURLINGTON young man, well known in legal circles there, gives an amusing account of his sensations while in a dentist's chair, under the influence of gas.

"Through a window in front of the chair," he says, "I could see a tall chimney. As the dentist began to administer the gas, this chimney began to spin round, slowly at first, but gradually increasing the speed and size of its revolutions until all I could see was a dizzy blue.

All of a sudden it stood still, then exploded with a crash, scattering bricks in every direction. One of them hit me in the head and I went to sleep. When I awoke the dentist was standing over me with a glass of water in his hand.

"Swallow it," he said.

"What," I gasped, "the brick?" —[Newark (N. J.) News.]

A Story of Bootjack Days

A WELL-KNOWN lawyer and writer, a resident of Oneida county, who has long since passed away, used to tell a joke on himself. His story was to the effect that he called for a bootjack at a country hotel at which he stopped. Now, this lawyer and writer had very large feet, and the hostler to whom he made the request, after casting a glance at the big boots, exclaimed: "Why, man, it isn't a bootjack you want for those! You need the fork of the road!" —[Utica Observer.]

An Ohio Campaign Incident.

ALL Ohio is taking a generous interest in the circus campaign of Tom L. Johnson, who is ambitious for Democratic preferment. In discussing the situation the other day, Dr. E. W. Sullivan of Cleveland, a well-known Ohio Democrat, told several stories of other strenuous campaigns in the Buckeye State.

"I will never forget," he said, "a stumping tour which the late Gen. William H. Gibson made many years ago, when he was State Treasurer. A short time before the campaign opened a shortage was discovered in the Treasurer's office. It was clearly traced to a previous administration, and really added to Gen. Wilson's reputation for integrity."

"He was to speak one night in a small town in Western Ohio, and got an unusually generous reception—brass bands, crowded hall, cheering, and all that sort of thing."

"I've been wondering ever since I came to your city," he said, by way of beginning, "what the Republican Campaign Committee meant by sending me here. You are all Republicans here. I want to go where there are Democrats to convert."

"He paused and surveyed the audience."

"I don't believe there is a single Democrat in this crowded hall!" he shouted.

"There was a dead silence."

"I'll give \$5 to each and every Democrat who will admit it!" cried the general.

"A big Irishman in the rear of the hall arose, and in a mighty voice howled:

"I'm a Dimmycrat, an', faith, I don't care who knows it."

"So you're a Democrat," said the general.

"I am," howled the son of Erin.

"Then come forward and get your \$5."

"I don't want your money, man," returned the Irishman. "Put it back in the treasury what you stole it from."

"The general, in telling the story (and he appreciated the joke enough to tell it often,) said that the meeting which followed was the only unsuccessful one of his trip." —[New York Tribune.]

An Ancient Legend.

AN ANCIENT legend tells us that the angel on guard at the door of heaven was once asked by an inquisitive passer-by if more married or more single women passed through.

"More married ones," he promptly answered.

"Indeed," said the questioner, who was a man. "Their husbands' virtues, of course, admitted them. That was right. The stronger should aid the weak."

"No," replied the angel; "that is not the reason."

"Then what is it?"

"Well, if you must know," said the angel, confiden-

tially, "we pass them first on their own merits; lots of 'em get through that way. Then when we can't find any other recommendation for a married woman it is written against her name, 'These are they which have come up out of great tribulation,' and the gates fly open." —[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Both Were Shocked.

LITTLE ELSIE was a faithful attendant at Sunday-school, and had listened earnestly when plans for a coming Christian Endeavor convention were discussed, her interest increasing to enthusiasm over the mysterious affair when she learned that her auntie was to attend as a delegate.

Coming into the library one day, auntie saw the little maid busily engaged in writing a letter to a cousin with whom she kept up a juvenile correspondence. She scrawled industriously for a moment, then stopped. There was a puzzled expression on her fat, ink-stained face, as she dangled her short legs and wriggled uncomfortably on her high perch.

"Auntie," she said, "how do you spell 'devil'?"

"Oh, Elsie," said her auntie, "I am shocked! Why are you using such a word as that in your letter? Nice little girls never say such things!"

It was Elsie's turn to be shocked.

"Why, auntie," she cried, "I'm only telling her about the Christian and devil convention!" —[Ida L. Pifer, in Harper's Magazine, for October.]

He Had Met Them.

MAURICE BARRYMORE, actor, who is dying slowly of paresis, is a man who never slept so long as there were entertaining companions ready to talk and listen, a man who was never at a loss for an answer. If his witticisms were collected they would fill a book and lose half their charm. Probably he never uttered many of the clever things attributed to him, but there never was an epigram too brilliant for Barrymore to have made it. Some were bitter as gall, and a few had no more sting to them than a butterfly. But all of them showed that he possessed a remarkable mind.

He was essentially a combatant and a chivalrous man. He loved to fight, intellectual or physical, for its own sake. Once, when he was livid with rage over a reflection cast upon a woman he knew, a friend asked him why he restrained himself.

"Every blow struck in defense of a woman is a dent in her reputation," was Barrymore's reply.

He could be severe with women, too. Once he was playing with a "star" whose life was notorious. He quietly reproached her during a scene for flirting with a man in a box.

"Mr. Barrymore," she demanded, furiously, "have you never known what it is to be associated with ladies?"

"Yes," said Barrymore, easily. "I was born and I am married."

"I said ladies, sir! ladies!"

Barrymore grew white with anger, but the quick mind brought the bitterest retort he ever made.

"Oh, dear me, yes," he said. "I understand. You mean demi-monde. Yes, I know them also." —[Chicago Tribune.]

A Canon's Joke.

A CERTAIN canon was recently asked by a lady of his acquaintance to address the young women of a society in which she was interested. She was an ardent abstainer, and often had had discussions with the canon on the subject of total abstinence. On this occasion, however, she requested him to talk to her girls against the love of dress, which, she said, was causing the ruin of many a promising young woman of the present day—in fact, it was fast becoming a curse. The canon promised to address them on the desired subject. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "And shall it be moderation or total abstinence?" —[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Rang Up His Pay.

MACKENZIE is a conductor on an owl train on the "L," consequently he does his sleeping in the daytime.

Now, as everyone knows who has had occasion to use the elevated after 12 o'clock, the fares, after passing certain points on the line, are collected by the conductors, who, for the purpose of registration, carry the little bell punches once so familiar on the surface lines.

One afternoon last week he was roused from his diurnal slumbers by his industrious little wife, who brought out for his admiration a lamp shade made of colored tissue paper. She had made it with her own pretty hands, and its scalloped border was perforated with innumerable little holes, through which the light of the parlor lamp would fall on the table.

"Tell me if you think it pretty," demanded Mrs. Mackenzie holding the shade out for her husband to inspect it.

"It looks lovely," began Mackenzie; but as he scrutinized it more closely he turned pale and said hoarsely: "You made those holes with my bell punch."

"Yes, dear," said his dear little wife blithely, "while you were asleep. It was so convenient to punch holes with. But what makes you speak that way?" demanded the little woman, greatly alarmed at the sudden change which had come over the unfortunate Mackenzie.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, "only you've rung up enough fares on that lamp shade to use up six months' salary. Every one of those holes will cost me five cents, that's all."

And the unhappy Mackenzie, in the agony of his spirit, groaned aloud. —[Chicago Tribune.]

An Inventory.

SOME time before he was elected to the Presidency, Lincoln received a letter from a New York City firm asking as to the standing of one of his neighbors, who had begun a transaction with the firm. Lincoln's reply was:

"Yours of the —th received. I am well acquainted with Mr. —, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together, they ought to be worth \$50,000 to any man. Second, he has an office, in which there is a table worth \$1.50 and three chairs worth, say, \$1. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rathole, which will bear looking into." —[Philadelphia Ledger.]



## SIAM'S ROYAL FAMILY.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS THAT PREVAIL IN THE LAND OF CHULALONGKORN.

By a Special Contributor.

WITH the Crown Prince of Siam present with us our curiosity has been aroused about that far-distant country whence he is bound after the years spent in England, and, naturally, we want to know something about his royal parents, especially, as the King himself may come later.

King Chulalongkorn I has ruled Siam since October 1, 1868, and during the thirty-four years of his regency, has done much to change for the better the management of the whole kingdom; but, he is, after all, a Siamese, and in a country where "custom" will justify pretty nearly anything, it is plain that tradition so sanctified cannot be completely ignored. A more violent old despot than the present King's father was would be hard to imagine, and Chulalongkorn's enlightened administration has, in the main, been the fruit of early European influence.

In 1862, there appeared at the court of Siam an English widow who had seen some life in Singapore, and to that gentlewoman was intrusted the work of educating along European lines the King's numerous progeny and such of his wives as might choose to study English under her tutelage. Chulalongkorn, then about ten years of age, became one of the pupils, and he is spoken of as "modest and affectionate, eager to learn, and easy to influence." This instructional period covered a number of years, and in that time the noble precepts of that English woman and the naturally gifted nature of the youth did much toward molding the man His Majesty has since proved himself to be.

No one, save the few that have been privileged to live

in intimate contact with an eastern court, can appreciate the moral mire and the generally vitiated atmosphere of such surroundings.

H. Warrington Smyth, whose knowledge of the country today is thorough, says: "Among the officials the moral qualities are more lacking, on the whole, than among the people. The latter have a quiet goodness peculiarly their own; but they are good by accident, and as long as by accident there is no reason to be otherwise. To do a thing because it is right is beyond them; to abstain from a thing because it is against their good name, or involves serious consequences, is possibly within the power of a few; the question of right or wrong does not enter the calculation."

"Taken by the standard of everyday life, the Siamese, with his cheerfulness and friendliness, his hospitality and gentleness, his patience under trial, and his charming simplicity, can hold his head high. It is when he joins the ranks of officialdom that the snares close in, and if his fall commences it is not from wickedness, but from weakness—a failing common to his neighbors and not unknown in the world beyond Siam. . . . The King of Siam has been, probably, the worst-served sovereign in the world. His wishes, his advice, and his orders were ignored as long as they could safely be so treated. No reliable information was allowed to filter through to him, and while twice a year the tongues of all the nobles in the land swore loyalty and allegiance, the lives of 50 per cent. of them were in defiance of the principles he had laid down, and were one continued disloyalty. Greed, idleness, or indulgence have been their lord and master, and the gentle unquestioning peasantry bore it all because it was 'tamniem' (custom,) and they knew the King knew not."

That Siam is today an independent kingdom is entirely due to the wise course of her present King in striving to bring his people up to a modern standard; and whether Siam shall continue to enjoy the peculiar distinction of independence will depend upon her future course and the success with which she may be able to ward off the

avowed purpose of the French colonial party to own the whole country.

The King of Siam is entitled to have for wives three queens, who, nominally, enjoy equal rights. In practice, this participation is more or less unequal. Besides his queens, the King can have a number of wives, and Chulalongkorn has been married with a number varying all the way from a hundred to a full three thousand. The term is somewhat euphemistic, and the claims that these women have upon their royal lord and master are as a rule, upon mere caprice. The King now has two Queens, the third one having been drowned while boating on the Meinam some years ago.

The first Queen—the one whom he first married—the mother of the former Crown Prince, who died early in 1896. So long as her only son lived, this Queen that sat on the right of the King and whom his courtiers beamed. With the King she had certain honors denied the younger second Queen. The latter one, however, had been born a number of years before the present Crown Prince was the child, and was carefully guarded as was the only son of the first Queen. Her meals in absolute seclusion, somewhat those hidden ways common to the Far East, were carried to that young Prince's fare, and slowly he passed away. At once there was a change of position. The second Queen supplanted the first, and Chulalongkorn's wife became his parent.

The pictures that accompany this article were taken of the Queens after the coronation of the present Crown Prince. The saddened face of the older woman tells the story of her grief and relative degradation, while the look of childish satisfaction on the face of the younger Queen is equally explanatory of her relish of the position.

A better notion of the true position of even a Queen of the court of Siam can be had from Mrs. Lema's account of a King's wooing and wedding in that country. "When a King of Siam would take unto himself a wife he chooses a maiden from a family of the highest rank and of royal pedigree, and, inviting her into the circle of his women, entertains her there in that state of probation, which is his prerogative and opportunity. Should she prove so fortunate as to win his preference, it may be his pleasure to appoint her to the throne; in which event he appoints a day for the formal consummation of his gracious purpose, when principal officers, male and female, of the court, the priests, Brahmin, as well as Buddhist, and the astrologers, attend to play their several parts in the important drama.

"The Princess, robed in pure white, is seated on a throne elevated on a high platform. Over this throne spread a canopy of white muslin, decorated with gold and fragrant flowers, and through this canopy are poured gently the typical waters of consecration, which have been previously infused certain leaves and emblematic of purity, usefulness and sweetness. The Princess is thus delicately sprinkled with the elements, the priests enumerate, with nice discrimination, the various graces of mind and person which she must study to acquire; and pray that she may be a blessing to her lord, and herself be richly blessed. She is hailed Queen, with a burst of exultant music."

"Now the sisters of the King conduct her by a secret passage to a chamber regally appointed, where she is divested of her dripping apparel, and arrayed in becoming her queenly state—robes of silk, heavy with gold, and sparkling with diamonds and rubies. The King is ushered into her presence by the ladies of the court; and at the moment of his entrance she throws herself at his feet, according to the custom. But he prevents her; and taking her right hand and embracing her, seats her beside him, on the throne. There she receives the formal congratulations of the court, with which the ceremonies of the day terminate. The evening is devoted to feasting and to music. The royal nuptial couch is consecrated with incense. The mystic thread of unspun cotton is wound around the bed seventy-seven times, and the ends are in the hands of priests, who, bowing over the couple, invoke blessings on the bridal pair. Then the nearest relatives of the bride are admitted. They lead the bride, sprinkle it with the consecrated water, burn the crimson curtains with flowery garlands, and the silken sheets, the pillows and cushions; which they lead in the bride, who has not presided at the entertainments, but waited with her ladies in a separate apartment.

"On entering the awful chamber, she first falls on her knees, and thrice salutes the royal couch with her hands, and then invokes protection for herself, that she may be preserved from every deadly sin. Finally, she is disrobed, and left praying on the floor before the King, while the King is conducted to her by his courtiers and immediately retire."

Of the children born of this regal wedlock, the succession to the throne. The children of the King (who are also of the nobility,) while termed princes, are not heirs to the throne. Marriage is common among these half brothers and sisters; in fact, one of the King's Queens is his own half sister, and it is from a physiological point of view that the custom must be common. In the city of women, as the King is called, the custodians of the King's wives are the women, while grim duennas preserve order among the harem of idle women that minister to this royal pentiary. In the midst of these royal slaves—truly they are—the King comes as the lord of life, the perilous distinction of pleasing him today mean the undoing of that comely, merry woman tomorrow, while the mother of the sweetest child is the nonce, the richer for His Majesty's favor. "Tamniem," that fatal custom, has made the court of the present King in model much like that of his father. In all truth it may be said that there is far less of objectionable element than of yore, and his Queens truly been helpmates. It is not known to the world how many children the present King has; there are certainly many scores of them; and the pleasantest sights is to see His Majesty in the simple dress of his chamber playing with his little ones. Even as wee tots, they are a quaint, dignified and the secret, silent, submissive impress of the King fastens upon them well nigh as soon as they pick up the innocent joys of natural childhood. It was not of the Crown Prince sprung, and, over a similar course, his own he will rule some day. May his European light help him.

## NEW YORK'S S

A MAGNIFICENT EQU

FURNISHED BY

By a Special C

IMPERIAL ROME gave its "causes"—New York town, mo provides only the circus. open question if Rome ever amphitheater as New York has way and its approaches.

Directly, the Speedway is an and days following '93. Indirect, a rising demand. The city has swiftly-growing class of rich re or spiritual descendants of the Brigade. With their many the horseflesh, there was general an over having to go a Sabbath da place where the flyers could st dentally, outstep each other.

The first plan that was offered nation. The gentlemen drivers a stretch down the west side of protests from all sorts and com them to go further—with the The Speedway as an accomplish nobody. Contrariwise, it turns to version a strip of unsightly wa turning put many dollars into h



otherwise would have been empty charity. Altogether the course is for no more than an object lesson desires of rich men supply the need

Manhattan's face is full of choic prizes. Not one of them can coo speedway site. The course easily picturesque in the world. That, ho ing than its adaptation to the ends coliseum was less majestic than t above it all along one side; no can show more vagrant charm of water from the breast of the Harlem. N gray, now of a jealous green opac rain-washed morning sky, now f satiny ripples, streaked with oily w ing craft.

## All Roads Lead to Speedway.

All roads, indeed, lead to the Sp lyn and Jersey folk wander in some have fine driveways of their own. the show of horses and horsemen i A great many people evidently are of any Sunday which promises good f are likely to gather and stand at g match races, matinees, the annual bring out from thirty to fifty thous knowing ones and the sports clust about the half-mile post, which is the brushes. If there is betting, is or rather individual, although, no often changes hands on the result deed, tips are given and received qu solemnly as on the full-fledged cou of those on the road and the sidewa and to be seen, rather than from s or loss.

The mounted police who enforce all but the racing division moving lines—going down next to the river, rocks. Thus the middle stretch is is wide enough for five or six team begins whenever there is a fairly Dyckman street end, the speeders makes the first half-mile post the

Music by the C



The King of Siam



First Queen: Mother of poisoned Prince



Second Queen: Mother of Crown Prince



The King and some of the Prince Princes at play



# NEW YORK'S SPEEDWAY.

A MAGNIFICENT EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS  
FURNISHED BY THE CITY.

By a Special Contributor.

IMPERIAL ROME gave its populace "bread and circuses"—New York town, more than imperial, as yet provides only the circuses. But it is more than an open question if Rome ever spent as much upon its amphitheater as New York has put into the Speedway and its approaches.

Directly, the Speedway is an outgrowth of panic—the mad days following '93. Indirectly, it is the response to a rising demand. The city has bred and fostered a swiftly-growing class of rich reinsmen, either survivors or spiritual descendants of the old Bloomingdale Road Brigade. With their many thousands invested in fast horses, there was general and increasing discontent over having to go a Sabbath day's journey to find any place where the flyers could step their best—and, incidentally, outstep each other.

The first plan that was offered raised a roar of indignation. The gentlemen drivers had it in mind to take a stretch down the west side of Central Park. Lively protests from all sorts and conditions of folk inclined them to go further—with the result of faring better. The Speedway as an accomplished fact interferes with nobody. Contrariwise, it turns to the excellent use of diversion a strip of unsightly waste. Incidentally, the turning put many dollars into honest, horny hands that

there are mile brushes, but the most part of gentlemen drivers prefer half miles, or even quarter miles.

A pessimistic mounted policeman who knows horses and likewise human nature, said with something of a curled lip: "Horses! Oh, yes, they love the Speedway; the soft track's good to hoofs that have been poundin' rocks and hard floors. But the drivers and the riders don't love ridin' and drivin'; it's all show-off with them. Why, if they did really care for their horses and usin' 'em, there are fifty places within range that would give 'em more pleasure than this. City Island, up in Westchester, out in Jersey, or Long Island, or 'cross the ferry down Staten Island way, horses and traps and drivers can go, any o' them, where's all right, all right; but they can't take the crowd with 'em, so here they stay. Sunday after Sunday, rain and shine, you see the same men, and all their joy is to get a new horse, or some sort of new contraption in ridin' toggery or wagons, or boots or bridles, or some such matter. But them that drive do get a few runs for their money—thing that feazes me most is the folks down the edges. It's all show with them, and if one of 'em gets her name in the papers, or his turnout sets the crowd buzzin'—Lord! they think they're made! I've been up here pretty much ever since the show began—you may take my word for it if it wasn't a show, if nobody came to look on and stare, and most likely envy, in six months the Speedway would be given up to trainers, exercisin' rich men's trotters, and some few of the rich men themselves that knew enough about horses and other things to get at the real good o' drivin'."

## At Its Best.

Possibly the policeman was soured. Certainly the Speedway at its best helps to put one in love with life and things. For instance, on a fine autumn Sunday

cidents which some of the over-nice among the women incline to resent. Bare arms, and chests, and legs, seem to them out of place in the face of daylight; notwithstanding other women applaud the display and talk knowingly with their escorts of feathering, reaches, body swings and strokes.

## Here Come the Stars.

Momently some star of the Speedway flashes down the line. Murmurs go all about: "Nathan Straus has Cobwebs out this morning. Pshaw! I was sure he'd drive Alves instead." "Hello! Fred Gerken in the side lines! It can't be he's going to quit the game!" "There comes Claus Bohling! Now look out, somebody. He told my cousin's uncle yesterday he had the heels of everything likely to show today!" "Albert Bostwick's trainer has got knee boots on Johnny Agan. Yes, Bostwick is automobile crazy, still he has not quite given up horses."

A lean, brownish bay, with fair head, good legs and light middle piece flashes past. One spectator grins at the sight, saying sagely: "David B. looks as though he'd run jest about to match his namesake this mornin'. Instantly somebody retorts: "Wait till you see him finish! It's my belief he has never been quite all out here—no more than the man he's named for."

"Maybe so," says a judicial third person; "but say, did you hear about old Cobwebs? One day awhile back Straus got two friends to hold watches on the old fellow while he stepped a quarter after he got going for all he was worth, and he made it in 29 seconds flat. What do you think of that? A 1:56 gait for a horse thirteen years old—and a faster quarter than ever Cresceus trotted in a race!"

"He's a wonder—no mistake," say the onlookers; then huddle to the curb, saying all together in a breath: "And here he comes now! Hurrah! He's having it out with Dave Lamar and Sally Simpson."

Down course two little dust clouds have resolved themselves into flying harness racers, with drivers sitting low and close behind. The wagons look cobwebby—hardly stout enough to endure the impact of air. But nobody thinks of that; all hang breathless on the race. The man in front has a strong, Hebraic face, bearded, shrewd-eyed, kindly. The lips are set, the eyes tense, the whole pose full of power to claim and keep. The whip is held upright, the reins tightly clutched—now and again he speaks a low word, too low to be heard by the sidewalk throng, though evidently reaching the ears of his horse. Cobwebs may know intuitively what his master asks—he goes, goes, with the mighty stroke of a machine. His stride is low and stealing, his ears are flat against his beautiful chestnut head, his eyeballs flare, but not with temper—he has the stay and the spirit which, joined with speed, makes the horse which does or dies. On, on, he thunders, his head nodding the least bit in fine, faultless rhythm, his quickening hoof beats sounding a march of triumph as his white nose goes past the post half a length to the good.

## Another Fight for Victory.

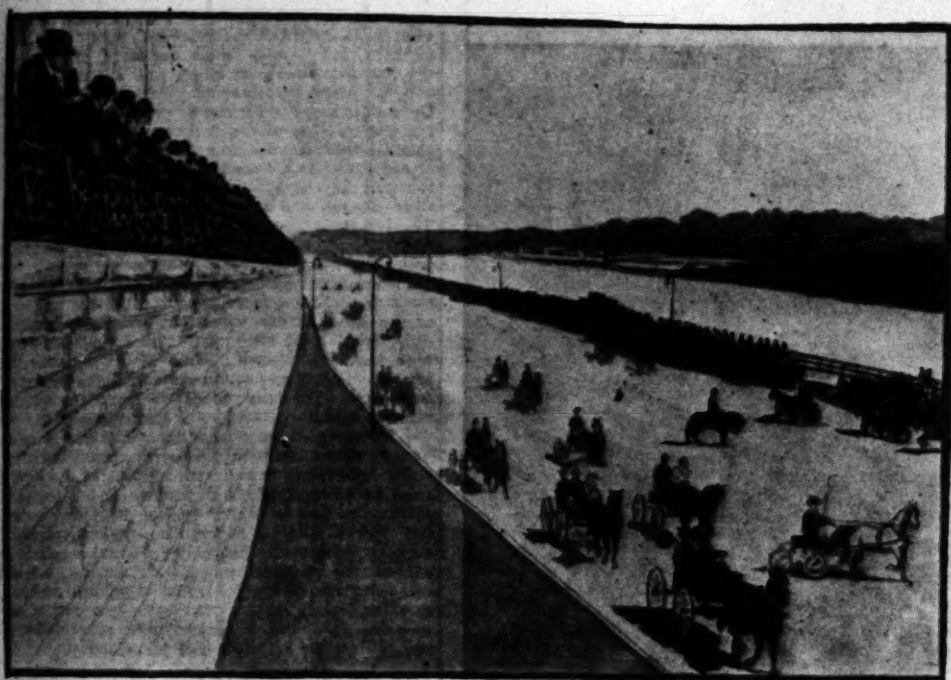
The battle is not won. Dave Lamar wheels as soon as he can pull up, asks a question mainly with his eyes, is answered with a nod, then, almost wing and wing, the pair race away to the back stretch, and again set sail. This time the mare lies at Cobwebs's wheel—in the first brush she fought for each foot of the way. She is a bay, big and shiny, in the very pink of condition, a credit alike to her trainer and her sire, the world-famous Electioneer. She goes high, so high it almost seems she scorns the earth, but her reaching plunges devour space incredibly. But for keeping in place so steadily a casual onlooker would say the horse went ten yards to her nine, and covered ground with much more ease to himself. But do what he will, stretch, strain, quicken, he cannot shake her off. She hangs like a bulldog till fifty yards from the wire; then the man in the white hat, who has been sitting statue-like, leans far forward, swishes his whip mightily, calls in shrill, whistling tones, lets out the least bit of a wrap, and the race is over—Cobwebs has lost, though by a narrow margin. A third heat is, of course, inevitable. People forget to gossip, and stand still, save when they crowd for better seeing places. This time the flyers come in view neck and neck, each doing a desperate best from start to finish. How the big, gallant chestnut strains! His motion is so swift no eye can follow it; the sulky wheels show only as motionless, shining rims magically impelled along the course. And gaily the bulldog bay mare keeps at his throat latch, lurching so high she seems to be fencing all the way. Neck and neck, stride for stride, they keep it up until the very last; but the bay will not be denied; she gets her nose in front by at least six inches. There is applause all up and down the line as she jogs back toward the starting point, but not so loud, nor so hearty as the clapping which follows Cobwebs all the way to the cooling-out sheds.

The brushes have been typical—every Sunday, every matinee, with sound footing, sees them duplicated a hundred times over. Even the least considerate horse master hesitates to risk his flyers upon slippery or sloppy going, or in stiff, holding mud. Not a few horse owners have stables close at hand. E. H. Harriman, who owns the famous John R. Gentry, for example, has, right at the Speedway's gates, what is said to be the best appointed stable for harness horses anywhere in the world. A dozen others might be named. Indeed, no man can hope for fame upon the Speedway without a considerable string which includes both blood and speed. A few of them keep only trotters; the most part have at least one pacer, and in not a few instances the pacers are the true stars. Brushes between trotters and pacers are not rare; neither are matches between double teams to road wagons with two persons instead of the ordinary trotting rig.

Possibly the most picturesque and certainly the most interesting Speedway personality is Frank Work, the sole survivor of the old-time road brigade that included Robert Bonner, W. H. Vanderbilt and their compeers. Although living as far down as Madison Square, Mr. Work keeps five flyers—Peter Stirling, Mahalla, Pilot Boy, Merle Moore and Sea Girl. He permits no clipping, nor pulling of foretops, and drives without boots or over-draw check reins. The fact that he holds his own with all comers is full of encouragement for those of us who believe in giving horses a chance unhampered by track sophistications.

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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NEW YORK'S SPEEDWAY.

otherwise would have been empty, or filled by galling charity. Altogether the course is well worth its cost, if for no more than an object lesson as to how the fanciful desires of rich men supply the necessities of poor ones.

Manhattan's face is full of choice topographical surprises. Not one of them can compare fully with the speedway site. The course easily is among the most picturesque in the world. That, however, is less amazing than its adaptation to the ends of spectacle. Rome's coliseum was less majestic than the rocks that frown above it all along one side; no canal in all Venice can show more vagrant charm of waters than sparkles up from the breast of the Harlem. Now it is all sullen gray, now of a jealous green opacity, now limpid as a rain-washed morning sky, now full of softly-lapping silvery ripples, streaked with oily wakes of swiftly-passing craft.

## All Roads Lead to Speedway.

All roads, indeed, lead to the Speedway—even Brooklyn and Jersey folk wander in sometimes, although they have fine driveways of their own. Howsoever gathered, the show of horses and horsemen is well worth seeing. A great many people evidently are of that mind, for upon any Sunday which promises good footing, ten thousand are likely to gather and stand at gaze. Special events, match races, matinees, the annual road drivers' parade, bring out from thirty to fifty thousand spectators. The knowing ones and the sports cluster as thick as bees about the half-mile post, which is the finish mark in the brushes. If there is betting, it is strictly private, or rather individual, although, no doubt, good money often changes hands on the result of the events. Indeed, tips are given and received quite as eagerly and as solemnly as on the full-fledged courses. But the mass of those on the road and the sidewalks are there to see and to be seen, rather than from sordid hopes of profit or loss.

The mounted police who enforce the regulations keep all but the racing division moving steadily in two lines—going down next to the river, coming up next the rocks. Thus the middle stretch is clear. The roadway is wide enough for five or six teams abreast. Speeding begins whenever there is a fairly dry course at the Dyckman street end, the speeders driving south. This makes the first half-mile post the finish. Of course,

morning, when blotches of red and yellow have sown themselves lightly through the overhanging foliage of Washington Heights, High Bridge and Washington Bridge, springing alertly from the bold ramp of the Heights, span the green, clear breadth of the valley and etch themselves on the wind-blown blue of the sky. Coming in from the viaduct, far and away the most impressive approach, one sees high on the hill the historic mass of Hamilton Grange, once the home of Betsy Bowen Jumel. There is a flag in the yard of it—a flag streaming straight out upon a tricky west wind. Behind the wooded background is the site of historic Fort George, now given over to beer drinking and the speech of the waterland. But one need not think of that—there is enough right at hand to fill eyes and mind and perception.

The road drops in a long incline, macadam for ten blocks, after that a broad reddish-yellow earthen ribbon. The sidewalks edge it like lengths of silver lace. There is a line of green grass between the yellow ribbon and the silver lace, but one must go early to get full view of it. By eleven o'clock the walkways are so full they are no more than blurs and blotches of color. At least half of the onlookers are women, tricked out in holiday bravery. Children likewise abound—the most part in gay coats, some few in somber black ones. But even the black coats have redeeming fripperies of lace and color in head and neckgear. The surprising thing about the whole assemblage, indeed, is that it is a dress parade, no less for the spectator than the performers. Beyond a doubt, going to the Speedway stands to many uptown residents very much for what going to church did to their rural or village ancestry.

However that may be, the crowd is in excellent humor with itself and the world at large, with no greater present ambition than to be reckoned "in the know" as regards the speeding and the speeders. It chats, and preens itself, and ruffles into gentle ripples of interest at the daring of venturesome small boys, or at the sight of cunning small girls tugging at the reins out in the road. It moves gently up and down, and back and forth, or turns to view critically some racing shell upon the waters, gently curling the lip as it hears the coxswain roar out orders evidently intended to reach its ears. Showing off on the water, it has not come out to see or hear. The shells are, indeed, but incidents—in-



## OLD KIOTO'S FIESTA.

STRANGE FETES PERFORMED BY FALLEN WOMEN OF JAPAN.

From a Special Correspondent.

YOKOHAMA, Sept. 15.—Belinda Bellows understood that one's presence in a foreign country did not always mean that one saw the country, and knew its people. To be at the right time in the right place was the secret of the intelligent globe-trotter, and little would the traveler catch of the real spirit and life of old Kioto who did not see it in the merry month of cherry dances, when the renowned Miyako Odori, a bewitching ballet, rejoiced the delighted natives, and assembled the tourists from all quarters of the island.

Little of motion and less of music appear in this oriental rite, but the spectator is impressed with its elegance, and the eye is riveted by its beauty. The much-discussed tea ceremony is its prelude, and the geisha girls are its attraction.

Armed with wooden tickets, and shod with moccasins, the crowds solemnly awaited in the anteroom till the courtly usher waved admittance to an inner shrine. Small stools and lacquer tables lined the walls, and silently the guests were seated, to await developments.

With mincing steps and dignified mien, five wee fairies toddled in, each bearing a beflowered earthen saucer, and a pasty ball stabbed with a wooden spike. Each placed her burden on the stand before a guest, bent her vertebral column double in salute, and tottered away. Back and forth they pattered, till every guest was served. Fleeting rainbows they seemed, that ran across the carpet. Each maid was clad in a garden of flowers and

hot water, and with a wisp of bamboo she stirred the weed. A rainbow doll, seated patiently beside her, carried the bowl of powdered liquid to the nearest guest, and the Queen backed, bowing, from the room, to replenish her teapot.

The other little rainbows glided in, bringing their steaming bowls, and gathering up the tea tickets, amid a profusion of lowly courtesies. The Queen had returned to make one other bowl of tea, which was served to Belinda in line of procession. Then the lady waited statuesque, while there followed a lapping and a sucking sound from drinking Japanese, as if a tidal wave were sweeping down the beverage and its drinkers. Belinda, overstrained by so much pomp and ceremony over the choky stuff, which she declared was only fit for suicides and murderers, cast a friendly smile and a wicked wink at the little waiting maid, who nearly lost her dignified demeanor in a semi-smothered, explosive snicker, but she regained her stoicism, and, creeping up before the hardy lady, asked, "more tea?" To a decided negative, she replied a pleasant, "Thank you," grabbed the flowing bowl, and tottered off to parts unknown, where it was probably appreciated.

Again there fell the solemn silence, only broken when the stately Queen arose, and with graceful slides and many bows, retreated from the room. One and all, the Japs drew forth large handkerchiefs, and wrapped up the saucers and the frosted cake. Belinda also pocketed the treasures, and repaired to the gangway to deliver up the theater ticket.

In the Theater.

A low gallery in the rear was reserved for foreigners. On the floor of the house, squatted the Japs on their mats. On the sides and front was arranged the stage. A whine, a wall, which developed to a whoop, broke from the walls, and as the curtain lifted, each side revealed its row of kneeling maidens, clad in heliotrope

rolled, a vision of color and dainty form. They bowed their missives to St. Valentine, and they glided away with their artistic fancy.

The Cherry Blossoms.

The scene changed; and the stage became a garden of cherry blossoms. They hung in clouds of color, and the work of brilliant tracery from above. The blossoms entered, bearing branches, pink and white, which waved and fluttered, till they raised a hale of light and revolved in the waves of light. It was a springtime, when Dame Nature luxuriated in beauty. Belinda wondered not that the scene revealed in the dreamy glory of the delicate cherry blossoms; that, through twenty-eight nights of the month of April they squatted content before the weathers of the dances. During five evening performances of the festival minutes each the little maids brought blossoms of land before the eye, till the beating of the drum, the spanking of the drumhead, the pathetic wailing of the foghorn note were lost in the rapturous vision of the sifting petals.

Hundreds of tourists had laid their plans for the annual procession of April 21. It was a remaining relic of early barbarism, formerly practiced throughout the empire, now retained only in the capital of quaint Kioto. Little did the tourists know its morality, nor speculate on the sorrow and heartache which were behind it. Curiosity and wonder for the future famed to the traveling world, for a night even to the blasé tourist, held the foreigner in Kioto on the eventful day.

A mist had settled on the hills, the setting sun would have the heavens rain their clouds of sorrow and public shame? Alas for the fate of the map-drawers for the gorgeous gowns of the girls, if the petals were to fall! No one was sure of the time, and named anything between 2 and 4. To put the oriental figures was great risk. To miss the time came for would be maddening, and, with the caution, Belinda left the hotel at 1 p.m. What a miserable ride it was, beside the river, along the winding through a network of alleys and a forest of rice fields where no rik could pass, and out onto the dry road fringed with rice farms and mustard. The narrow gate of the inclosure, where the thicket bristled thick as porcupines' quills. Not a space of space was free. Coolies and policemen held the ribs, as she squirmed like an eel through the titling throng, and fought her way up the narrow street. The rail-off plots were packed with humanity, and tea-houses received friends and patrons, and inch of balcony was filled. For a quarter of a mile Belinda struggled up the narrow passage, searching for the Kioto House. A kindly voice was heard, "Here lady, this way," and an official blue flag, emblazoned "Kioto Hotel." Gladly she jumped the rail and found her timeliness rewarded. Front seat. For more than two hours she watched the come-and-go of native life. A natural simplicity of the false codes of civilization. Mothers nursing hungry babies, and the little ones turned toward the naked breast to soothe with content at the careless coolie dropped a portion of his treasure calmly stooped to gather up his sash, and revealed tawny skin. Neither he nor his neighbors felt the least embarrassment. Probably he would denounce the convenience of trousers altogether, but that a man compels mankind to go covered in public. At the horror of the situation! The case was hopeless. In Japan, it seemed quite natural that should drop his raiment, if it so happened.

Parade of the Harlots.

Only once was there a shock; when the rain of gathering dawned upon Belinda's chum. She grasped the talk of the hour, nor the meaning of the war, and she remarked, "It is all a very queer movement, for a religious ceremony. Why don't they appear?" Amazed Belinda could only gasp, "I do not expect the priesthood. You are not attending to the service. In simple vernacular, you are here to witness the annual parade of the bad girls of the Harlots, in the form of Injured Innocence, and Foreigner and native jostled each other in the place. Coolies crowded the roofs and cracked witticisms which the crowd applauded. Belinda looked dismayed before the occupied seats. "To climb the fence, got to jump the rail," gleefully some United States girls as they watched the portly parents leap the bars.

Excitement intensified. All eyes turned down the row lane. Long necks stretched above the throng, little policemen hustled nervously in a last clear the passage. A breathless hush fell on the expectant audience. On they came slowly, a mass of geisha girls in brilliant scarlet, pulling the don of red and white which drew the fancied chariot. It tottered with tinsel work, and slender branches, which quivered and vibrated as they would shake their blossoms on admiring crowds. These flowers had never bloomed. They were a mass of pretty papers, which gave the verisimilitude of a garden. The Japs are easy imitators, so freely they lived among the flowers. The very falsity of the blossoms seemed an index of the hollow show which awaited.

"The Queen of Sin."

The flower car was the prelude of the realistic. Following it, came two wee tots, possibly 6 years of age, wearing kimonos gay as Joseph's coat, and carrying like butterfly's wings of glossy black. Their bodies overlaid with paste, and every artificial device proclaimed the hollowness of their little lives. studied gait they lifted the ungainly clogs, and placed before their mistress. So unnatural and unlike were these midgets that they suggested china dolls. Behind them followed their Queen, the unblinking leader of shame in this big city. The bundle of emblazoned iniquity she was, paraded the streets as a glorified advertisement of her degradation. What a running commentary was the

October 26, 1902.]

procedure on the disgusting depredations of the twentieth century had dawned, and the guilty scoffers to cast two thousand years had passed woman of licentious life. Yet of Christian civilization, in the purity of thought, a nation high ability, could produce this spectacle. Woman; this picture of vice and debauchery, a glowing boast of the traffic in appeal to every sensual instinct.

A travesty upon our own Christian types from every clime, the peoples who send their preachers to reform the heathen world. They had journeyed hard and far, the fort and fatigue to partake of the hardened sin. What thoughts of an audience, as the gaudy street thrills of pity for the creatures of girls once sweet and pure, who of villainess? Was there a thrill of heart of those who countenance the terrible meaning of the parade? Belinda felt a shame and she longed to feel the pulse of the thought was uppermost, the breathless wonder, before the ragged times of sin. Belinda searched leader chosen among courtesans, ample of her trade. In her face might have been a stone image. Did she glory in her triumph? publicity?

If that little brainless skull had concealed it from the world. Her white lead, which gave her the hideous specter. Her lower lip, carmine, and her upper lip shaded. Her raven hair, lustrous with oil, high on the Japanese cushion, was coils of wool, inlaid with beads. Dangled from the front, and split formed a startling halo about the crowned with a tiara of silver tins, a garden of artificial flowers. Eyes and tawdry, but very gaudy. Many layers of brilliant lining, the back, the white paint had been triangles of brown skin extended hair, as if the victim had been exactness of these natural triangles etiquette among the women.

The hands were carried on the stuck out like wings, beneath the support the ponderous garments, some folds to the feet. Such a field work of gay embroidery, doctored fascinated gaze. The clogs of the high, and deeply toothed, and the form of stage etiquette. Placing turned it in, around the other, turned it out and repeated the with the other foot. Painfully from beneath, with difficulty, the persistently caught about her feet, natural part of her being. Corns known to a people who have leather, and her foot was a perfect shapely, not compressed, but as Nature intended. The fat, pink, pretty nails, and in her natural girl had maintained her rights.

With what curious interest Belinda creature move on! Had she absolute she as stony as she seemed, without the thousands lined up to stare her. Beside her walked her ahmah, a dark robes, whose business it was need. Behind her came her coolie, green, embroidered with crest of clover leaf, carrying above his mis of oiled paper and bamboo.

Trembled for a Moment.

For a moment she halted, and a the little frame, a visible tremble. If she would tumble off her stilts. Was with the honor accorded her? Was would do injustice to her calling? the weight of much raiment? Did shame before the countless number frame?

True it is that this hardened creature and crime that one could sense or soul, was trembling on the Drops of sweat oozed through the streams trickled toward the brown aprons to the rescue, and with dabbed dried the oozy spots. Anxiously she hairpin, and adjusted the heavy about the poor girl's feet. The stately, and persisted in swinging at.

Gathering up her forces, the girl tion centered on the next pair of splendid mistress. Every magnificence passed in review. Deepest carmine, blue, scarlet, heliotrope, green, with wondrous designs, shot with a tending with fantastic effects and a his embroidered wings in exultant and five minutes attention was a spectacle. Closely was the face scanned to read its hidden story. Not a vestige of joy was revealed. stony indifference, as if the poor girl through empty space, and often pathetic sadness, a hunger and longing said that the light of hope had died the victim speak briefly to her at never did she lose her dignity, no



PARADE OF HARLOTS.

topped by a chignon of gay posies. Not a muscle relaxed, not a side squint fell upon the stranger, as the gay maidens flitted about, impressed with the dignity and importance of their mission. The little misses of 8 years were tried soldiers, and their audience found it hard to maintain an equal dignity. They had gone the rounds, and had disappeared. Every one looked fearfully at the snowball before him. Japs and strangers lined the room, but only one raw and hungry foreigner proceeded to sample the frosting. She was promptly thumped in the ribs, and admonished by a sepulchral whisper, "Use your eyes. It is only to look at. Nobody touches it," and the culprit, dismayed, was restored to order. People were freely smoking, and knocking the ashes into the little pans provided on the tables. Then a mystery was solved for Belinda, and she learned the use of a dainty bamboo tube which stood in each box. A Jap coughed violently, raised the tube, spat into its depths, and replaced it on the table! Yes, the cuspidors were within arm's reach. It does not sound dainty for a tea party, but the host had recognized a human need, and the spotless floor would never be sullied by the haphazard aim at a spittoon in a distant corner. There never existed a Jap so debased that he spat upon fleckless matting.

The Queen of Night Appears.

All eyes turned to the door, as the Queen of Night stood on the threshold, stately in her long black robes, from which peeped suggestions of color at neck and arms. She bowed a stately salutation, and moved with slow and measured step to her table, where the bronze caldron and exquisite dishes awaited her scientific use. Her dainty fingers tapered elegantly. With wondrous precision she reached for her utensils, and drew them to her at the exact angle demanded by the code of tea etiquette perfected by great Hideyoshi and his nobles, centuries ago, and practiced through all the later years. From her obi she drew a soft red silk, and folded it with nicety, ere she dusted off each dainty dish. Her dignity was regal. No sign of consciousness did she give, beyond her tea realm. With a long, wooden ladle she poured the

and violet. Pound, pound, went the beat on the drums, thump, thump, as they banged the drumheads, jerking back with a sharp, right-angled motion, holding one stick straight before them and dropping the other perpendicular as a pile-driver. A row of puppets pulled by strings could not have been more stiff and angular. Some had drums resembling hour glasses, which they held to their faces, and methodically spanked in regular resounding beats. And what a round of caterwauls they gave the audience! "Wiauh-auu-auu, wiau-au-u au-u," they shrieked, from high falsetto running to a subterranean note, till one shuddered to think of their sufferings. The tragic din of bangs and shrieks on the left met its response from the right. A series of pathetic notes in a nasal twang, accompanied the scraping and picking of the kete strings, which ran a range of three sad tones, long-drawn and pitiful. Demon seemed pitted against demon, in the saddest, maddest travesty of music, which was ever thrust on the human ear.

The Geisha Girls Appear.

To this wall of pathos, a procession of famed geisha dancers advanced to the front, gesturing with palm fans, and attitudinizing in every possible fantastic pose. They tottered behind the pretty screens, and reappeared with folding fans, which they shook loose, and raised and lowered above and beside them, now marching in couples, now kneeling alternately before each other, passing and repassing, catching at a neighbor's flowing sleeve, or lifting the long garments daintily in air, till a floating solar spectrum seemed to wave above them.

Again they ran away, and scenes were shifted. With the artlessness of children who never conceal, coolies stepped to the stage, and arranged castles or cascades. Glittering palaces sprang into view, or rippling waters dashed through a forest glade. It was a ravishing sight, and in all the scenic effect, in all that was airy and fantastic, there was ample compensation for the agony of sound which had grated on the tympanum.

Again the pretty maids appeared, bearing scrolls. They advanced, they retreated, till they met a vapory line, and pinned their papers in the air. There they fluttered, un-







## LIFE OF THE MOSLEM.

## STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS AND CURIOUS CEREMONIES.

From the London Morning Post.

IT IS our intention in this article to give the reader in as terse and as condensed a form as we can command a general idea of the part played by religion in the workaday lives of the children of the Faith, beginning with their toilet, that is, with their dressing and bathing and the combing of their hair and the cutting of their nails.

## Belief in Omens.

A pious Moslem, before wearing any new article of clothing, performs his ablutions and prostrates himself twice in prayer. A man of a less devout, but a more superstitious, trend of mind contents himself with consulting the taghvim or the estekhreh, muttering to himself, ere he dons the garment, "In the name of God the merciful and clement!" His friends on seeing the new apparel cry out, "May it be auspicious!" The rewards of a man who says his prayers before putting on a new suit of clothes will be in proportion to the number of threads in the cloth. Hence it has come to be a practice to preserve the material from the blight of the evil eye by besprinkling it with pure water over which a prescribed passage of the Koran has been read. The laity must be seated when dressing, whereas the priests must stand up and put on their turbans.

It is unlucky for a Moslem to sit down before taking off the shoes. When drawing them on it is equally unlucky for him to stand up. The custom, in the first instance, is to rise, doffing first the left shoe and then the right one. The procedure must be reversed in every particular when putting them up. The universal belief in omens is traditional, and extends, among other things, to precious stones. By far the luckiest of these is the flesh-colored cornelian, which is a great favorite with the men. It owes its popularity to the fact that the Prophet himself is said to have worn a cornelian ring set in silver on the little finger of his right hand. It grew still more in favor at a later period, because Jafar, the famous Imam, declared that the desires of every man who wore it would be gratified. Thenceforward its property to bless has been regarded as axiomatic.

The Shi'ahs have the name of one of the twelve Imams engraved on the stone; others make use of it as a seal bearing their own names; and all true believers are absolutely confident that the hand that bears the magic circle, always provided it be made of silver, will be safe from the fire of hell. For the wearing of gold rings is forbidden by the laws of the Prophet. Hardly less lucky are the turquoise and the ruby, which are believed to have the effect of warding off poverty from the fortunate possessors thereof. This is why they are treasured by the fair sex, the ruby being, perhaps, the more dearly loved of the two.

## The Moslem Bath.

Every Moslem bath has three courts. On entering each one of these the devout say the prayers prescribed for the occasion, but the generality of Moslems, unless they intend to perform the religious purifications, consider it sufficient to greet the people who are present with the word "Selam!" If the courts are empty, "Selam" must be said in honor of the Prophet, who presides in spirit over the hammam. It is considered inauspicious to brush the teeth in the baths, but certain portions of hair must be removed by a composition of quick-lime and arsenic, called nureh. The pious are advised to smell the preparation before applying it to the skin that their spiritual nose may be enlivened, and the nureh, though efficacious enough, no matter when it may be used, is said to add immeasurably to a man's chance of salvation by being laid on either on a Wednesday or on a Friday.

The application of the juice of the marsh-mallow as an emollient for the hair is strongly recommended by the saints. Their object in bequeathing this advice to the consideration of their flock was not to inculcate vanity. They had a higher aim than that. Their desire was to stave off starvation from the fold, for that, in their opinion, would be the result of using the lotion on an ordinary day of the week; while rubbing the head vigorously with the precious juice on the Moslem Sabbath would be certain to preserve the skin from leprosy and the mind from madness. To the use of a decoction of the leaves of the lote tree a divine relief is attributed. The smell of it on the hair of the most unregenerate has on Satan an effect so disheartening that he will cease from leading them into temptation for no less than seventy days.

## An Object of Veneration.

A respite of forty days from the snares of the devil is granted to the pious Moslem who can find leisure to comb his beard four-score times and ten between sunrise and sunset. The pressure of the grave will also be mitigated by a skillful and tiring application of the comb in this life. The first blessing of the comb was revealed to Imam Jafar, the second to Mohammed the Prophet. Women are not excluded from the benefits above mentioned. But, remember, the combing of the hair must not be done in a frivolous, much less in a perfunctory fashion. Far from it. A prayer must be said ere the comb can be touched, after which the hair may be reduced to order, though care must be taken to comb the middle first, and then the right side, and last of all the left. On no account whatever must the hair be neglected, for the simple reason that Satan is attracted by disheveled locks. They are, as it were, a net in which he catches the human soul. Therefore, since the priests and the merchants of Islam shave their heads in most parts of the Moslem world, it is incumbent

on them to devote special attention to their beards and eyebrows. In combing their beards they must begin at the roots on the first stroke and at the ends on the second, and then proceed perseveringly in that order. As a safeguard against the devil and all his works, a pocket-comb made of wood is carried by the true believers, who, it may be hoped, turn it to good account in moments of spiritual unwillingness on the part of the natural man.

A Mulla's beard is an object of veneration to his flock. He may trim it lest it should grow as wild as a Jew's, but he is forbidden by tradition to shave it. Even the scissors must be piled sparingly and to the accompaniment of prayer. Perhaps the orthodox length of this almost divine appendage of the true Moslem is the length of the wearer's hand from the point of the chin downward. This is known as a ghazeh or handul. A priest may be allowed to add the length of the first joint of his little finger, otherwise his power to awe might grow lax. The soul of the believer is in danger every time he forgets to cut his sharib, that is, the lower part of his moustache, which should be reduced to bristles once a week. Satan will be distracted if he fulfill the tradition on the day of the congregation. If the finger nails be cut, beginning with the thumb and then the fingers of the left hand, on the same holy day, the fingers will suffer no pain for evermore. That is why the Moslems of a gouty habit, who are sometimes to be found among the clergy, renew the lease of comfort every Friday. Once on a time a faithful follower of the Prophet asked one of the Imams what he should do to increase his livelihood. The Imam answered unhesitatingly: "Cut your nails and your sharib on a Friday so long as you live!"

## The Moon's Baneful Rays.

If a Moslem gaze into a looking-glass, before saying his prayers, he will be guilty of worshipping his own likeness, however unsightly it may appear in his eyes. The hand must be drawn across the forehead, ere the hair or the beard be adjusted, or the mirror will reflect a mind given over to vanity, which is a grievous, if universal, sin. The new moon must be seen "on the face" of a friend, on a copy of the Koran, or on a turquoise stone. Unless one of these conditions be observed there is no telling what evil might not happen.

The devout who are most anxious to vindicate tradition perform two prostrations on beholding the new moon, and sacrifice a sheep for the poor as an additional safeguard against her baneful rays. The evil eye more often than not has its seat in the socket of an unbeliever. Therefore, the Moslem who, on being brought face to face with a heretic, does not say the prayer by law ordained must look to his charms or suffer the inevitable blight. A cat may look at a king, a king may shoot a ferocious animal, and a thief may run away with the spoil; but a true believer must guard his faith against aggression every time he sees a thief, a ferocious animal or a king. For very different reasons, he must recite a prescribed formula of prayer on the passing of a funeral procession, and on his seeing the first-fruits of the seasons and their flowers. The dead, it is said, will hear his voice if, on crossing a cemetery, he cry aloud: "O ye people of the grave, may peace be with you, of both sexes of the Faithful!"

As the sense of sight gives rise to devotional exercises, so also does the sense of hearing. The holy Moslem must bend a prayerful ear to the cries of the muezzin during the first two sentences, and when the summons to prayer is over he must rub his eyes with his fingers. I sought in vain the origin of this custom, but I believe it is intended to produce the signs of weeping—a mark of contrition and of emotional recrudescence in the matter of piety. The true believer, whenever he hears the Suresh Sujdah read in the Koran, must prostrate himself and repeat the words after the reader. He must also recite a given prayer on hearing the chirping of certain birds or the cries of certain animals. If he hear a Moslem sneeze he must say, "May peace be with thee!" If the sneeze be repeated, he must exclaim, "Mayest thou be cured!" If he sneeze himself he must read a few verses of the Koran; but, if a Kafir sneeze, the response must be expressed in the wish to see him tread "the straight path."

## Rules at Meal Times.

We pass on to other matters. Imam Hussein has laid down twelve rules to be observed at meal times. The first four are essential to the salvation of all true Moslems. They must not forget to say "Bismillah" before tasting each dish; they must refrain from eating of the forbidden viands; they must end by returning thanks to God, and should assure themselves that the food laid before them has been bought with money obtained from a legal source. This commandment is often broken both by the host and by the guests. The second four, though not generally followed, are admitted by all to be "good form," and consist of washing the hands before meat, in sitting down inclined to the left, in eating with the thumb and the first two fingers of the right hand, which must be kept specially clean for the purpose. The last four rules deal with matters of social etiquette. They are kept by most Mohammedans in polite society, and run as follows: One must not stretch across the tablecloth, but should partake only of such dishes as are within one's reach; one should not overload one's mouth, nor forget to masticate the food thoroughly, and one should keep the eyes downcast and the tongue silent.

It is a tradition that washing the hands before meals will materially help the true Moslem to grow rich, and be the means of delivering him from all diseases. If he rub his eyes immediately after the ablution they will never be sore. The left hand must not be used in eating unless the right be disabled. When drinking water he must sit down and take three draughts. Most of the Mohammedans use odd-shaped drinking vessels made of baked clay, which have two orifices—the one at the top is called the "mouth," and the other, which runs through a projected tube at the side, is known as the "neck." The drinker must be careful not to lay

his lips to the "mouth," which is the danger of the young deves or Mohammedan glams.

All true Moslems when eating must begin with a small amount of food, and finish with vinegar. If they begin with a large amount of food, the contagion of seventy diseases will escape the contagion of seventy diseases, and finish with vinegar their worldly prospects will continue to increase. The host is in etiquette the first to start eating and the last to leave the table. Picking is considered an act of grace in the Moslem, for Gabriel is reported to have brought down a pick from heaven for the Prophet after every meal. Priests recite certain passages of the Koran after lunch and dinner, and also before drinking at any hour of the day.

## Early Rising.

The pious believer, before going to bed, must perform his ablutions and say his prayers. It is said to be delivered from nightmare and all its terrors, and if he is afraid of being bitten by a scorpion, he should appeal to Noah, saying, "May peace be with Noah!" One day Eshagh-ben-Ammar asked how he could protect himself against the malignant arachnid. The Imam replied: "The constellation of the Bear; therein you will find a small star, the lowest of all, which the angels call Fix your eyes in the direction of that star and say three times, 'May peace be with Mohammed and his people: O Sobah, protect me from scorpions and you will be protected therefrom.'" Eshagh-ben-Ammar goes on to say: "I read that scorpions never come before going to bed, and it proved so, but one evening I forgot to repeat it, with the result that I was bitten by a black scorpion."

Prayers are also said against mosquitoes and insects. This cleanses the conscience of the Moslem, if it fall in preserving his skin. The Moslems in general and the Mohammedans in particular are early risers. Sleep after morning prayers is said before sunrise, is sure to cause fever; the middle of the day is regarded as unsuitable to work; and sleep before evening prayer has the same effect as that after the devotion of early morning. The Mohammedans believe that prophets slept on their backs, so as to be able to converse with the angels at any hour of the night. Faithful should sleep on their right sides, and turn first on their left; and that the deves take their meals from their stomachs.

## Usury.

Usury, though interest on money was strictly prohibited by the Prophet, is among the Mohammedans present day a common practice. They evade the law by putting what the Persians call a cap over the head of the usurious transaction. The money-lender, picking up a handful of barley, the borrower, "Give me the rate of interest on this of this grain, which I now offer to sell to you at price." The borrower replies, "I accept the loan." A merchant must know all the laws appertaining to buying and selling. Imam 'Ali is said to have made round of the bazaars of Kufa crying out the names of ye merchants and traders, deal honestly and in accordance with the laws of your Prophet. Swear not, tell lies, and cheat not your customers. Buy using false weights, and walk ye in the path of righteousness.

A high priest assured me that to enjoy a life of interest is as bad as taking the blood of a man's veins. Shortly after, one of his dependents presented beyond a shadow of a doubt that the priest had driven a thriving trade in usury. The admission of All the Just, though sometimes read, are followed. On leaving his house a merchant says "Bismillah," and then blow to his left and right, also in front of him, so as to clear the way of business.

The pious recite, on entering the bazaar, a prayer ordained for the occasion. When the bargain is clinched the seller must cry out, "God is great!" But there must be no dishonesty over four things—over the winding sheets for the dead, over commodities to be distributed in charity, the expenses of the journey to Mecca, and over the sale of a slave's freedom. In all such transactions the seller must act according to the dictates of play. The man who buys a slave must lay hold of a hair of his head and say the prescribed prayer after which, if guided by Imam Jafar, he must utter the name of his purchase. Slaves are treated with every consideration, so much so, indeed, that the household of eastern potentates, whose treatment of their dependents is extremely arbitrary, the Moslems consider it over the servants.

## Good and Evil Influences.

It is said, in the traditions, that a true Moslem marry neither for money nor for beauty, but he is guided by the woman's moral worth and her endowments. His choice is referred to the advice of the estekhreh. "A chaste maiden will make a wife; for she will be sweet-tempered to her husband and mild but firm in the treatment of her slaves." This saying is attributed to the Prophet. "A wicked animal, and a narrow house with many neighbors, those are the possessions which try a man's temper," cried one of the Imams, himself a man. "The best woman is she who bears the burden frequently, who is beloved by her relatives, who is herself obedient to her husband, who places her wearing her best clothes, and who avoids the men who cannot lawfully see her." These words were uttered by Mohammed, if we are to believe the traditions. The wedding must not take place when the moon is under an eclipse, nor when she is in the sign of the lion. The best time is between the 26th and the 28th of the lunar month. Mohammed recommended feasting celebrated on five occasions—on wedding and

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days, on the birth of a child, on a child, on taking up one's abode in a house, and on returning from Mecca. An unblemished reputation should be maintained by the husband and wife, or the nuptial feast. To temper the husband should take a bath and wash her feet when she enters the first time, and then sprinkle the water. If he obey these directions he will come forthwith and take the place of evil influences in his daily life. In marriage the bride must avoid eating seed and four apples, which are supposed to be at that time.

## Names.

The first thing she should eat of a child is a date; for in that case, male, will become a sage or a physician, if it be female. To the news of the birth of a male child the nurse should recite the first chapter of the prescribed prayer, and what is called the right ear, and what is called the left ear, and if the water of the curable it should be sprinkled on the child.

The best names are those of the Imams. The names of the planets are given to the Mohammedan women of Turkey, and of India. Female slave names of the flowers.

## Spiritual Growth.

On the seventh day after the birth of the child of the Aghighah must be performed in killing a fatted sheep, in distributing the flesh among the neighbors who come to the door. In memory of the cornelian engraved with a Koran text, baby's arm by means of a silk thread, perhaps to the end of its life. Not a Aghighah sheep must be broken; it must be read before the sheep is killed must not take part in the feast.

The baby is not weaned until it is hammed believing that the mother acts for good on the future character of the child. When it reaches must be made to say seven times: "but God;" and seven months and must be taught to add to that phrase: "Mohammed is His prophet."

The next step in its spiritual growth is 5 years old; then the mother testifies toward the Kebleh; it is not to perform ablutions until it is 7 years later, at the age of 9, the child is considered to be sufficiently nourished in the distressing moon of Ramadan obey his mother, let the sticks be of his feet by her unwilling hand; neglecting his prayers and fasts, over to the tender mercies of his fierce farrah be summoned to bring Moslem to his senses.

## KOREAN SHRINES AND

Close to the outer northern city wall no great distance from its western precipitous gorge, through which a forces its turbulent way, is situated a "Buddha." The god, painted white of faces across the stream, and is covered elaborately-decorated temple roof. The of great veneration and worship in as be doubted, but, with the wane of the this and other shrines of the same country have ceased to awe the passer Buddha is probably at present only of the neighboring peasants and the monastery on the slopes of an adjacent rounded-as it is with wild and lonely impressed the visitor more than this with its calm, immovable, oriental across the stream which bubbles along at its foot. Buddhism was disseminated over three centuries ago, and though the official cult, spirit worship, or Shamanism, nearest approach to a national faith of the people. The Koreans are superstitious, and believe firmly in charms, magic, and exorcisms of evil spirits. Shamans, form, indeed, a guild of their registered by the government, and their regular scale of charges for advice between the people and the spirits, and their belief, people earth, air, and water, numbered by thousands of billions. It is said that the Korean passes his whole life in fear. He is perpetually surrounded by evil, and only by offerings and by prayer from the power of the evil demons of spirits to assist him in obtaining his Graphic.

## NIGHT MANEUVERS

Owing to the state of perfection of have been brought, and the universal gunpowder, the German military opinion that the great wars of the future entirely at night, as only under cover it be possible to get to close quarters. Consequently, in the German army the take place almost entirely at night. Balloons play a very important part on the in the cage of each balloon is a powerful which sweeps the country for miles of the enemy visible at a distance of four occupants of the balloon are in telegraphic with their army, and keep them movements of the enemy.—[London



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Imam replied: "Look  
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be with Mohammed and  
protect me from scorpions  
therefrom." Enahghe  
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and it proved someth  
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that a true Moslem  
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October 26, 1902.]

days, on the birth of a child, on the circumcision of a  
child, on taking up one's abode in a newly-purchased  
house, and on returning from Mecca. Only persons of  
unblemished reputation should be invited to the mar-  
riage or the nuptial feasts. To insure compatibility of  
temper the husband should take off his wife's shoes  
and wash her feet when she enters his house for the  
first time, and then sprinkle the water over the floor.  
If he obey these directions he will have the comfort  
of knowing that seventy thousand good influences will  
come forthwith and take the place of the same number  
of evil influences in his daily life. For a month after  
marriage the bride must avoid eating pickles, coriander  
and four apples, which are supposed to be unlucky  
at that time.

#### Names.

The first thing she should eat on the birth of her  
child is a date; for in that case the child, if it be  
male, will become a sage or a physician; and a chaste  
matron, if it be female. To the man who brings him  
news of the birth of a male child the father must give  
a present. The nurse should lose no time in singing  
the first chapter of the prescribed prayer in the baby's  
right ear, and what is called the standing prayer in  
the left one, and if the water of the Euphrates be pro-  
curable it should be sprinkled on its forehead.

The best names are those of the prophets and the  
Imams. The names of the planets and constellations  
are given to the Mohammedan women of Persia, of  
Turkey, and of India. Female slaves are known by the  
names of the flowers.

#### Spiritual Growth.

On the seventh day after the child's birth the cere-  
mony of the Aghligh must be performed. This con-  
sists in killing a fatted sheep, in cooking it, and in  
distributing the flesh among the neighbors or the poor  
who come to the door. In memory of the occasion a  
medallion engraved with a Koran text is fastened to the  
baby's arm by means of a silk tassel, and is worn  
perhaps to the end of its life. Not a single bone of the  
Aghligh sheep must be broken; certain prayers must  
be read before the sheep is killed; and the parents  
must not take part in the feast.

The baby is not weaned until it is 2 years old, Mo-  
hammed believing that the mother's milk is the best  
and sets for good on the future character and tempera-  
ment of the child. When it reaches the age of 3 it  
must be made to say seven times: "There is no god  
but God;" and seven months and twenty days after it  
must be taught to add to that profession of faith the  
phrase: "Mohammed is His prophet."

The next step in its spiritual growth is taken when it  
is 5 years old; then the mother teaches it to prostrate  
itself toward the Kiblah; it is not forced to pray nor  
to perform ablutions until it is 7 years old; and two  
years later, at the age of 9, the suckling Moslem is con-  
sidered to be sufficiently nourished in the faith to fast  
in the distressing moon of Ramadan. If he refuse to  
obey his mother, let the sticks be leveled on the soles  
of his feet by her unwilling hand; if he still persist in  
neglecting his prayers and fasts, let him be handed  
over to the tender mercies of his father, or let the  
fere farash be summoned to bring the recalcitrant  
Moslem to his senses.

#### KOREAN SHRINES AND CULTS.

Close to the outer northern city wall of Seoul, and at  
no great distance from its western gate, in a wild,  
precipitous gorge, through which a mountain stream  
forces its turbulent way, is situated the famous "White  
Buddha." The god, painted white on a gigantic rock,  
faced across the stream, and is covered by an unusual  
elaborately-decorated temple roof. That it was an object  
of great veneration and worship in ages gone by cannot  
be doubted, but, with the wane of the Buddhist religion,  
this and other shrines of the same creed throughout the  
country have ceased to awe the passer-by, and the White  
Buddha is probably at present only worshipped by a few  
of the neighboring peasants and the monks of a small  
monastery on the slopes of an adjacent hill. Yet, sur-  
rounded as it is with wild and lonely scenery, few sights  
impressed the visitor more than this strange white god,  
with its calm, immovable, oriental-like face, gazing  
across the stream which bubbles and slips eternally  
along at its foot. Buddhism was disestablished in Korea  
over three centuries ago, and though Confucianism is  
the official cult, spirit worship, or Shamanism, is now the  
nearest approach to a national faith among the great  
mass of the people. The Koreans are grossly supersti-  
tious, and believe firmly in charms and incantations,  
magic, and exorcisms of evil spirits. The wizards, or  
shamans, form, indeed, a guild of their own, and are duly  
registered by the government, and these shamans have  
their regular scale of charges for acting as mediators  
between the people and the spirits, which, according to  
their belief, people earth, air, and sea, and are to be  
numbered by thousands of billions. It has been well  
said that the Korean passes his whole life in a state of  
fear. He is perpetually surrounded with indefinite ter-  
rors, and only by offerings and by prayers can he escape  
from the power of the evil demons or induce the good  
spirits to assist him in obtaining his desires.—[London  
Graphic.]

#### NIGHT MANEUVERS.

Owing to the state of perfection to which firearms  
have been brought, and the universal use of smokeless  
powder, the German military experts are mostly of  
opinion that the great wars of the future will be fought  
entirely at night, as only under cover of darkness will  
it be possible to get to close quarters with the enemy.  
Consequently, in the German army the maneuvers now  
take place almost entirely at night. The captive bal-  
loons play a very important part on these occasions, for  
in the cage of each balloon is a powerful searchlight  
which sweeps the country for miles around, and makes  
the enemy visible at a distance of four miles, while the  
components of the balloon are in telegraphic communi-  
cation with their army, and keep them advised as to the  
movements of the enemy.—[London Graphic.]

## MARK TWAIN'S GUIDE.

### INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF "A TRAMP ABROAD."

From the London Daily Mail.

"TO TRAVEL with a courier is bliss, to travel  
without one is the reverse. I have had dealings  
with some very bad couriers; but I have also had  
dealings with one who might fairly be called perfection.  
He was a young Poleander, named Joseph N. Verey. He  
spoke eight languages, and seemed to be equally at home  
in all of them." Thus wrote Mark Twain in "A Tramp  
Abroad."

Mr. Verey has been resident in London for some time,  
but his interesting personality remained undiscovered  
until the publication in The Daily Mail of the let-  
ter from Robert Allbutt, who described him as the con-  
fidential "Harris" of that inimitable work. Mr. Verey,  
however, does not claim to be the original of that mirth-  
provoking character, although the adventures set forth  
in "A Tramp Abroad" are founded on the experiences  
which befell Mr. Clemens and himself during the Euro-  
pean tour "conducted" by Mr. Verey.

Mr. Clemens engaged the guide in Paris. "I was not  
aware who my employer was," said Mr. Verey. "At  
first sight he did not fill me with enthusiasm. His  
clothes fitted him badly, he wore no tie, his long, yel-  
lowish-gray hair hung untidily over the back of his col-  
lar, and he smoked a large, ugly, corncob pipe. I felt  
anxious about my fee, all the more so that he never re-  
ferred to it. 'Your first duty, Joseph,' he said, 'is to  
take out the wife and children. Show them all the sights  
of Paris, Joseph; and do not hurry back. They are al-  
ways ringing my bell. I have work to do, Joseph.'  
Then he returned to his room, and I heard him turn the  
key in the lock."

"From Paris we went to Brussels. In the market  
place I bought a guide book to refresh my memory.  
Mr. Clemens immediately turned on his heel and left me.  
This conduct puzzled me until he explained that he ob-  
jected to walk by the side of a man who carried a  
Baedeker. 'Every tourist has a guide book under his  
arm,' he said, 'and looks like a missionary seeking for  
converts.'"

Mr. Verey has much to say in praise of Mark Twain's  
kindly, gentle disposition. At Berlin the two "tramps"  
were walking along Unter den Linden when the guide  
accidentally collided with an errand boy carrying a fish  
basket on his head.

"Mr. Clemens clenched his hands. Under the heavy,  
over-arching eyebrows his eyes shone angrily like stars  
in a cloudy sky" (Mr. Verey is something of a poet.)  
"and he thundered, 'Why did you do that?' I ran after  
the boy, gave him a silver coin, and begged him to turn  
round and smile at my employer. The boy smiled as  
only a German boy can smile—for a consideration—and  
Mr. Clemens was happy and good-tempered for the rest  
of the day."

Mark Twain dined with the German Emperor that  
evening, sitting at his right hand. A few days later, a  
policeman called at the hotel and demanded that the two  
visitors should accompany him to the police station.

"Mr. Clemens readily complied. He asked no ques-  
tions. It was an adventure, and he seemed pleased.  
Much to the indignation of the officer on duty he did not  
remove his hat on entering the office, but spent some  
time in looking for a chair on which to sit. The officer  
glared at him in astonishment, and I persuaded Mr.  
Clemens to rise and uncover his head. All that was re-  
quired of him was to make a 'residential declaration.'  
The hoped-for adventure had missed fire, and Mr.  
Clemens was obviously disappointed. He answered all  
the questions put to him except one, 'What is your re-  
ligion?' His handsome, leonine face took on a sad,  
thoughtful expression. 'That question I will not an-  
swer to anyone,' he said. 'My belief is not of creeds or  
sects. It is too deep, too mysterious, to attempt to ex-  
plain it.' The officer growled in his beard, and expressed  
the opinion that the visitor should be transferred to the  
care of a certain public institution."

Mr. Clemens and the guide embarked on a fortnight's  
sail down the Rhone, specially engaging a small craft  
and a boatman. "So far as local knowledge went," says  
Mr. Verey, "the voyage had never been performed be-  
fore. Mr. Clemens, however, was in search of absolute  
quietude, in order to get on with his book. We wanted  
bed linen for the boat, and an innkeeper lent Mr. Clem-  
ens a couple of new sheets, on condition that he dipped  
them in the Rhone a few times and spread them out in  
the sun. 'They are unbleached and too rough for my  
guests at present,' said mine host, 'and if you will do as  
I wish you can have the loan of them for nothing.' The  
contract was sealed."

"Throughout that long river trip Mr. Clemens sat in  
the stern of the boat writing from morning till night  
and smoking his favorite 'Durham' tobacco. 'Ah, I can  
write here, Joseph,' he said one day. 'Then his eyes  
rested on the boatman at the bows manipulating a single  
oar. 'Joseph,' he observed, 'why didn't you dress that  
man like an admiral; then I could have described his  
clothes, and people would have inferred that we hired  
a battleship instead of a cockleshell at five francs a day,  
including the skipper. I know all about admirals and  
battleships, for I myself was once a Mississippi pilot.'"

Mr. Clemens, it appears, was rather nervous. As they  
neared Poltiers he descried a small breakwater some  
distance ahead. He ordered the steersman to pull the  
boat to the bank. "I want to carry this bag ashore,"  
he explained to Mr. Verey. For a mile and a half Mr.  
Clemens walked along the riverside, bag in hand. When  
the boat had safely negotiated the breakwater he re-  
turned on board. "I didn't want that bag to get wet,"  
he said. Mr. Verey ventured to smile. "You don't  
doubt my courage, do you, Joseph?" he asked. Mr.  
Verey strained a point, and answered in the negative.  
The travelers presently stopped to explore a tiny island

in the middle of the river. When they returned to the  
bank the boat had disappeared. "That's excellent, Jos-  
eph," exclaimed Mr. Clemens. "Marooned on a Rhone  
island! It would be better, though, if we got lost as  
well. How long do you think this island is?" "About  
three hundred yards, sir," was the reply. "H'm! I'm  
afraid it's too small to get lost on," rejoined the author.

Mr. Clemens, however, wrote a note and placed it in  
a bottle which he cast into the stream. "That will tell  
the people of Marseilles what has befallen us," he added.  
Immediately afterward the boat was seen partly hidden  
by an overhanging tree, and the "thrilling adventure"  
terminated tamely.

#### HOME LIFE OF THE SHAH.

### MARVELOUS SPLENDOR OF THE TREASURES OWNED BY THE KINDLY AUTOCRAT.

[Tit-Bits.] The East is full of startling and dramatic  
contrasts; but there is something almost grotesque in  
the contrast between the dazzling vision of riches, be-  
yond all calculation, which the privileged spectator may  
see in the royal treasure houses of Teheran and the man  
who as Shah, the "King of Kings," owns them.

"If you wish to take a peep into the palace gardens at  
Teheran," the Viceroy of India has written, "you might  
catch a glimpse of a sorrowful, sad-eyed man dressed in an  
ill-fitting tweed suit, shuffling along in slippers which  
flip-flop irritatingly at every step, working among his  
beloved plants or taking snap shots with his camera.  
This homely, insignificant figure is Muzaffer-ed-Din, the  
kindly autocrat of Persia and lord of more treasures of  
gold and jewels than any Cæsar who ever lived."

If there is any doubt of the extravagant wealth this  
plain, unpretending man owns, let us for a moment  
leave him among his plants and enter the museum  
where his treasures are stored "in prodigal lavish and  
disorder." Here are glass cases, a yard high and a foot  
broad, full to the brim of diamonds and rubies, emeralds  
and sapphires, and indeed of every gem "the earth has  
yielded to the light."

Here are enormous vessels of gold full of similar  
gems, which you might take up by the double handful  
and allow to flow like a "stream of many-colored fire"  
through the open fingers. Helmets blaze with rubies;  
ancient armor, shields, scabbards, and sword hilts  
sparkle and flash with their thickly-encrusted gems.

Here is the famous globe of pure gold, with all its seas  
of emeralds and its countries a mosaic of turquoises and  
amethysts, of emeralds and diamonds, to the number  
of 51,000 and to the value of many a King's ransom.

His throne of gold enamel is said to be worth £2,500-  
000; and little wonder, for its back is one unbroken  
blaze of diamonds and rubies, and its carpet is of thou-  
sands of flawless pearls woven together in a dainty ara-  
besque.

And these are but a few of the treasures which this  
quiet man, who sips his tea and "potters about his  
garden" like any retired government clerk, calls his  
own.

It is remarkable that a man who might present to the  
world a dazzling exterior which Solomon himself could  
not have rivalled should always choose to be recognized  
by the plainness of his attire. While his courtiers, with  
their orders and jewels, revel in all the colors of the  
rainbow, the Shah wears a simple silk surtout over his  
European clothes, and a fez or astrakhan hat, so rigidly  
abjuring display that even his sword scabbard has no  
trace of gold or gems on it.

He is, too, as simple in his tastes and habits as in his  
dress. Always an early riser, long before eight o'clock  
he has dressed, performed his ablutions and devotions,  
and broken his fast with a single glass of scented tea  
and a slice of thin, puffy Persian bread.

At eight he receives his ministers, and for the next  
four or five hours is busily engaged, listening to dis-  
patches, dictating letters, and transacting the manifold  
business of a King. Not until the day's work is finished  
does he even think of food, and then this meal, which  
is really his breakfast, although often eaten as late as  
one or two o'clock in the afternoon, is of the plainest.  
Not that there is any lack of variety, for no fewer than  
fifty or sixty dishes are provided, all sealed before they  
leave the kitchen. Of these the Shah rarely touches  
more than three or four—usually a little rice, chicken,  
or grilled morsels of mutton in the form of sandwich,  
a marrow, and a little fruit, preferably a citron, in  
syrup.

Reclining on a mattress laid on the floor he eats from  
a table less than a foot high, while one of his attendants  
reads extracts from European papers. Breakfast is fol-  
lowed by an hour's sleep, after which he sips several  
glasses of tea and prepares to enjoy the remainder of the  
day in his own simple fashion. His hobbies are few, al-  
though he is an enthusiast in them. For photography he  
has a positive mania, and frequently spends hours wan-  
dering about the palace and extensive gardens, camera  
in hand. Like the German Emperor, too, he has a pas-  
sion for being photographed in every conceivable atti-  
tude and dress. It is said that he has even been pho-  
tographed in bed and in the guise of an English curate.

The Shah is a great reader of books and is familiar  
with all the principal English classics. Bacon and  
Shakespeare are his favorite authors, while of modern  
writers Rudyard Kipling pleases him most.

Although there is, perhaps, little in the Shah's appear-  
ance to suggest a lover of sport, it is said that he is an  
exceptionally clever shot and daring rider, in which  
characters he has no rival among his courtiers. A feat  
in which he excels is that of hitting a flying bird or an  
orange thrown in the air while riding at full gallop.

It is characteristic of the Shah's modesty that, while  
his predecessor boasted 1700 wives in his seraglio, he is  
amply satisfied with sixty; and perhaps, on reflection,  
this is a number which ought to satisfy the average un-  
ambitious man.

#### THE POOR MULE.

A rural exchange gives the following news item with-  
out comment:  
"On Wednesday last a negro on Maj. Jones's plantation  
was kicked on the head by a mule. The mule was a  
fine animal and its left leg was broken."—[Atlanta Con-  
stitution.]



## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

### A Room With Many Doors.

MRS. W. B. Chicago, writes: "I have a room to paint and paper and would like some advice. I send the shape and size of room, also material of floor. Had thought of using a yellow ingrain paper for side walls, but do not know what color to paint the woodwork. The east of the room is all doors; above the old-fashioned wood box is a long, narrow door—sort of a cupboard, I want to put book shelves under the mantel (there is no grate) and hang curtains; then I want to drape in the double doors and must have a curtain or a set of shelves, or something, in the closet under the stairs and that would necessitate a curtain. I don't want curtains and nothing else on the east side of the room. What color do I want for curtains? Am going to have two or three chairs upholstered in leather. What color shall I use? The rug is a mixture, one of those Brussels and Moquette affairs cut and woven like rag carpets; must use it this year. At the windows I have yellow shades and ruffled bobinet curtains. Have a bookcase of black walnut; furniture has black walnut frames; piano has dark case; lounge has old gold brocade plush cover. This last was an expensive one, but out of date, of course, now, though I must use it."

If you will paint your woodwork the white of old ivory and cover your walls with ingrain paper in a soft shade of rich yellow, you will go far toward beautifying your room. This is the only way to make your cupboards and shelves presentable. I would not hang so

of the wall and ceiling and here set in a small white molding, as a cornice. The woodwork of this room should all be painted white. At the windows curtains of soft, unstarched embroidered muslin (white) should have over them a flat lambrequin or valance of chintz or French cretonne, which has pale blue stripes, with white ones on which are sprinkled small pink rose buds. These, to be thoroughly French-looking, should be cut in two deep scallops and one smaller one in the middle, the whole edged with a very tiny flat fringe. Two small cane chairs can then be decorated to correspond with the windows. Fasten to the upper part of their backs a flat scalloped piece of your chintz cut in the same line as window valance and trimmed in the same way. This should be closely tacked with tiny galloon tacks all around the upper edge of your chair back and finished with a narrow cotton galloon matching fringe. These two chairs, with an easy stuffed one covered all over with the chintz, will give you beautiful furniture for this room. Your bed should be covered and valanced with white embroidered muslin like window draperies, and your dressing table should be very dainty in its blue and white accessories.

### A Small Dining-room in St. Louis.

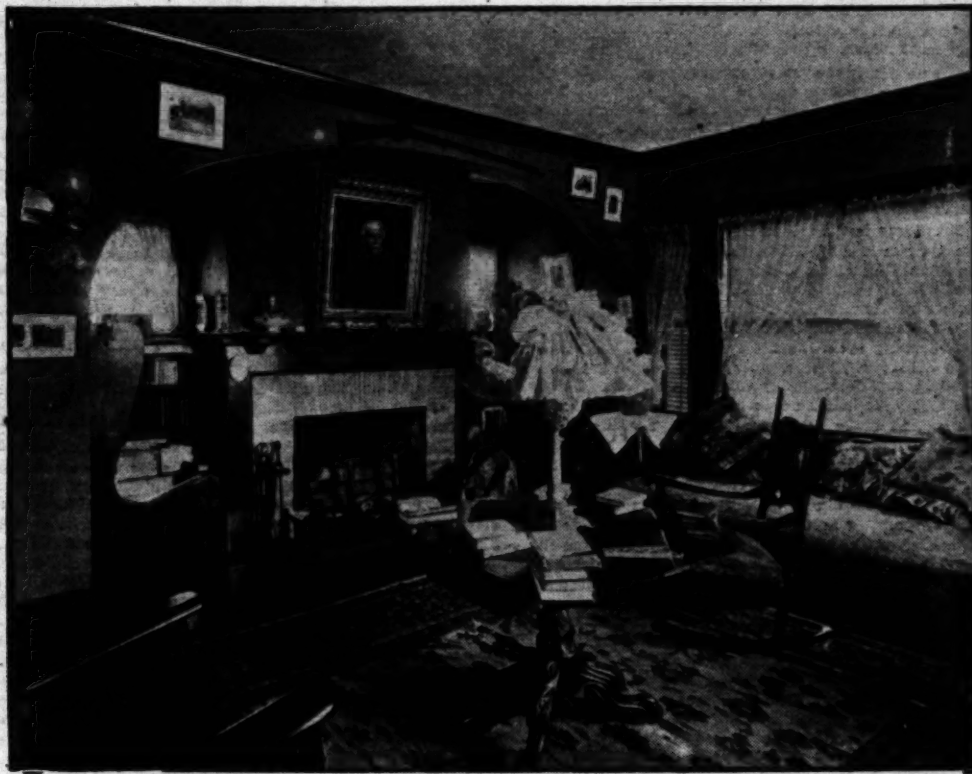
MRS. A. R. writes: "I write you for advice on a small dining-room. The room is narrow; that is, it is long for its width and has two east windows. I send you a rough plan which will give you an idea how it looks. The parlor opens into the dining-room and both have the same paper, which is between a steel and blue with cream roses. I have a very light Brussels carpet on parlor, mahogany odd set and piano. For the dining-room I have an oak sideboard, table, chairs and leather couch. What kind of covering would you use on the floor instead of a rug, to match parlor, as it is too light? I do most of my housework and have two small children and only a nurse girl to assist me, so I need

by this name which is \$2 per yard, quite wide, however, and are bought by the yard. I presume the California merchants are bringing these on. Now, if you will curtail the materials that I have suggested, making them to go across the top of your window, straight down to seat, and use white net or muslin over the window, caught softly back midway, you will have a beautiful effect. Your box seat should also be covered and cushioned with the flowered stuff. Your bed should be kept purely white and can be draped with dimity. You suggest an oriental room and I am frankly that unless you are prepared to spend a deal of money on really fine oriental furnishings, would far better keep to the quaint suggestions of colonialism in the scheme I have just given you. If you wish to do so. They are pictures and oval frames. A wing chair covered with the goods, or if your flowers on this are red, this chair be extremely effective if covered with crimson. A slender-legged mahogany table or a little old Martha Washington work table. Some tall brass sticks, etc. I will give you suggestions for a bedroom, in case you wish to have one. In place, Turkish, or Persian, or Indian rug and a sliver. A Kizkillim thrown over the couch, and other cushions one or two with Turkish designs on them. A very rich and charming effect can be given in oriental furnishing by picking out some pattern shade in the rugs, such as the soft blue, or the orange, or green, and curtaining the lower windows in raw silk of this color. The upper window can then be covered by a wooden blind, and the woodwork stained a very dark brown or black or red. The finish of scarlet lacquer in the work of an oriental room is always effective and beautiful. The electric lights should be hung in Turkish or Algerian brass lamps.

### A Highland Park Bungalow.

C. E. W., HIGHLAND PARK, writes: "I am glad to build a bungalow right away and glad of a few suggestions from you in regard to the same. We intend to use canvas for walls. Would you like the single wall painted on outside and stained on inside of frame, or put on outside with inner wall bleached muslin? Is there anything better than muslin or more artistic for inside finish that is And is there any inexpensive way of making practically fire proof? We will have 'shingles' instead of shingles, canvas walls to be seven feet high. You suggest anything to make the main room artistic? My long rug of body Brussels is dark light brown effect, a good pattern. I have a leather armchair (oak) and a large window also some good pictures, oak dining table and shall use some home-made furniture, corner etc. Will have a good deal of glass on parlor room. What would be good for cheap lamps would not interfere with light?"

I would advise the use of the painted canvas outside of your bungalow, as you can then use frame work of house so that you can tack the burlaps firmly and smoothly to the upright wood which can be placed at regular intervals from ceiling to floor. These strips should be of width of burlap and you can cover the burlap with your burlap (is fastened on) with neat strips of bamboo. This will make your house warmer in cooler in summer and much more artistic than treatment. You may know, too, that burlap painted or calcimined, just as rough plastered done, and if you wish to have your walls a little and hang green denim curtains over white denim at your windows, you can do so. However, for coffee sacking color of burlap is extremely effective, and takes kindly to decorations of baskets or pottery, to blue plates or pictures. A blanket hung in the opening between the parlor and dining-room would look well. If you have a lattice throw in a lattice above this opening, a lattice of wood woven or plaited into a square lattice work; paint this and all the woodwork black. I hope that you will be able to understand that I mean this: A panel of black lattice would be most effective used in a wide opening between the rooms. The curtain pole can be below the lattice. Denim couches or window cushions of figured silk or cotton, chosen to correspond, built-in shelves for painted black with denim curtains hung in them, all of these things will help to make your room delightful. In your bedrooms you can have made dressing tables with flowered cotton or silk, and have a little home-made hour glass to correspond. You really have here much opportunity to make things attractive than in a conventionally built house. If you will build a porch over which to train vines, or cover a porch your outside wall with lattice, you will find when your vines run on it very picturesque. I saw you of a pretty seat that I saw recently in a sitting-room. It was simply a little wooden box the two boards which formed the end pieces of the seat brought up two feet above the seat. In other words, it was a seat with side pieces and no back. The seat was cushioned, a box-plaited valance hung over the seat to the floor, back and front. This was easily made, though there was much style about it. You speak of using some pieces of home-made I can but think that one of these seats, covered in denim, in plain blue, crimson or green, as you decide, would help you out prettily.



BEAUTIFUL ARCHED ALCOVE FOR FIREPLACE.

many curtains as you suggest on one side of your room. A pair of hangings of tapestry having golden browns and yellows, or of old blue, would look well in the double doors; you might thus cover the opening of the closet under the stairs with a corresponding one. I would not drape the hall door nor would I curtain the bookshelves under the mantel. As there is no finer wall ornament than books, you would do better to leave them uncovered. Use brown leather for upholstering your chairs. Your mixed rug will go well with all of these things. I wish you would hang overcurtains at your windows of yellow raw silk.

### A Room of French Suggestion.

MISS M. C. S., San Francisco, writes: "Please tell me if inclosed samples would do for parlor. I want a plain paper. The back parlor I will use as a bedroom and would like this to be in blue and white. The windows are so near the corner that all the light seems concentrated in that spot. It will require a light shade of paper. There is an old-fashioned marble mantel in this room. I would be under many obligations to you if you would kindly let me know what kind of paper to get."

I think your paper a very good tone. It will make an excellent background for pictures. In furnishing this room, in your carpets, window drapery, etc., you should use a soft, dull (though a decided) blue, or a cold green, or, possibly, a warmer and richer shade of moss green with this yellow cream paper. It will need something to give it decision. Lay a straight, flat scarf of brocade (bound with gold galloon) in some one of these colors, in the softest and faintest tints that you can find, on your marble mantel, allowing it to drop over the edge in front for one or two inches. If you wish to give your back bedroom a treatment which is French in suggestion, you could paper the walls with a satin-finished paper in alternating narrow stripes of pale blue with one of blue and white. Let this run to the angle

something durable and yet something that will look fresh and pretty. I admire green, but want your advice as to whether it would look well with parlor. I am depending on you to help me make this room look tasty and yet not put me to very much expense, as we rent and do not want the expense of 'papering this house.'

A green rug on your dining-room or an all-over carpet of green terry will go well with the steel blue of the walls. I do not see why this will not be a serviceable color also. With these walls and such a floor covering you can use a creamy yellow shade for your light, and sash curtains of this color at your windows. Full ruffled curtains full length at the windows will also add to the freshness and beauty of your room.

### A Colonial and an Oriental Bedroom.

T. B. R., LOS ANGELES, writes: "I want to ask you your opinion about a color scheme for a bedroom with gray sand-finished walls and Oregon pine woodwork. I want to leave the walls and woodwork as they are. What color do you think will look best with them? The room is 13x14, with one south and one east window—a pretty, sunny room. I have a white iron bed, a bureau which I will have to paint and a box couch under the east window. On the floor I have a very nice white matting; will buy rugs, curtains, chairs and everything else that is needed. I thought of yellow, but fear there will not be enough contrast between it and walls. Do not care for blue or green, as we have rooms in those colors. Would it be possible to have an oriental room? (This is a young girl's room.)"

I agree with you that yellow for your coloring in here would not present contrast enough to your walls and woodwork to be really satisfactory, and as you do not care for a distinct color scheme in blue or green I would suggest flowered chintz, cretonne or linen taffeta. There is a linen taffeta (so-called) which can be bought for 75 cents per yard. It is less heavy, less rich and possibly will not retain its coloring as long as the exquisite stuff

October 26, 1902.]



### "Blind Alec" Dodges the Traffic.

NOT every man with two eyes, but "Blind Alec," as the levee, crosses Clark street doesn't understand why a way. There is no street in the electric cars are run as Clark street south to Archer avenue, north of Van Buren street extra up lost time by south-bound cars that point. The block from Van long one, and cars usually go between those streets. Scarcely that a car is not going one direction.

"Blind Alec," whose name at 311 Clark street, about the makes a living by running colored people in "Chinatown," the twenty-four hours he has twenty to fifty times, but he has lost.

The thousands of patrons of lines have seen the blind man, time and again, and before they they used to shudder when they way across the tracks. Motormen familiar figure that they no longer see him approach.

From ten to fifteen persons cars in the block where "Blind" keeping out of harm's way, and a large number of fatal accidents.

"Blind Alec" wears a patch over having been removed eight years has what the doctors call a synch this eye he can distinguish, but that is all. He cannot distinguish how close to him. With the hearing became more acute, he depends entirely in finding his way the levee. He always carries a cane in front of him.

"I'm always careful in crossing blind negro. 'I stand back about car tracks a-listening before I go by the bell just how far away, make a mistake as to the distance see me hopping across the tracks this right eye, but I can't see a single chance in a thousand that again. So far as being able to being blind, but I do miss my passenger before I lost my eyesight can get around so well is because levee before I got blind, and I corner around here. I have no place I'm sent.'—[Chicago Tribune]

### Money Grew on Bushes.

THE fairy tale of money growing realized this week along the Huntington Railroad between Hyattsville and Washington.

A gang of section men were at noticed something that looked like the tangled top of a sunflower. He investigated. It was a Treas.

He walks a few steps further a branch of a bit of dog fennel, a star denomination.

He called to his companions and down their tools and started on three hours they searched up and at far afield.

At almost every yard their finding either a five or a ten-dollar were tangled in the tops of weeds in bushes along the fence and still of the field.

The entire day's clean-up of the When the find was reported worded that a money pouch containing from an express shipment the day.

The supposition is that the barrel door and was ground to pieces the contents was scattered to the east is supported by the later discovery of the damaged pouch.—[Lincoln New York Sun.]

### Coal With a History.

STORED in bins at the home Brooklyn avenue and Pacific twenty tons of coal that has a history bought by Mr. Corwin's father the price of coal was as high as it goes that Mr. Corwin resolved no coal until the time came when price high as when he purchased it. Corwin faithfully adhered to the ton for the coal, it is said.

After his father's death, young to buy coal as it was needed without ply with which his father had stored eraion ago.

"This old-time coal," said Mr. am drawing upon now by force of lain in the cellar as long as my It must have been purchased about born. It is furnace coal and stands today, but just why father never I have been informed that at chased coal was very dear, but it



# Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

## "Blind Alec" Dodges the Trolley.

NOT every man with two good eyes can dodge trolley cars, but "Blind Alec," a well-known character of the levee, crosses Clark street fifty times a day, and he doesn't understand why a person can't keep out of the way. There is no street in the city on which so many electric cars are run as Clark street, from Washington street south to Archer avenue. Owing to the congestion north of Van Buren street extra speed is put on to make up lost time by south-bound cars after they have passed that point. The block from Van Buren to Harrison is a long one, and cars usually get under full momentum between those streets. Scarcely a minute in the day that a car is not going one direction or the other.

"Blind Alec," whose name is Alexander Davis, lives at 211 Clark street, about the middle of the block. He makes a living by running errands for Chinamen and colored people in "Chinatown." During the course of the twenty-four hours he has to cross Clark street from twenty to fifty times, but he has never met with an accident.

The thousands of patrons of the Chicago City railway have seen the blind man dodge fast running cars time and again, and before they came to know him well they used to shudder when they saw him groping his way across the tracks. Motormen have got so used to the familiar figure that they no longer slow up when they see him approach.

From ten to fifteen persons are hurt every week by cars in the block where "Blind Alec" has no trouble in keeping out of harm's way, and the police reports show a large number of fatal accidents in that vicinity.

"Blind Alec" wears a patch over his left eye, the optic having been removed eight years ago. His right eye has what the doctors call a sympathetic cataract. With this eye he can distinguish daylight from darkness, but that is all. He cannot discern objects, no matter how close to him. With the loss of his eyesight his hearing became more acute, and on this sense he depends entirely in finding his way about the streets of the levee. He always carries a cane, which he taps along in front of him.

"I'm always careful in crossing the street," said the blind negro. "I stand back about three feet from the car tracks a-listening befoah I cross over. I can judge by the bell just how far away the car is, and I nevah make a mistake as to the distance. Lots of people who see me hopping across the tracks think I can see out of this right eye, but I can't see a stem. The doctors say it's one chance in a thousand that I'll evah be able to see again. So far as being able to go around, I don't mind being blind, but I do miss my paper. I used to be a great reader befoah I lost my eyesight. I suppose the reason I can get around so well is because I lived down here on a levee befoah I got blind, and I knew every nook and corner around here. I have no trouble in finding any place I'm sent."—[Chicago Tribune.]

## Money Grew on Bushes.

THE fairy tale of money growing on bushes was realized this week along the right of way of the Burlington Railroad between Hyannis and Alliance.

A gang of section men were at work when one of them noticed something that looked like a bill waving from the tangled top of a sunflower growing by the roadside. He investigated. It was a Treasury note for \$10.

He walks a few steps further and there, nodding from a branch of a bit of dog fennel, was another bill of similar denomination.

He called to his companions and the entire gang threw down their tools and started on a money hunt. For three hours they searched up and down the right of way and far afield.

At almost every yard their trouble was rewarded by finding either a five or a ten-dollar bill. Some bills were tangled in the tops of weeds, others half hidden in bushes along the fence and still others in the stubble of the field.

The entire day's clean-up of the eight was \$2135. When the find was reported word came from headquarters that a money pouch containing \$3500 had been lost from an express shipment the day before.

The supposition is that the bag fell out of the open car door and was ground to pieces under the wheels and the contents was scattered to the winds. This hypothesis is supported by the later discovery of portions of the damaged pouch.—[Lincoln (Neb.) Correspondence New York Sun.]

## Coal With a History.

STORED in bins at the home of Halsey Corwin, Brooklyn avenue and Pacific street, Brooklyn, are twenty tons of coal that has a history. The coal was bought by Mr. Corwin's father thirty years ago, when the price of coal was as high as it is today. The story goes that Mr. Corwin resolved never to burn a lump of coal until the time came when prices would again be as high as when he purchased it. This resolution Mr. Corwin faithfully adhered to through life. He paid \$15 a ton for the coal, it is said.

After his father's death, young Mr. Corwin continued to buy coal as it was needed without disturbing the supply with which his father had stocked the cellar a generation ago.

"This old-time coal," said Mr. Corwin yesterday, "I am drawing upon now by force of circumstances. It has lain in the cellar as long as my recollection goes back. It must have been purchased about the time that I was born. It is furnace coal and stands me in good stead today, but just why father never used it, I do not know. I have been informed that at the time it was purchased coal was very dear, but that soon after it had

been stored in our bins, prices fell, and that father made a vow that he never would burn a shovelful of it until prices again soared. This I have heard from others, but of my own knowledge, I have no first-hand facts."

Old friends of Mr. Corwin say that the story is true and that the elder Mr. Corwin faithfully kept his vow to the end.—[New York Herald.]

## Calls Jealousy a Disease.

SPECULATION as to the motives which led Leon Syndon, an artist, to murder Lucien David has brought to light a singular theory, advanced by Dr. Fleury. This eminent French physician thinks that he has discovered that jealousy can be controlled, and even eradicated, by a course of judicious medical treatment.

His method is to take a man who is reasonably jealous and irritable, give him a good, solid breakfast and then ask him the reason for his behavior.

"If the patient consents to talk about the matter," the doctor says, "half the battle is won. If you let him get past the first meal the green-eyed monster gets the better of him and holds him in its toils the rest of the day."

According to Dr. Fleury, jealous people have lucid intervals, the malady being intermittent, like chills and fever. He sets forth that to be effective the treatment must include everything that can give strength and self-confidence to the jealous subject—in short, to make a man of him.—[Paris Correspondence New York World.]

## His Wife's Commandments.

TWELVE household commandments Byron Sutton must obey if he wants to live with his wife, Dora Sutton. She wrote out the commandments herself and submitted them to him with a request to write "Yes" or "No" at the end of each. He would not answer any of them, and she had him arrested for desertion. He was discharged. The commandments are these:

- (1.) Get up at 6 o'clock without my calling you.
- (2.) Provide material for one cake a week.
- (3.) Provide material for pies each week.
- (4.) Provide for 25 cents' worth of beef Tuesdays and Saturdays.
- (5.) Provide clothes for you that will make you look attractive and clean.
- (6.) You will not use vulgar or profane language at all.
- (7.) You will go to church and Sunday-school at Wyoming, and not make my life a burden to get you there in time.
- (8.) Remove all mother's things and her cow; I cannot tend her.
- (9.) Buy one quart of milk a day.
- (10.) You will take a bath once a week.
- (11.) Ruth must not peddle, buy or carry things.
- (12.) Wipe your feet clean when you come in the house.—[Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Correspondence New York World.]

## A Very Clean Hebe.

IT WAS night when he caught the freight at a little station this side of New Orleans. At first he took the rods, but at the next stop along came a brakeman armed with a club that looked like a young hickory tree. The hobo was routed and forced to flee. But he had no intention of being left. The train was a local and had delayed to switch. In his flight the tramp sped along the side of the train until he spied an empty. In the car he climbed just in time to hear his pursuers rounding the end. The next thing he knew he was well locked within the dark regions of the freighter.

Through his shoes he felt a granulated substance. It was white and coarse. Feeling his way forward he attempted to open the window. It was locked; so was the other. His feet commenced to burn where he had wet them in wading through a puddle. With a bump the car started and a cloud of dust arose from the floor. His eyes smarted and he rubbed them only to make the feeling worse. The jar of the trucks was terrific as the speed increased. It was terribly hot, and perspiration coursed from the few unclogged pores in the man's dirty hide. Streaks of mud lined his face, and his whole body burned.

Hours passed and the pains grew worse. At stops his cries had gone unnoticed. Both doors and windows resisted every effort. His eyes had swollen until they were closed, and, thoroughly exhausted, the man sank down in the corner of the car. From that time on he remembers but little until morning, when a flood of light came suddenly pouring through the open door. Somebody cried out and he answered faintly. Then he felt himself carried to a shady spot.

Then he heard a voice calling for axle grease, and pretty soon he felt them rubbing his body with an oily substance. After awhile he woke up, but was too weak to resist the deluge of water that was poured over him. For a long time he lay still. Somehow he felt different from ever before in his life, but he was sore as a boil from the soles of his feet to the top of his head. He felt where his mat of hair ought to have been. It was gone. His face, too, was smooth, but fairly parboiled.

His old skin had been boiled away by the action of lime dust and perspiration. He was as clean as on the day he had been brought into the world. Cold water had relieved the swelling in his eyes. A tarpaulin was underneath him, and he was lying in the shade. That night he slept without moving.

In the morning he was awakened by a voice. A railroad man stood over him. An old hat, clean overalls and a jumper lay beside him. Behind the tree he put them on. The parboil had gone from his skin and he felt fine. It was a new sensation. Two hours later he stood before the yard boss and asked for a job. Now he is working as hard as any one, and every night he

takes a bath under the water tank near the creosote works. He has abandoned the tomato can for a tin water cup.—[Houston (Tex.) Correspondence St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

## A "Pudd'nhead Wilson" Case.

IN "PUDD'NHEAD WILSON," the play founded on Mark Twain's story, the country lawyer, whose fad it is to collect impressions of the thumbs of his acquaintances, convicts a defendant of murder by identifying his thumb print with an impression taken some time before the trial. The audience finds the notion ingenious and amusing, but the comment is apt to be that while it serves its purpose in a melodrama it would have no utility in real life. On the contrary, finger prints as evidence are coming to be regarded as of considerable importance by the British and continental police. In the central criminal court of London recently a defendant was convicted of burglary on such evidence. The prosecutor said it was offered to convict for the first time in an English court. It seems that the window sashes of the house entered had been freshly painted, and on one of them was left the impression of the burglar's hand. A photograph of it was made by the police. Two months later the defendant was arrested in the neighborhood after a chase in which he dropped a burglar's kit. Sergeant Collins of Scotland Yard, who, like "Pudd'nhead Wilson," had made a study of hand prints, took an impression of the prisoner's thumbs and fingers, and testified that the lines of the prisoner's left hand exactly corresponded with the impression left on the freshly-painted window sash by the burglar. This evidence convinced the jury, and it brought in a verdict of guilty. Unfortunately for a challenge of the theory set up by the prosecution, the prisoner was not represented by counsel. That theory was that the finger prints of no two living persons are exactly alike.—[New York Sun.]

## Popping Corn Blew Roof Off.

INFORMATION has reached here that the big corn-drying shed of Andrew Hemphill, in the northwestern part of Fulton county, Pa., caught fire Friday night and was consumed. Mr. Hemphill makes a specialty of raising popcorn and had fifty barrels of it spread out to thoroughly dry on the second floor of the shed. The heat caused the corn to pop, and the popping corn swelled up and caused the roof of the barn to burst open, the snow-white mass rolling and tumbling out as the roof gave way.

The floors caved in and the fire below was smothered out by the popped corn. The popping kept up for four hours after the flames were smothered, and all that remains of the cornshed and contents is a large white mass of popped corn almost as big as the shed was. Mr. Hemphill's loss is about \$900. He has found it more profitable to raise popcorn, since he gets \$8 a barrel for it thoroughly dried for the confectioners and popcorn factories in the cities. The fifty barrels burned only represents about one-third of his crop this year.—[Hancock (Md.) Correspondence Baltimore American.]

## Prince Flunked in Examination.

LOST—One African Prince, heir to two thrones; answers to the name of "Yuca" and "Jimmy" Parker; has not been seen since last June.

All the way from Yowah, Zolof Land, in West Central Africa, came this scion of dark-skinned royalty to get an education at the University of Pennsylvania, and now he has dropped completely out of sight.

It is possible that he has returned to his native jungle, because the curriculum of the university proved too severe for him, and he "flunked" at the end of his first term.

It was last fall that Prince Yuca was entered at Penn for a course in art and science. He was 25 years old, and fluently spoke five languages, including English, as he had already been in American educational institutions.

Here he preferred to sink his royal station, and be merely a plain student like all others, so he assumed the name of James Raleigh Parker, and went to live at 1702 Rodman street. He was an earnest student, but, somehow, he could not get on, and when the examinations were held last June he failed in every branch except, strangely enough, English composition. It therefore became necessary to drop him from the rolls.

Where he went then nobody seems to know. The university officers have heard nothing more about him, and the family with whom he boarded in Rodman street has moved away, nobody knows where.

Besides being the direct heir to the tribal throne of the Yowahs, Prince Yuca will also reign over the neighboring people in the province of West Central Africa, known as Pessy. His mother was of that tribe, and he stands next in the line of succession.—[Philadelphia North American.]

## Still Wears His War-time Cap.

THERE'S a negro at Athens," said a member of one of the Georgia posts, "who has worn the cap he wore during the war every day since, and it has been patched and mended more than 500 times. The negro was a servant to one of the men who went out from that city, and followed him throughout the war. When he returned home he told his young master that he intended to wear the cap as long as he lived, and so far he has carried out his intention. I understand that one reason the negro liked the cap was that a bullet went through it in one of the battles and plowed a trench through his wool."



## Fresh Literature.

## Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

## HISTORY.

## A Parkman Compilation.

**A** DIFFICULT task has been very successfully accomplished by Prof. Pelham Edgar of the University of Toronto, in "The Struggle for a Continent," just published. The book is a compilation from the works of Francis Parkman, the passages selected presenting a continuous history of the early settlements and wars of the nations for possession of North America. The selections begin with the colonization of Florida by the Huguenots, in 1562, and carry the reader to the fall of Quebec, in 1759. While the specialist in history will probably prefer to take his Parkman in the original form, rather than piecemeal, the compilation forms a convenient volume for ready reference and would constitute an admirable text-book for high school and university. The broad outline it offers, of the interacting conditions that determined the final great divisions of the land, makes an excellent foundation on which to build with finer details, while Parkman's virile and graphic style contains just the elements to arrest the attention and impress the memory of students who are entering upon manhood and womanhood, and his philosophical treatment of his theme renders the study of his writings at the same time a valuable mental discipline and preparation for higher sociologic and philosophical courses. It was doubtless with some such thoughts in mind and from the point of view of the teacher that Prof. Edgar entered upon his task of compilation, and the usefulness of the book will undoubtedly find ready recognition with other teachers of history.

[The Struggle for a Continent. By Pelham Edgar, Ph.D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50 net.]

## TRAVEL.

## Chinese Home Life.

Since the beginning of the Boxer uprising, the literary market has been flooded with books about China. The peculiarities of China's arrested development, however, the vast and problematic differences between the oriental and the occidental mind, render the theme one that is not easily exhausted; and Edward S. Morse's new book seems to have approached it from a new side. Mr. Morse viewed the home life of the Chinese with the eye of the architect, and many minute details of household equipment and habit that would escape the notice of the ordinary observer impressed him through their sanitary and industrial bearings and are given again to the reader in these relations, in interesting form. While very simple and readable, the book affords a deeper insight into the character of the Chinese than many that make larger pretense to acquaintance with the people. The author is evidently a close student of modern sociology, as well as a keen observer, and his notes are valuable not only for the direct information they impart, but also for the increased appreciation they give the reader of the ethnic significance of household arrangements. Sketches by Mr. Morse illustrate the text.

[Glimpses of China and Chinese Homes. By Edward S. Morse. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50 net.]

## FICTION.

## A Study of Types.

The name of Josephine Dodge Daskam is already ranked among those of the most promising of the younger exponents of realism in this country. Her latest book, while in an entirely new vein from that of her stories of child life, is equally good work, although it is hardly likely to meet with quite the same popular success. People in general, particularly modern folk, prefer the books that excite laughter to those that bring the tears. Moreover, Miss Daskam has far fewer competitors in her earlier field; and her delightfully natural sketches of child life are equalled by few and excelled by none while literature has many masters in the study of older types. They render work of this sort more difficult to perform and make its defects more apparent. As the literary art required is, moreover, in a sense of higher sort, the defects stand out more conspicuously and are less easily overlooked.

"Whom the Gods Destroyed" is a collection of short stories which deal with erratic types—a musical genius who destroys his prospects by drink and becomes a tramp; who is temporarily reformed, only to fall again at the critical moment and die of debauch after abstinence; a penniless poet who falls in love with an unimaginative, mercenary girl and kills himself, first burning the manuscript of his prospective book, just as it is ready for publication; a twentieth-century knight who, for love of a woman, places himself in a compromising position in the effort to save the brother of his divinity from dissipation, and through his act of self-abnegation, which he cannot explain to her without implicating her brother, loses the girl; a deformed boy bookworm, who dies of smallpox contracted through loan of his favorite volume of Greek myths to a sick friend; and other types, male and female, each and every one touched with a madness that savors of its divine source. The stories are excellent illustrations of the fact that a sense of humor goes in hand with a sense of pathos, and their dramatic quality reminds one frequently of Mary E. Wilkins. In the effort at dramatic effect, however, the scenes are occasionally overdrawn. The denouement of some of the stories, that of "The Backsliding of Harriet Blake," for instance, is improbable and, as such, lacking in artistic justification. "The Maid of the Mill," a ghost story, falls of the realistic vigor of those of Mary Wilkins and is perhaps the least commendable piece of work in the book. As a whole, the volume impresses one as a promise of work of first excellence, when practice shall have brought Miss Daskam's literary art to maturity.

[Whom the Gods Destroyed. By Josephine Dodge

Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

## A California Book.

The list of California literary works is a large and rapidly-growing one. Jack London is among the State's writers who have put out a new volume, this autumn. "Children of the Frost" is a collection of tales of life among the Alaskan tribes. The stories are written with the same dramatic vigor and faithful realism that have characterized the previous work of this author. One of the best in the book is the story of "Nam-bok, the Unveracious," who returned to his tribe, after shipwreck, with such excessive lies concerning a country he had found to the south, where there were so many people he could not count them with notches on his stick or on many sticks, and where men fed iron monsters with stones and water and rode them over the land, that he was expelled from his tribe and set adrift on the sea again.

[Children of the Frost. By Jack London. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

## Story of Strange Marriage.

A famous author, who is engaged upon a novel of tragic plot; an amanuensis whose life history coincides so closely with the written plot that she believes herself its heroine and is moved to self-revelation; and a resulting marriage between these two, brought about by philanthropy, on the part of the man and a desire to escape from the drudgery for bread, on the part of the woman, are the elements that compose the plot of a romance by Esther Miller, author of "The Sport of the Gods," etc. The book is somewhat above the average of romance of this type, in its literary values, but it would be an error to commend it to those who are looking for work of permanent worth. It is a book for those who like a novel for its plot and read for passing amusement.

[The Prophet of the Real. By Esther Miller. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

## Tales of the East.

Of the many who have followed Kipling in the selection of oriental types and scenes as material for fiction, few have produced anything of first literary merit. Gilbert Parker is one of the minority whose work has been crowned with a deserved success. His pictures of Egyptian life are strong and realistic. His men and women are living and distinct individuals, human and probable, his British types very British and verifiable, his oriental types excellent representatives of semi-savagery, and his exploitation of the dramatic possibilities of race contacts full and satisfying. That he has learned a great deal from Kipling is evident, but he has learned it well; his style, at its best, is his own and full of virility. His latest book is a collection of short stories with one figure for their center—a small, slim, fastidious Englishman, outwardly wrapped about with British calm, inwardly soft of heart as a child, quick-witted, but perforce resourceful, not always delicately scrupulous in dealing with native ignorance and brutality, obstinately tenacious of purpose, and faithful unto death to his friend. Mr. Parker has written many tales of England's colonial possessions, but few short stories as good as those he has collected in this column and none better. His announcement that he is engaged on a novel dealing with Egyptian life will be received with general interest.

[Donovan Pasha. By Gilbert Parker. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.]

## JUVENILE BOOKS.

## Some Royal Girls.

In "Tower or Throne" the author of "Cedric the Saxon" has chosen for the subject of a thrilling and delightful tale from history the famous group of royal children that followed Henry VIII to the throne of England—Edward, Mary, Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey; perhaps the most notable group of young people ever thrown together. Very human are the little princes and princesses, as drawn by Mrs. Comstock's pen, and their story, wonderful as a fairy tale, has, in her hands, more than the interest of one. If the character of Elizabeth undergoes possibly some idealization through its fascination for the writer, the temptation is one which half the sober writers of history have felt and to which more than one has yielded or been accused of yielding. The chief charm of Mrs. Comstock's books lies in their naturalness and the warmth of human feeling with which they are instinct and which renders their delightful reading to older people, as well as of absorbing interest to the younger generation. Among juvenile books they deserve a class by themselves.

[Tower or Throne. By Harriet T. Comstock. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.]

## A College Story.

The books of Helen Leah Reed, in contrast with those of Harriet Comstock, are marked by a coldness of treatment which constitutes their chief defect. The subjects chosen are good, the story, in each of them, is moderately well told and with sufficient incident to lead interest, but the reader is never called on for any depth of feeling, even where the events might warrant such, and the strongest scenes convey a sense of superficiality of handling. The stories touch life only on the surface. They are wholesome and well written, but of no large literary value. The list of juvenile books that possesses such value is, however, very short, and the Brenda books stand considerably above the average general in merit. The last volume of the series, which deals with life at Radcliffe, will, undoubtedly be a welcome addition to the library of many a young girl who is looking forward to

a college education and who wishes to know something of student experience at coeducational institutions. [Brenda's Cousin at Radcliffe. By Helen Leah Reed. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50 net.]

## Child Life in Illustration.

The desire to preserve the happy moods of his two-year-old son has led the boy's father, Hans Hansen, the architect, to give a series of attractive photographs entirely unposed and natural, in which the child is seen playing on the slopes of the Berkeley hills. The pictures afford a charming series of impressions. They are entitled "Vespers," "The Ascent of the Hill," "Lima Beans." Other numbers of the series are in preparation.

In the first booklet the child of "Vespers" looks toward the sunset of the golden gate. The "Ascent of the Hill" is a struggle of Roland to ascend a steep flight of stairs. In "Lima Beans" is shown a child's ideas of table etiquette.

Probably this is the first child whose life experience has been told by a camera, and the father has devised a new art which might add new joys to all households blessed with children. Mr. Hansen considers that the house in which a child's life enters might furnish an interesting record of its own tender and intimate growth by this introduction of a phase of child study through the photographic lens.

The various dedications of the booklets are interesting with human interest. Little Roland came "after years of solitude in a vast world," and the artist, who had loved children all his life and prided himself on some knowledge of them, but says "Since little Roland stepped into our midst I have forgotten all I ever knew. But I have learned anew, and I had a teacher who education, our own child. . . . With local pride we point to the fact that he is what any typical California child ought to be—born under our clear sky, raised in the sunshine all the year around." Collectively the book rises above the plain of mere picture books to a psychological interest. They form a picture record of the moods and development of the child instead of an ordinary written record. They are not offered as examples of photographic art or of pretty babyhood, but as studies of child life made with loving fidelity and vivid exactness. Mr. Hansen is the author of "The Kindergarten," a little work of notable educational value.

[The Baby Roland Booklets, Vespers. The Book of Man. Lima Beans. Paul Elder and Morgan Reed. San Francisco. Price, 50 cents net, each, three booklets for \$1.50 net.]

## ETHICS AND RELIGION.

## On the Marriage Tie.

The present-day perils that menace married life and the means by which these may be avoided are the subject of nine popular talks, collected under the title "The Lost Wedding Ring," by Cortland Myers, D.D. The standards of the book are high, its position on the question of divorce liberal-conservative, the argument fair and judicial. It should prove a helpful book to thoughtful people.

[The Lost Wedding Ring. By Cortland Myers, D.D. Minister at the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, N. Y. H. Wagnalls Company, New York and London. Price, 50 cents net.]

## Present-day Religious Problems.

A careful and fair-minded examination of the present religious status of the nations, the relation of science and of the various great religious elements to Christian faith, and the outlook for the future of religious life is contained in Willard Chamberlain's book, "The Spiritual Outlook," just published by Little, Brown & Co. The author is a man of broad culture, well informed on modern scientific tendencies and of a high spirit. He finds some good in all religious sects and progress in the final results of the conflict of elements. The book is one of firm faith, but full of the warm spirit of religious tolerance and kindness.

[The Spiritual Outlook. By Willard Chamberlain. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.]

## NEW MAGAZINES.

The first of the Century's series of expository papers on "The Great Business Combinations of Today" will appear in the November Century and will be devoted to "The So-Called Beef Trust." The writer is George Buchanan Fife, who has made an investigation of the subject from many points of view—the packer's, the wholesaler's, the retailer's, the consumer's, and that of the Attorney-General of the United States.

Zola is the subject of the leading article of the issue for October 16. Henry Norman's "All the Russias," recent nature books, Charles E. Benton's "As Seen from the Banks," and "The Life of Napoleon I," by John H. Rose, are reviewed at length.

The New York Independent follows its usual "Survey of the World" with two articles on Zola, one by Otto Gohler, author of "L'Armée Contre la Nation," and second, a brief account of personal impressions of Theodore Stanton, Lieutenant-Commander Roy C. Smith, U.S.N., contributes an able article on the recent war and navy maneuvers, and W. R. Draper gives an account of the St. Louis bribery disclosures. Justin McCarthy reviews affairs in England, under the title "England in Recess." Two other notable articles are a review of the results of international arbitration, by Gen. Grant Wilson, and an examination of America's present status in the world's commerce, by Dr. William F. Floyd, director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum.

Harper's Weekly for October 18 contains a notable article by Harry de Windt on "Darkest Siberia," a

October 26, 1902.]

strike and the President's conduct are ably reviewed. Anthony Hope is continued. Among the other stories are "The Unregenerate," by Dean Howells and John Kendrick.

Everybody's Magazine for November contains a study of the realistic accounts of thrillers, "The Unregenerate," by Dean Howells and John Kendrick. The study story, "Journey's End," by G. W. Ogden writes of "The Mississippi." The studies "Tells" are continued, and Justus serial story, "Journey's End."

The Delineator for November, of fashions, contains stories by J. Amelia E. Barr and Carolyn W. house building and decoration. Beatrice, are the subjects of other

## PEOPLE AND THINGS.

One more Cromwell story is growing list in Marie Beulah D. "Captive Lad," now issuing from The "captive lad" is a cavalier, and pride of his caste. The relations to his Puritan relatives.

The Longmans are adding to books "The Scientific Writings of J. G. Gould," who was a fellow of Trinity professor of natural and experiential. He was a precocious scholar, a graduate and a professor at 30; maturely, when he was 40, a year.

With the new portion of the "ary," which contains the whole of volume VIII. The forthcoming is prepared by W. A. Craigie, and number of words recorded and is very great. Comparatively few with Q in English are of native

The sessions of the National Men last May, are about to be publication of the proceedings are

Thomas Nelson Page has written children that the Scribners are "Santa Claus" is its title. It is lying between the lines of the Civil War, the time of course between children and not fighting men as laid on the colored illustrations.

Owing to Marie Corelli's oft-newspaper notices and her frequent upon newspapers and those whose much comment has been caused. Location in the Gentlewoman of a to the editor, complaining about name from a list of those present at the recent Braemar Highland, accuses the editor of deliberately and he replies that the accusation he would follow her wishes in the expressed in her writings, in much contempt for the press, and "snobs," as she calls them, who toriety.

## KOREA'S EM

## CALLED A MOST HOPELESS RULER, BUT NOT A

[Manchester Guardian:] If the Emperor of Korea is dead, then I truly be said that one of the most rulers in the world has departed man, but he was so weak, so pliable, thicker by every breath of those him for the moment that he was things from which the most unscrupulous person would shrink. His chief quite recently that he began to at who was, like many oriental prince lowest rank to the throne—like the China, for example, or the Ramee of amazing force of character and manlike grasp of affairs, guided him for years through the troubled intercourse. If ever there was a teller she was one, and her husband things. A band of Japanese, count later (who was afterward disgraced atrocity,) rose one night in Seoul, slaughtered all they met, including ward burned her body with petroleum her husband too much to the thought, and the Japanese took rid of her. A few days later, and been discovered, her faithful and sued an edict denouncing her conduct she had been a common criminal. to public execration and contempt graded her in rank as a traitress. her bones were discovered, and obsequies of such splendor that was in financial straits.

No doubt the wretched man was with Chinese, Japanese, and Russian him this way and that, and the ing each other and being torn to the mob of Seoul, his lines had fallen places. Then there was his uncle Won Kun, with a heart of stone a Lord Curzon described him, who to poison all about him after the odds, so that the miserable King dared allow anyone around him. The Tai was carried off into captivity. Resident at Seoul, after in capital, whereupon the King gave ment no peace with pitiful petitions dear and honored relative. When restored to his weeping relative he



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By Helen Leah  
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strife and the President's conference regarding it are  
ably reviewed. Anthony Hope's "Intrusions of Peggy"  
is continued. Among the other contributors are William  
Don Howells and John Kendrick Bangs.

Everybody's Magazine for November is full of good  
reading. All the stories are well written, several of  
them realistic accounts of thrilling incidents. "The Red  
Lion and the White" is a study of life among the edu-  
cated Indians; "The Unregenerated," a story of Virginia  
mountain folk. E. Crayton McCants contributes a nature  
study story on Carolina foxes, with many illustrations,  
and G. W. Ogden writes of "Old-time Barge Pirates of  
the Mississippi." The studies of "The Woman That  
Tells" are continued, and Justus Miles Forman begins a  
serial story, "Journey's End."

The Delineator for November, in addition to its news  
of fashions, contains stories by Josephine Dodge Daskam,  
Amelia E. Barr and Carolyn Wells. Athletics for women,  
house building and decoration, the love of Dante for  
Beatrice, are the subjects of other articles and sketches.

#### PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

One more Cromwell story is added to the recently-  
growing list in Marie Beulah Dix's new book, "A Little  
Captive Lad," now issuing from the Macmillan press.  
The "captive lad" is a cavalier, full of the selfish greed  
and pride of his caste. The plot develops around his  
relations to his Puritan relatives.

The Longmans are adding to their list of scientific  
books "The Scientific Writings of George Francis Fitz-  
gerald," who was a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and  
professor of natural and experimental philosophy there.  
He was a precocious scholar, remarkable as an under-  
graduate and a professor at 30; his death occurred pre-  
maturely, when he was 40, a year ago.

With the new portion of the "Oxford English Dictio-  
nary," which contains the whole of Q, a beginning is made  
of volume VIII. The forthcoming section has been pre-  
pared by W. A. Craigie, and, as in former sections, the  
number of words recorded and illustrated by quotations  
is very great. Comparatively few of the words beginning  
with Q in English are of native origin.

The sessions of the National Municipal League, in Bos-  
ton last May, are about to be commemorated by the  
publication of the proceedings and the addresses.

Thomas Nelson Page has written a Christmas story for  
children that the Scribners are publishing. "A Captured  
Santa Claus" is its title. It is a war story, the scene  
lying between the lines of the two great armies in the  
Civil War, the time of course being Christmas, but little  
children and not fighting men are its heroes. Stress is  
laid on the colored illustrations.

Owing to Marie Corelli's oft-expressed aversion for  
newspaper notices and her frequent attacks in her books  
upon newspapers and those whose names figure in them,  
such comment has been caused in London by the pub-  
lication in the Gentlewoman of a letter from Miss Corelli  
to the editor, complaining about the omission of her  
name from a list of those present in the royal inclosure  
at the recent Bramer Highland gathering. Miss Corelli  
accuses the editor of deliberately leaving out her name,  
and he replies that the accusation is correct, he thinking  
he would follow her wishes in the matter as so forcibly  
expressed in her writings, in which she expresses so  
much contempt for the press, and particularly for those  
"mobs," as she calls them, who seek newspaper no-  
toriety.

#### KOREA'S EMPEROR.

**CALLED A MOST HOPELESSLY INCOMPETENT  
RULER, BUT NOT A BAD MAN.**

[Manchester Guardian:] If the report be true that the  
Emperor of Korea is dead, then I am afraid it must hon-  
estly be said that one of the most hopelessly incompetent  
rulers in the world has departed. He was not a bad  
man, but he was so weak, so pliable, so blown hither and  
thither by every breath of those who had influence over  
him for the moment that he was led into doing many  
things from which the most unscrupulous and abandoned  
scoundrel would shrink. His chief Queen (for it is only  
quite recently that he began to style himself Emperor,)  
who was, like many oriental princesses, raised from the  
lowest rank to the throne—like the Empress Dowager of  
China, for example, or the Rane of Jhansi—a woman  
of amazing force of character and (for a Korean) states-  
manlike grasp of affairs, guided him steadily and safely  
for years through the troubled waters of international  
intercourse. If ever there was a faithful wife and coun-  
sellor she was one, and her husband relied on her in all  
things. A band of Japanese, countenanced by their min-  
ister (who was afterward disgraced for his share in the  
stratagem) rose one night in Seoul, broke into the palace,  
slaughtered all they met, including the Queen, and after-  
ward burned her body with petroleum. She had swayed  
her husband too much to the Russian side, it was  
thought, and the Japanese took this method of getting  
rid of her. A few days later, and before her remains had  
been discovered, her faithful and affectionate husband is-  
sued an edict denouncing her conduct and counsels as if  
she had been a common criminal. He held up her name  
to public execration and contempt, and officially de-  
graded her in rank as a traitress. A little time passed;  
her bones were discovered, and the King gave them  
obsequies of such splendor that for a time the country  
was in financial straits.

No doubt the wretched man was to be pitied. What  
with Chinese, Japanese, and Russians from outside pull-  
ing him this way and that, and the great families slay-  
ing each other and being torn to pieces impartially by  
the mob of Seoul, his lines had fallen in very unpleasant  
places. Then there was his uncle, the notorious Tai  
Won Kun, with a heart of stone and bowels of iron, as  
Lord Curzon described him, who was always busy try-  
ing to poison all about him after the most ingenious meth-  
ods, so that the miserable King at one time scarcely  
dared allow anyone around him to taste a sweetmeat.  
The Tai was carried off into captivity in China by the  
Chinese Resident at Seoul, after inciting a revolt in the  
capital, whereupon the King gave the Chinese govern-  
ment no peace with pitiful petitions for the release of his  
dear and honored relative. When the noble captive was  
returned to his weeping relative he promptly showed his

gratitude by trying to poison the Queen with a box of  
comfits which he said he brought from China on purpose  
for her—as perhaps he did. The King—Emperor by that  
time—brought about the war between Japan and China  
by calling on the latter, as his suzerain, to help him to  
suppress a rebellion by sending troops and then declaring  
to the Japanese that the Chinese were invading his  
country. His political vagaries were countless, and were  
probably due to the perpetual changes in forceful persons  
about him. Once he ran away from his own palace in  
the night, where he was guarded by Japanese he had  
himself called in, and found refuge in the Russian Legation,  
whence he issued a wholly new set of edicts, con-  
tradicting all those he had recently issued, and den-  
ouncing as wretches those who advised him to issue them.

In the earlier years of his reign his dread was that one  
of those roving piratical bands of Europeans and Amer-  
icans that were found on the coast of China would desec-  
rate the tombs of his ancestors—though why a man  
should care about the bones of his ancestors who did not  
care a straw for all his living relatives is a question of  
oriental psychology which I cannot answer. The fact was  
that a legend pervaded the coast of China in those  
days that the kings of Korea were all buried in coffins  
of gold, and the ports were flooded with adventurers who  
had made California too hot for them—men thrown out  
of congenial work by the cessation of the American Civil  
War, waifs and strays from Australia and India, the  
driftwood of the civilized world. So they fitted out ex-  
peditions and sailed away, armed to the teeth, to rob the  
tombs of the kings of Korea. Few returned, but none of  
these brought gold, for the ruler of Korea is buried in  
the long white starched cotton smock and lofty sugar-  
loaf hat with a wide brim worn in life by his subjects;  
and his coffin, so far from being of gold, is a wooden box  
like a barrel. So what with desecration, pirates, in-  
triguing foreigners, quarrelsome and murdering subjects,  
a strong-minded wife, and a poisoning uncle, the poor  
King's life was passed amid battle, murder, and sudden  
death. Yet he was a King, and died (if he is dead) an  
Emperor. He found Korea a vassal, and left it inde-  
pendent. Could one say much more of the greatest rulers  
that have lived?

#### KIPLING'S ART EDUCATION.

**HE WORKED VIGOROUSLY AT DRAWING, BUT  
HARDLY FROM A LOVE OF ART.**

*By a Special Contributor.*

The wide interest aroused by Mr. Kipling's debut as  
an illustrator of his own writings was the topic of dis-  
cussion at a little gathering of friends who wrote or  
painted or otherwise "did things." His Excellency of  
Rottingdean was spoken of frequently at these meetings,  
for one of the lights of the circle had been the great  
man's schoolfellow at the United Service College, West-  
ward Ho., and he declared it his mission, ever since, to  
licker in the greatness of his playmate's glory.

"I remember, one time, at the college," began this  
fountain of anecdote, "that Kipling developed a great  
enthusiasm for art. This wasn't due so much, however,  
to the delicate sensitiveness of his own soul as to the  
peculiarities of Old Timbertoes, the master. Old Tim-  
bertoes was not a very flattering designation for a pro-  
fessor of fine arts, but such was the nickname given to  
the master of painting and drawing at Westward Ho by  
Kipling and his two particular chums.

"Kipling or Gigs, was always quick to detect peculiar  
characteristics in anyone, and fortunately or unfortu-  
nately 'Old Timbertoes' was a ready mark for youthful  
ridicule. In the first place 'Timbertoes' differed radically  
from the generally accepted type of an artist. He was  
short and stout, with exceptionally well-developed hands  
and feet. He always wore large, doubtless comfortable  
shoes, and stepped lightly about the classroom as if  
troubled with corns. Then, too, 'Timbertoes' possessed  
a broad Devonshire accent, and adopted the peculiar  
habit of solemnly pointing a finger at a refractory pupil,  
instead of delivering an ultimatum with the swish of  
the cane. All these traits 'Gigs' was not slow to ob-  
serve, and after his own fashion to bring to the notice  
of his classmates.

"It was remarkable what an earnest study he made  
of hands and feet. He drew large feet from casts with  
conspicuous mounds on the toes, that looked astonish-  
ingly as if they were intended to fill his instructor's  
shoes. It was wonderful, too, what a proficiency he ac-  
quired in the Devonshire dialect, so that while the class  
were convulsed with laughter, he would draw the un-  
suspecting 'Timbertoes' into a discussion on, say, the  
merit of 'abbie sider' as a good beverage to take after  
'tuffall'.

"Whatever distinction 'Timbertoes' may have achieved  
in his profession, he was certainly not bright at perceiv-  
ing a joke. But at last it did seem to dawn upon him  
that his pupil's earnest study of feet and the Devon-  
shire dialect bore, perhaps, some remote reference to  
himself. As a consequence, Kipling was given a long  
course in beautiful antique vase outline drawing, and  
whenever he attempted to speak, the warning forefinger  
was solemnly pointed at him."

#### HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

A macaroni merchant, Ciro Carotento, fell in love with  
his wife's sister, who, to avoid his irksome attentions,  
fled with his book-keeper, Roberto Caropreso, to Florence,  
where they were wedded, writes the Express Naples cor-  
respondent.

Shortly after their marriage a packet came for them  
from Naples, and following on the delivery, four police-  
men burst into the room shouting: "Open that packet!"  
To the horror of Caropreso the packet contained  
bombs, and he was at once arrested as an anarchist. He  
protested his innocence, and suddenly he bethought him-  
self that the macaroni merchant had instigated the mat-  
ter.

Inquiries were made in Naples, and it appeared that  
Carotento for revenge sent the bombs, at the same time  
denouncing Caropreso to the Florentine police as an  
anarchist. The latter was released, and in his stead the  
malicious purveyor of macaroni was placed under the  
key.—[London Express.

#### CHILE CULTURE.

**A NEW AND PROMISING ENTERPRISE  
AT SAWTELLE.**

*By a Special Contributor.*

THIS rapidly-developing California of ours has gath-  
tered within her spacious boundaries many new in-  
dustries during the last few years, but it is not gen-  
erally known that a branch of agriculture which is prac-  
tically new in this part of the State, and possesses many  
interesting features, is being carried on within fifteen  
miles of Los Angeles city.

It is the cultivation and drying of chile peppers, which  
is being done on a large scale by a Mr. Orb, owner of  
an extensive ranch on the outskirts of the town of  
Sawtelle—that rising little burgh where houses seem  
to spring up in a night, and available land is being  
rapidly absorbed.

Beach-goers who were wont to travel by the electric  
road during the summer have become familiar with the  
conductor's announcement, "Sawtelle—Soldier's Home!"  
and look out to see a fine church in course of erection,  
an imposing-looking schoolhouse, broad, level streets,  
where falls the welcome shade of fast-growing trees;  
neat cottages, with lawns rich in shrub and blossom, and  
the many buildings of the Soldiers' Home outlined  
against the mountains that roll up their peaks to the  
sky, in the background.

Two miles from the station lies Mr. Orb's ranch, a  
magnificent stretch of land, fifty-five acres of which are  
devoted exclusively to the cultivation of chile peppers.

Early in June the plants were set out; row after row of  
tiny things, which have, under the genial warmth of a  
California sun, evolved into shrubs that are wonderfully  
uniform at a height of two and a half feet, and heavily  
laden with plump pods, a beautiful dark red in color. A  
harvest bountiful in quantity, and giving amazingly rich  
returns, is here awaiting the lucky grower. An extensive  
irrigating plant has been employed by Mr. Orb, who has  
had years of experience in this industry, but this is his  
first venture of the kind in his present location.

The sight of this vast field of chilies, viewed in the  
golden light of a perfect October day, is one not soon for-  
gotten by those fortunate enough to have visited the  
spot. If not a "joy forever," it is certainly "a thing of  
beauty." The great field, level and fertile, stretches  
away into distance; the bright green of the shrubs and  
the vivid red of the pods forming a contrast that strikes  
the beholder with a sense of artistic beauty, apart from  
the golden return that is suggested. The plants bear an  
average of thirty-five pods; one large one stood with  
branches weighed to the ground, on which were counted  
sixty-five well-filled pods, averaging six inches in length,  
and five in circumference. The yield anticipated is one  
and a half tons to the acre, and the estimated value \$200  
a ton; a magnificent showing, even in this land of  
bounteous harvests.

Mr. Orb is at present residing in the town of Sawtelle,  
where he occupies a rented house, pending the erection  
of a residence on his ranch. An acre of ground sur-  
rounding the dwelling has also been utilized in pepper  
growing. Recently the owner of this property, wish-  
ing to erect a cottage on a portion of it, and not caring  
to defer building until Mr. Orb's term of tenancy had ex-  
pired, asked the latter what value he would place on the  
plants, not yet matured, which would necessarily be de-  
stroyed on the site required for the house.

"Well," said the ranchman, "I value the plants at 10  
cents each, but if you will allow me 5 cents for every one  
destroyed, you can go on and build your house."

The intending builder made an estimate of the plants  
that covered his projected site, and the sum total that  
astonished him was \$48. He has decided to postpone  
building operations until the chilies are harvested.

A staff of twenty-four Japanese is at present engaged  
in picking the peppers on the ranch. Two, or perhaps  
three, pickings will be necessary, in order to gather the  
pods that are slow in ripening.

A well-equipped drying-house, fifty-eight feet long and  
twenty-six wide, is nearly completed, in which the  
peppers will be dried and prepared for market. The  
necessary heating power is generated from a large steam  
boiler, 1200 feet of pipe being used in the building.  
Tracks are laid, on which large trucks, or cars, built for  
the purpose, will be run in. These cars are to be laden  
with peppers packed in wooden trays, the latter fitted  
tier above tier, into the cars, which will remain in the  
drying-house until their freight has attained the requisite  
dryness. The roof of the building is covered with heavy  
tarred paper, which is coated with fine gravel. This  
precaution has been taken to obviate any danger of  
dampness from rain during the period of drying.

The scene on the ranch is a busy one; embracing the  
operations of the pickers and the workmen who are  
pushing the drying-house and other requisites to comple-  
tion as rapidly as possible.

With such a golden harvest looming up before him,  
this enterprising ranchman should certainly feel no small  
measure of gratification in his pioneer venture in Saw-  
telle.

M. A. CONDON.

#### A STRONG BOY.

Derby, Ct., has a "strong man," 17 years old, who lifts  
500 pounds with comparative ease and juggles 100-pound  
dumb-bells for an everyday exercise.

This muscular youth is Peter Modorno, and his oc-  
cupation is that of a barber. His appearance belies his  
extraordinary strength, and many a patron of the shop  
where he is employed has lost a wager against Peter's  
ability to perform feats credited to him by the pro-  
prietor. Peter has put above his head eight successive  
times a dumb-bell weighing as much as himself. It is his  
ambition to be a champion strong man, and all who have  
seen him handle heavy weights believe he will attain his  
desire. Peter attributes his great strength to daily exer-  
cise, his habit of eating only simple food and his ab-  
stinence from tea, coffee, alcoholic beverages and to-  
bacco.—[New York Herald.







# WAYS OF WOMEN.

By a Woman.

## The Latest in Fur.

It is a pity that our climate does not permit of the extravagant use of fur, so beautiful is it, and in nearly all instances becoming and softening to every face. To a far of the moment is "petite gris," which is a grey much like chinchilla in its silvery gray tones, and another fact which recommends it to the majority of people, is its adaptability to nearly all colors, blue especially; ermine used in combination is the very smartest cape, the coat of the first-mentioned fur, fitted superbly, in lines as pliable as velvet, and the revers, ermine lined, as were the cuffs of this fur also, which traced back over the wide bell-shaped sleeves. Muffs tremendous in size go on suits, and the effect is immensely smart, especially as the linings of cream Japanese satin show a wee bit. Many of the hats this season have just a touch of fur, which gives a rich look without being at all heavy or hot looking. The pleated model is carried out in many of the fur coats. The wearing of its sounds absurd and impossible, but seeing

color. The effect is extremely chic and well worth trying.

## Cinnamon Brown and Lizard Green.

CINNAMON brown and lizard green form a union which is of the smartest this season and destined to be most popular. One particularly pleasing model had the skirt cut so as to admit of three narrow pleats a few inches from the floor on each gore, graduating toward the front, so as to simulate a flounce. On the edge of each gore joining, was an elaborate braiding in black, which looks particularly well with the brown, while to further beautify, French knots in brown and green were used. The coat, which was on the Eton genre, was cut into slight curves around the lower edge, which rendered it most graceful, the braiding used around the curves, as well as on the fronts, the French knots, doing their part as no other trimming can. There was a medium wide flat collar of green cloth, outlined with mink, as well as a belt of the cloth, each stitched to perfection, as were also the green cloth cuffs which finished the bouffant sleeves.

## The Reign of a La Valliere.

DEMANDING much attention just now in jewelry is the art nouveau, which is most exquisite in all its least detail. A la Valliere of this genre of style, is composed of three yellow sapphires in dainty settings of

on a Christmas tree. Arrange the long-stemmed blossoms in a deep bowl, with the candles in the holders, and you will find the effect extremely pretty as the lights shine through with the blossoms, and I would keep it all pink in color. Your cake can then be kept prettily decorated, as the wax dripping from the candles often causes much annoyance. A simple menu would be of bouillon and bread and butter sandwiches, followed by strawberries molded in gelatine, and last the ice cream and cake served with a cup of chocolate. A pretty way to serve the cream is to get the smallest size of florists' pots, and line them with parafine paper, then fill with the cream. Over the top sprinkle powdered macaroons to simulate earth, and just as they are sent to the table stick in a single pink aster, as if growing.

## Lace Coats.

THE three-quarter lace coats are still extremely chic, some being a mingling of Russian and Renaissance lace, with the introduction of black velvet motifs. Some are in the deep cream lace, with the lace divided by graduated insets of velvet, which are most delightful.

## White Beaver Hat.

I CANNOT refrain from singing the beauties of a white beaver hat which was lovely in every particular. Its brim rolled quite perceptibly on the left side, while the dip in the back was not sacrificed in the least. The upper brim was draped with a wide black jetted lace, the ends falling well down on the hair, while on the left side sweeping toward the back was a black paradise tail. It was simple, but altogether charming, and destined to be greatly admired.

## Sardine Rarebit.

R. E., LOS ANGELES, asks: "Will you kindly give me something to be prepared on the chafing dish to be used in the evenings?"

Very nice is a sardine rarebit which is very easily prepared. Mash fine a small box of sardines, and be particularly careful to keep out all the oil. In the chafing dish melt a cup each of cream and cheese cut into bits; add a tablespoon of butter, a saltspoon of salt, a little paprika, a dash of tobacco sauce, and a teaspoon of mustard. When all is up to the boiling point, add the sardines and the well-beaten eggs and serve on toasted crackers.

## Black Taffeta Coat.

R. H. D., LOS ANGELES, writes: "Are black taffeta coats good style still for women, and how would you advise one made? I want it good in every particular and well trimmed and made."

Much as we hear that coats of this genre are not as modish for women as others, yet many handsome models are continually being seen. One I was fortunate to see lately, was just direct from a very smart French house and was easy of copying. It was a three-quarter length of black taffeta, faced on both sides and on the front with a heavy cream lace over satin of the same cream color. These facings were each three inches wide and piped on the edge with velvet in turquoise blue. The back was cut with a bias seam, which gave a beautiful flare around the bottom, the only trimming being a wide flat collar of the lace, piped with the blue velvet. Three circling bands of taffeta piped with blue velvet, were set on the bust, running to the under arm seam, giving an empire effect which was extremely good. The sleeves were very bouffant, into cuffs of lace, with the pipings of blue velvet, and the whole garment was lined with cream white satin.

## All-Halloween Party.

MRS. F. J. T., Los Angeles, writes: "As you seem to help others in all their emergencies, tell me how to amuse children at an All-Halloween party; what refreshments to have and what games to play."

Children are so easily pleased that the old threadbare customs seem to meet all the requirements, and nothing new seems to be on the wing. Suspending an apple on a string and trying to get bites causes merriment; also bobbing for apples. A marshmallow tied in the center of a long string, and one on either end chewing up toward it, the first gaining the prize, causes fun. To blacken the under side of a plate and proceed to mesmerize the victim is great sport. Give the victim the blackened plate, and take one like it unblackened yourself, asking the opposite to do just as you do. Pass the front finger around the plate, after which rub around on the face, doing continuously to get the victim's face well covered with the black. After you have him decorated let him see his own reflection in the glass. It is well to have several doing it, as after once it is all over. For refreshments I would have bouillon and bread and butter sandwiches, followed by ice cream, cake and a cup of chocolate. This, with the apples which are always eaten, and candy, will be enough to make all the mothers glad that such parties come but seldom.

D. R. MONTGOMERY.



STYLISH GOWN, CLOAK AND FUR BOA.

is believing, and they are intensely stunning garments, and ones any woman would be proud of wearing.

## Gown of Net and Lace.

SO SERVICEABLE, as well as smart looking, are the black net and lace gowns, that they have become an absolute necessity in every well-thought-out wardrobe. For the slender model, one made on the triple skirt idea has wonderful possibilities. Each flounce should have five rows of narrow graduated black velvet ribbon, the flounce treated in the same way, the sleeves immensely bouffant on the lower arm, while the only bit of color to relieve the somber shade, was a belt of bright scarlet lace. This gown when worn with an immense plume-topped hat in white, makes a stunning picture. The Van Dykes are used with the points running down and reaching far below the knees, the fullness of the skirt being achieved by chiffon plissé, which falls in and out as the wearer walks, as only a plissé garment cap. The Van Dykes just meet edge to edge, around the hips, the slender effect is not sacrificed, as the fullness of the chiffon sweeps out around the bottom of the skirt.

## Gown of Cluny Lace.

ALL the smartest couturiers are advocating the use of Cluny lace in no small way; bands most generous in width outline the entire bottom edge of the coat, which in many instances is very full; fronts as well are adorned in the same way, while the outer portion of the sleeves are ornamented with the band running from wrist to shoulder. A novel touch is given in combination with this lace by introducing a veiling of black mousseline-de-soie between the lace and the gown satin lining, giving the effect of gun metal in

diamonds, one stone being above the other. This same design is seen made up of the sapphires of a lighter color, but the yellow ones are more effective. A great brown sapphire as large as a dime, set in a single rim of diamonds, and topped with a small design in rose diamonds, leaves nothing to be desired. A more simple la Valliere is achieved by a graceful branch in green enamel, with numbers of fresh water pearls simulating blossoms.

## Dainty Shoulder Capes.

MOST attractive for mourning wear is a stole and shoulder cape in black mousseline de soie and crêpe, which takes the place of the neck ruche, which has been worn so much in the past few years. The cape is shaped like a deep schu in the back, and laid in folds caught down at either side the bust in front from where long stole ends of mousseline de soie bordered with full ruffles, fall from a deep border of crêpe. This deep frill follows around the edge of the cape, and has a border of crêpe around all. This model is very stunning made of white net with borderings of lace, and where the lace joins the net to run on a very narrow black velvet ribbon. They are immensely chic and extremely popular.

## Child's Birthday Party.

A. K. P., LOS ANGELES, writes: "I am going to give a child's birthday party, and want table decorations and menu also, and shall be greatly indebted to you for your trouble."

Nothing could be prettier in flowers than asters, as they are so beautiful just now, and a pretty idea would be to combine the candles and flowers in the center-table decorations, which can be done most successfully by using the long ball-end candle holders as one uses

# FURS

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A full line of skins in stock.

D. Bonoff, Furrier,

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- 1. Morgan's Joke on Yerkes.
- 2. The Drama: Plays and Players.
- 3. Music and Musicians.
- 4. Answers by Experts.

Dirt soon to fly for Santa Ana. Long Beach trolley line... Drunken juror jailed in San Bernardino... Horrible death of Upland man... Little girl's loss...

by States: STATE



## WHERE UNCLE SAM BUYS.

HE TELLS ABOUT IT IN A LITTLE BOOK JUST PUBLISHED.

By a Special Contributor.

IF YOU should happen to see a little book that Uncle Sam has just published, entitled, "Sources of the Agricultural Imports of the United States," you hardly would consider it a delightful story book. It is full of tables of long figures in fine print and most depressing to the view, like a rainy Saturday.

Yet that book really is as pleasing as a game. You can do with it what Robert Louis Stevenson's children did when they gazed out of their windows and over the garden palings and imagined for fun that the land beyond was a far, strange country and that the familiar brook was a mighty mountain river roaring through the heart of Asia and that the neighbors were men of savage climes.

Uncle Sam's dry book of figures is like a window that opens into the story-lands of the world. The stories jump all around, from the Pacific islands to London and from the Azores to Australia. And some most common articles suddenly get new interest when we see from what queer places they come.

For instance, where do you suppose the most of our imported beeswax comes from? It is sent from the island that we made free—Cuba. And its neighbor in the vivid blue Caribbean Sea, Santo Domingo, furnishes the next greatest quantity. The black republic, Hayti, which is on that same island, also supplies a great deal. In Hayti and Santo Domingo the beeswax is brought to the dingy little seaport places by natives from the interior. Most of these ports have certain days when everybody comes in to market. Then one may see, early in the morning, as soon as the wonderful sulphur-yellow dawn begins, long lines of small black donkeys winding down the narrow paths of the beautiful mountains that rise almost from the sea. Each donkey has two cunning baskets, one on a side. They are made of plaited palm leaves and of stout grasses, and they are stuffed full of all the strange products of the land—great yams like immense sweet potatoes; pineapples that fill the hot morning air with delicious odors; fat, little red bananas; great plantains like yellow bananas, only much longer and not nice to eat raw; big piles of oranges and grape fruit; green coffee berries just as they have been picked, and beeswax.

In looking again through this window of Uncle Sam's, we see that most familiar and commonplace thing, the onion. But where do you suppose we see it coming from? From Egypt, the land of the obelisks and pyramids and buried Pharaohs.

We call on many other lands for onions, too. England sends us the most. Then comes beautiful Bermuda, the land of lilies. Then come Spain, Cuba, the British islands in the West Indies, Italy, Canada, Mexico and France. A few years ago we imported many thousands of bushels from Switzerland. Now and then a few come from China.

Uncle Sam's children really do need lots of food. Such a thing as cheese, for instance, comes to them from twenty-one different countries, and some of them are very last ones that you would think of as shipping cheese to America. Who would suppose that Uncle Sam gets some of his cheese from Turkey? Almost a ton of it was sent to us from that country last year. The year before we even got some from Egypt.

Eggs makes a curious story, too. The Chinese empire shipped more to us last year than did any other foreign country. The Chinese hens had to lay fast to supply our demand, for 80,000 dozens were sent to Yankeeeland. Hens in Canada, Mexico, Japan, England and France had to help.

The sheep herders of all the world had to watch flocks for us. Rough, lonely men in rude shanties in Australia and New Zealand, half-breeds in the wide plains of Argentina in South America, sedate, flaxen-haired little shepherd boys in Belgium, Germany and France, wild, armed Mongolian rovers in China, mounted Tartar herders on the Russian steppes, Peruvian Indians, blanketed Uruguayans—all tended sheep whose fleeces finally reached Uncle Sam.

Men fought wolves in Russia, jaguars in the Argentine and in Peru, flesh-eating parrots in New Zealand and robbers in China that the big republic, of which many of them know almost nothing, might have the wool at last. The clothing that you are wearing now may be made from wool that has had adventures that would make the best story book; and it would all be true.

Then there is the pepper window in the book. Pepper takes one into distant foreign climes, indeed. In Germany, when big folks want to frighten children, they threaten to send them to "the land where the pepper grows." That is most alarming to the German children, and often they become quite good almost at once.

Men have always wanted pepper so much that long ago, when they still knew so little about the world that they imagined it was flat they made daring voyages to look for it. The old Arabian sailors, much as they feared the Djinn and the great bird Roc and other terrors of the unknown world, managed to make their way to the East Indies and carry back great cargoes of it. The Portuguese ventured clear around the Cape of Good Hope to get it.

Uncle Sam needs an immense amount of it. He imported more than eight tons of it last year. If, by some shocking accident it had all arrived here at once and been tossed broadcast over the land, what a tremendous sneezing it would have caused, from Uncle Sam's most northern Eskimo, sitting in his ice hut on the slopes of the Arctic Sea, to the alligators in the most southern bayou of Florida!

All of Uncle Sam's pepper did not come from the East Indies. One-half ton came from the West Indies. Egypt and China sent some, too.

Egypt is sending us many more products than one would guess. We get tobacco, tea, sugar, opium, olive

oil, raisins, figs, dates, cotton, hides and skins and butter from that ancient land.

Uncle Sam buys something everywhere, even in the most unlikely places. His book shows that he bought horses in Sweden and Norway, bones, hoofs and horns in all sorts of places from Venezuela, in South America, to Japan, milk in Denmark and Mexico, feathers in Aden, on the Red Sea, and China, Austria and Guatemala grease as far away as Australia and cider in Cuba and Spain.

He sent to the island of Malta, to Servia, to Spanish Africa, to the Canary Islands and to the mouth of the Amazon River for goat skins.

He bought sausages in Hongkong. Painted Fiji Islanders sold his traders sausage casings.

The free men of Liberia, the African republic, sold him coffee, as did the yellow Samoans, negroes from the Congo and the Central Americans, who gaze out from their palm tree clad hills over the

"Dashing, silver-flashing surges of San Salvador."

When you eat your mince pie and plum pudding on this Thanksgiving day you might remember that the plums, prunes, raisins, lemons and other nice things that go into the pleasing compounds are imported from Turkey, France, Portugal, Austria, Greece, the West Indies and dozens of other distant places. As you sit by the fire in the evening you can imagine a whole bookful of stories about the many foreign children who helped to gather the goodies to help you celebrate the great day properly.

J. W. M.

## TWIXT SEA AND SKY.

A POETIC PROSE PICTURE OF LIFE AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

[Frances Campbell, in London Post:] The dawn gathered up her filmy draperies of tender rose, and fled across the sky, leaving it an illimitable dome of burnished amethyst, where the sun blazed in almost intolerable glory. The ship slowed down, her tall spars circling against the blinding heavens as she rose and fell on the long, hesitating Pacific rollers. Behind us, the ocean stretched boundlessly blue; before us, a sea rainbow, a medley of exquisite ever-shifting color, purple and violet, crimson and green, blue and gold, fringed by a ring of dazzling foam, where the great waves slipped over the reef, and broke where Ovalau sat sighing and murmuring among her palms and mangoes.

We glided in through the narrow opening in the coral, and slid alongside a blackened wooden wharf, against whose timbers lay a fleet of quaint picturesque craft—lighters, barges, catamarans and canoes—all manned by natives in gorgeous sulus, and with glittering hair. Huge mat sails, blotches of intense yellow and reddish brown, lay heaped on the banana barges, the canoes with their clumsy-looking outriggers dashed up diamond showers in the brilliant light as the swell rose beneath them, their crews lightly balancing themselves along the gunwales, their brown bodies reflecting the light like polished metal.

Color and Melody.

Handsomeness giants they all were; their lime-bleached hair frizzed out in great "pompons" and stuck with hibiscus flowers, their huge limbs hardly covered by their brightly-dyed sulus of thin cotton, their arms clasped by circles of mother-of-pearl, and their necks festooned with strings of iridescent shells.

The big steamer looms gigantic among the little craft as it slows up to the wharf—the one incongruous element in a picture that a moment before was perfection. The island aglow with warm emerald, sighing and swaying; the sea now carrying the light to its clear depths, now sparkling on its wave crests. All is life, glow and color, and to its charm is suddenly added that of melody, the curious, haunting music, illusive and vague, which is only heard in the South Seas.

A line of men sitting along the wharf edge look laughingly down at the canoes, and begin to sing. The Fijians sing with the whole body; they sway, point, fling out their arms and wring their hands with graceful simultaneous gesture. They cease, and the men in the canoes have a chance. They balance themselves precariously on the edge of their dangerous vessels, and begin by softly clapping their hands together; for a while they sing in unison, then the voices drop gradually out, leaving a high glorious tenor declaiming in golden notes alone. Meanwhile the hand clapping goes on, accompanied by much swaying and bending and shaking of bushy heads. They croon and hum, and take up the strain again; suddenly they all spring upright, pointing seawards, and a seventh wave comes billowing across the reef lifting them all to the level of the wharf. When it subsides the crews are bobbing up and down in the water, singing still.

From Sunshine to Rain.

There is a burst of Homeric laughter as they scramble in, the paddles are out and they go swiftly through the passage in the coral, the company on the wharf still dangling their legs in the water.

"What is it they sing?" I demand breathlessly. My friends laugh, and the planter lights another cigar. "Some Tonga boys making bickey," he responds. I echo the words disapprovingly. "Bickey," he explains, "is Australianese for the old Fijian make—a native dance. Most of these fellows dance sitting down. The boys in the canoes are going back home, these Ovalau chaps are setting them off. See?"

The canoes are curtsying on the long rollers, the golden-brown bodies shining in the light from wave and sky, the gaily-attired giants on the wharf rise slowly, laughing and chattering, and as we look a curtain of pearly haze falls suddenly across the picture, shutting it completely off. Even the taffrail on which we lean is blotted out, the decks disappear, and if a tightly-clutched arm did not assure me of her presence, I could not have known the planter's wife was still beside me.

"More enchantments!"

The planter laughs languidly. "Rain!" he says. "I wonder if they have got in the buggy."

It is rain like a glorified "Scots mist," soundless, warm, and fragrant, and through it comes drifting a singular

medley of sounds. Voices talk close to us in a dreamy, unsteady fashion, in German, in English, and in a musical native tongue. The unseen sea swells and falls, boys go on making "bickey," the swaying of the reef billows in our ears, and through all this vague, insistent, intangible whisper of the world, haunting loveliness about to be revealed.

The Lifting of the Curtain.

Suddenly as it fell, the curtain of mist is torn away, and there lies the little island, daintily in the sun, glittering with rain jewels. The house is clumsily on the tide, a fresh fleet of canoes comes in beside us puffing and snorting the steam launch belonging to the sugar company arriving for the stores.

The gorgeously-sulned singers are squatting on the ship with baskets of coral and painted shells, and before them, and a small boy, crowned with a wreath and wearing a sulu of vermillion and yellow, is offering me a length of tappa, probably his own handwork.

There is no hurry, no one rushes down for the no one apparently wants anybody or anything. It is always afternoon in Ovalau, and everyone is perfectly content with things as they are. The houses of the island are tucked away in the cliff face, look peaceful and there are only the wrecked remains of the old government House to remind the passer-by that great things do blow, and occasionally disturb the lotus-eaters.

We go on shore, and meet nobody except a planter carrying the police magistrate's baby. He is the baby's nurse, and looks as if he might possibly be a meal of him. In the picturesque hotel we see a lady in a long chair, asleep, and saunter out again, find the buggy waiting at the end of the wharf. I asked to hold the ponies while the others look after baggage, a wholly unnecessary request, for the ponies have been lotus-eating, too, and could not run away even if they saw a motor-car.

A Pretty Game.

The great chief who came with us from Suva, in his fine broadcloth and tall hat in a canoe, came naked warriors.

Down below me swings a huge barge full of canoes and plaited baskets of peachy little mangoes. A stern sit a dozen or so slender, large-eyed maidens of pale golden color, who play peek-a-boo with me. The manner of it: They call out to me "Marama," and I look down, whereon they, with one accord, plunge headlong into the green sea, gurgling with laughter. They climb up the swinging rudder and call again as they wring out their long locks over the side. The moment I look they are in again calling "Marama," and as they bob up and down on the waves like sea mermaids. It is a pretty game, and I kiss my hand to them, as the planter returns with his wife, and we out on the road to the plantation.

The Journey's End.

It is a wonderful road cut in the snowy coral, the rainbow sea on one side and the swiftly-bleached scrub on the other. A path, wave-drenched and lit by vivid green, full of strange exotic growths.

Ovalau rises clothed to her summits in a mass of palm-crested, mango-crowned, and girded about with oleanders and almandams faintly musk, great clumps of frangipani fringing the coco-palms and bread-fruit, the enormous flowering chestnut called "eery," the flamboyant casts down on us her perfumed tassels of scarlet silk, the tatter-leaved bananas sing in the wind, the paw-paw holds out its delicious yellow fruit, and the exquisite garlands of climbing fern, the kalo, hang over us as we go.

There is no wild life, no bird call in all the greenness, nothing but the sob of the reef, and the whisper of the reeds, and the faint tinkling of innumerable tiny waterfalls.

By the time we reach the plantation civilization is far away and inexpressibly remote; the moon rises, we sit out on the veranda alone with the nerve-musical lament of surf and wind, and the whisper of reeds. It is like discovering Paradise with the Tree still on the bough—and life without sin, war or age, eternally before us.

## A NOVELTY IN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING.

Notwithstanding the many uses to which electricity has been put in late years, many people will be surprised to learn that there is actually in operation in Budapest, a lively town of some 700,000 inhabitants, a telephone newspaper. The copy is spoken into a microphone in the editor's office, and each subscriber has an instrument in his house.

"One of the most praiseworthy features of the telephone newspaper" is its extraordinary cheapness. The subscriber pays but 2 cents a day for its many advantages, and there are no fees for having a receiver brought to a house. No one need continue subscribing to a speaking newspaper for longer than four months, for these favorable terms each station is provided with receiving appliance, having two ear tubes, so that people can listen at the same time. The apparatus may be fixed wherever the subscriber pleases—at a table, sofa, at a writing desk, or in a special room.

"At present the telephone newspaper is confined to Budapest, but for some time past preparations have been going on for extending it to the whole country. The manager of a great French daily paper intends to introduce the inventions into Paris, having been struck by its possibilities when the apparatus was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. In Vienna the introduction of this unique invention will soon be effected, all the plans being in readiness."—[Pearson's.]

"No, indeed," said the crafty passenger agent to the bride and groom. "Our company does not prohibit smoking on the platforms, and, besides, I would call your attention to the fact that we have more and longer trains than any other railway in the world."—[American.]

## THE NEW AND HOW CAPTAIN ENCOURAGE

By a Special

"I see that the candidates for practice today," said Dan Lawrence the third battery Academy baseball team, freshman class has a wonder will be the regular twirler for like to see him out today."

"So would I," said Dan, cadets who were standing next to his companion: "We have our trick today. All of them the freshman pitcher that about all spring. When the of fun, and to think that we know about it! It will be the history of the school!"

All of the candidates were cadets, accompanied by a tall, walking up to Capt. Jack Jenkins, the freshman pitcher. Jack and the freshman shot took him over to Harry Bow Jenkins, the freshman pitcher. He wants to warm up, so let Jenkins, who proved to be started in to show what he that field did a pitcher have surprising that a cadet based finished pitcher, and when tried his arm enough, Harry said: "He's got more curves put together! I tell you, keep your eye on him!"

When the cadets saw the the box for Jack Millar's side, the ribs and laughingly whistled to hit his curves all over see Mr. Freshman want to go. He pitched only nine balls three batters striking out. at the pitcher and each other and said, "He'll do; he's got ever seen! You can see the across the plate before you to the strike-out record, and to believe that the new pitcher of praise showered upon him. ever, they made four hits, the control of the ball.

"What do you think of you was asked of Jack Millar. He acts and looks like a coached properly, he may develop with a knowing smile.

At the end of the inning, Jack aside and said: "Don't get hit your curves last inning; the best of players. Pitch, you'll be all right, and if you will make a better show. The pitcher promised to obey passed the two cadets who them a wink. "Don't give them they will mob me if you do!"

Not a hit was made in the while in the sixth inning the pitched balls.

In the seventh inning the run with three on the bases, there was considerable cheering and scoffed at him, and the "We have a pitcher now that Howe and give us the State championship!"

The eight and ninth innings of runs for the side opposing when they went to the gymnasium in the center of the crowd of the first one dressed, so step two friends, who slapped him on the back, and said: "You did the trick to perfection! It's time for me to take learn the joke!" and with a gone.

About eight o'clock Jack Millar, breathless from a run across matter, Jack?" they innocently cited!

"Where's Jenkins?" he asked he has gone, for he has mysteriously boys are anxious to see him to pitching, and—

He paused when he saw the on the bed and start to roar. "What are you laughing about? see any joke! Where is Jenkins?"

The jokers sat up and cried: student; he's one of the young National League team! It's a you! Ha! ha!" and they fell laugh.

"Pitcher for the Chicago team?" asked Jack. "Why I want to pitch! He must have enjoyed the next day a letter came to him read it to the boys, one pro writer. It read:

"Capt. Jack Millar: It was a st. Much obliged for your val should you or any of your team kindly call on me at the ball p



## THE NEW PITCHER. AND HOW CAPTAIN JACK GAVE HIM ENCOURAGEMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

"I see that the candidates for the baseball nine report for practice today," said Harry Bowen, the catcher, to Dan Lawrence the third baseman, of the Marion Military Academy baseball team. "I understand that the freshman class has a wonderful pitcher that all predict will be the regular twirler for our nine this season. I'd like to see him out today."

"So would I," said Dan, as he strolled away. Two cadets who were standing near by, grinned, and one said to his companion: "We have a great chance to play our trick today. All of these fellows are waiting to see the freshman pitcher that we have been telling them about all spring. When the joke ends we will have lots of fun, and to think that we are the only ones that know about it! It will be the best ever known in the history of the school!"

All of the candidates were on the field when the two cadets, accompanied by a tall, slender youth, came out. Walking up to Capt. Jack Millar, they said: "This is Jenkins, the freshman pitcher, of whom you have heard." Jack and the freshman shook hands, and the former took him over to Harry Bowen, saying: "Harry, this is Jenkins, the freshman pitcher that you wanted to see. He wants to warm up, so let him pitch a few to you."

Jenkins, who proved to be a left-handed pitcher, started in to show what he could do. Never before on that field did a pitcher have so many curves. It was surprising that a cadet baseball player could be such a finished pitcher, and when he announced that he had tried his arm enough, Harry rushed over to Jack and said: "He's got more curves than all the other pitchers put together! I tell you, he is certainly a wonder. Keep your eye on him!"

When the cadets saw the freshman candidate go in the box for Jack Millar's side, they nudged each other in the ribs and laughingly whispered: "Wait until they start to hit his curves all over the field, then you will see Mr. Freshman want to quit!"

He pitched only nine balls the first inning, the first three batters striking out. They looked at their bats, at the pitcher and each other in a bewildered manner, and said, "He'll do; he's got the most puzzling curves ever seen! You can see the seam on the ball, yet it is across the plate before you know it!"

The second inning resulted in three more being added to the strike-out record, and the various players began to believe that the new pitcher deserved all the words of praise showered upon him. In the third inning, however, they made four hits, the freshman seeming to lose control of the ball.

"What do you think of your freshman pitcher now?" was asked of Jack Millar.

"He acts and looks like a real pitcher, and, if he is coached properly, he may develop into a star!" was his reply with a knowing smile.

At the end of the inning, Jack called the new pitcher aside and said: "Don't get discouraged because they hit your curves last inning; that is liable to happen to the best of players. Pitch your swiftest curves and you'll be all right, and if you watch the bases closer you will make a better showing."

The pitcher promised to obey instructions, but when he passed the two cadets who came with him, he gave them a wink. "Don't give the joke away too soon, for they will mob me if you do!" was his remark in passing.

Not a hit was made in the fourth and fifth innings, while in the sixth inning the side was retired on three pitched balls.

In the seventh inning the new pitcher made a home run with three on the bases after two were out, and there was considerable cheering from all the cadets who had scoffed at him, and the universal verdict was: "We have a pitcher now that will win the game from Howe and give us the State Military School baseball championship!"

The eighth and ninth innings were also unproductive of runs for the side opposing Jack Millar's nine, and when they went to the gymnasium, the new pitcher was in the center of the crowd of cheering cadets. He was the first one dressed, so stepped outside and met his two friends, who slapped him on the shoulder and said: "You did the trick to perfection!" He laughed and replied, "It's time for me to take my departure before they learn the joke!" and with a final handshake, he was gone.

About eight o'clock Jack Millar rushed into their room, breathless from a run across the campus. "What's the matter, Jack?" they innocently inquired. "You look excited!"

"Where's Jenkins?" he asked. "Nobody knows where he has gone, for he has mysteriously disappeared! The boys are anxious to see him to congratulate him on his pitching, and—"

He paused when he saw the two cadets fall backward on the bed and start to roar at the top of their voices. "What are you laughing about?" he demanded. "I don't see any joke! Where is Jenkins?"

The jokers sat up and cried: "He's gone! He's not a student; he's one of the young pitchers of the Chicago National League team! It's a good joke he played on you! Ha! ha!" and they fell back again to enjoy their laugh.

"Pitcher for the Chicago National League baseball team!" asked Jack. "Why I was trying to tell him how to pitch! He must have enjoyed the joke!"

The next day a letter came to Jack Millar, and when he read it to the boys, one proposed three cheers for the writer. It read:

"Capt. Jack Millar: It was a good joke and I enjoyed it. Much obliged for your valuable advice on pitching. Should you or any of your team ever come to Chicago, kindly call on me at the ball park. JENKINS."

## MARVELS OF THE OCEAN.

### A MONOLITH MORE THAN FIVE THOUSAND FEET IN HEIGHT.

[Pearson's Weekly:] Much of the finest scenery on the face of the globe is to be found under the sea.

Take, for instance, the remarkable monolith, more than five thousand feet in height, recently discovered by the Andreas in mid-ocean, some 500 miles off the coast of Chili. The base of this stupendous under-sea needle is barely eighty yards in circumference; yet it rears itself, solitary and alone, to the height of nearly a mile, its culminating point, a flat, circular surface no bigger than a cartwheel, reaching to within less than a hundred fathoms of the surface.

No such natural phenomenon, on any such stupendous scale, could possibly stand alone on dry land freed from its supporting and protecting envelope of perfectly still water. But, even supposing, for the sake of argument, that it were possible to lift it bodily from the depths of the ocean, and set it up gingerly in the middle of Hyde Park, storm, heat, and frost would cause it to crumble to pieces, in geological speaking, "no time at all." Something of a similar kind we have, it is true, in the far-famed "Steeple Rock" of the "Garden of the Gods" in America, but this is barely as many hundred feet high as the other is thousands.

Men speak admiringly of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, carved thousands of feet deep within the earth's crust by the ceaseless fretting of the tortured stream during countless ages.

And with reason! Nothing like it exists elsewhere on any of the land masses of our planet; nor was it supposed until comparatively recently that its terrific precipices, its towering crags, or its profound abysses, could, by any possibility, have their counterpart anywhere in the uncharted bed of the ocean.

Then, one day, a government surveying vessel engaged in making soundings off the coast of Japan, stumbled across an apparently fathomless submarine abyss. More than 18,000 feet of line were run off the reel without finding the bottom, and the captain, baffled and beaten, had to put back to Yokohama for additional tackle.

Subsequent investigations showed that the discovery was even more remarkable than had been at first thought. The ocean-filled gorge, or cañon, proved to extend from opposite Tokio to almost within hailing distance of Cape Lopatka, or, roughly, 1000 miles; and its average depth, reckoning as from the immediately adjoining ocean floor to westward, was found to be slightly over 15,000 feet.

Into this tremendous trench, the famous Colorado Cañon, which is some 200 miles long, with an average depth of about 3000 feet, could, of course, be packed many times over. Moreover, it was noted as a remarkable fact, that whereas, for many miles at a stretch, both the walls inclosing the Grand Cañon are more or less sloping in character, the western side of the Pacific gorge, at all events, drops almost perpendicularly from the sea floor upholding the Kurile Islands. It is as though these isolated land masses had been thrown up at some remote epoch by amphibious Titans working from the eastward, the thousand-mile-long ditch representing, of course, the area of excavation.

Curiously enough, similar abnormal "depths" in the bed of the sea, but of a circular character, are not infrequently found closely adjacent to correspondingly abnormal elevations. A typical instance is afforded by the Tokelau group of islands, from the northwestern extremity of which one might almost step into a crater-like pit, measuring in depth between four and five thousand fathoms, and having an area almost exactly equal to the islands in question.

Multiply by millions of billions a child's sand hole dug on Margate beach, and the sand heaps excavated therefrom, and you have Tokelau and the Tokelau depression. Imagine, if you can, a man standing in the middle of the latter, with the Pacific drained of its waters; he would find himself in a pit, the almost perpendicular walls of which would be over three miles high, reckoning from the floor of the ocean; while above him would tower the Tokelau archipelago—now transformed from islands into mountains—to an additional height of more than two miles. From lip to lip the crater would measure 200 miles across.

Nearly 180,000,000 have been spent in the attempt to cut a fifty-mile-long ditch through the Isthmus of Panama. The Congo River, working beneath the surface of the Atlantic, has dug out for itself from the bed of the ocean a ditch which is considerably more than 100 miles in length, by, in parts, between five and six thousand feet deep.

It is doubtful if the labor of the whole of the present population of the world, continued throughout a generation under the most favorable conditions, and, of course, on dry land, would suffice to execute so stupendous a work. Yet the Congo, curiously enough, makes little practical use of the cañon it has created; for investigations, carried out by Commander Purvey-Cust in 1893, show that it is occupied, not by the fresh water brought down by the river, but by the ocean salt water.

Above the latter the yellow, pea-soupy Congo flood creeps out to the open sea as upon an inclined aqueous viaduct, with decreasing velocity, and increasing depth; so that, assuming, for the sake of argument, a sheet of glass could be substituted for the roof of the stagnant super-incumbent sea water, and the latter then drawn off, a man standing on the floor of the crevasse would view the river crawling sluggishly along a mile above his head.

One of the most strikingly picturesque bits of submarine scenery lies in comparatively close proximity to our own shores. For a distance of about 230 miles to the westward of Ireland the ocean bed slopes so gradually that the average increase in the depth of the water is only about six feet per mile; but in the next few miles it drops suddenly, in a series of tremendous steps or terraces, more than 9000 feet to the great level, sub-aqueous plain which forms the true floor of the Atlantic, and which stretches with scarcely a single break for 1200 miles to the banks of Newfoundland.

"It would be difficult," remarks Hamer Smith, "to

conceive of anything more stupendously grand than this series of terrace steps, extending for hundreds of miles north and south, each step measuring in vertical height from 800 to 1200 feet, and in breadth varying between four miles and a few hundred yards.

Elsewhere, mountains, that, if uncovered, would vie in height and majesty with Everest or Aconcagua, but whose summits now show above the surface of the sea, rise upward from enormous depths. Such are Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic, which rears itself on a comparatively small base to a height of more than 26,000 feet above the true level of the adjacent ocean bed; as well as Christmas Island in the Pacific; Tenerife; St. Helena, and many other similar solitary islands of lesser note.

The uncovered projecting tops of these are, of course, visible to mortal eyes, and by studying their contours and general appearance some idea can be formed of the massiveness and magnificence of the portions which are submerged. But, on the other hand, there are many other submarine peaks of equal or even greater height, which, because they rise from depths even more profound, do not show at all above the surface.

Many of these latter duplicate almost exactly some of the land mountains with whose appearance we are all of us more or less familiar. The Matterhorn, for instance, has its counterpart in a volcanic mass which rises sheer out of the bed of the ocean to the northward of Hawaii, and the culminating point of which is barely 500 feet below the level of the sea; while the twin brother of Chimborazo stands submerged, a solitary and unseen giant, within the icy depths of the South Atlantic, not very far from Kerguelen Land.

## MAN'S SPEECH TO ANIMALS.

### ORIGIN AND MEANING OF SOME WORDS USED EXCLUSIVELY TO DOGS, HORSES, ETC.

[New York Tribune:] It is a curious fact that in every language there are certain words that are used only to animals. More than this, special words are often appropriated to particular species. E. A. Matthews, who contributes an article on the subject to Popular Science News, notes that the dog is almost the only animal for which we have no special call or word of command—perhaps because of his almost inhuman intelligence. Some of the words that we use to animals, Mr. Matthews tells us, are the names by which our ancestors called the animals themselves. Some are Sanscrit, or early Indian words; some are Greek, some Latin, some Teutonic, some old English words, long since obsolete. Max Müller, in "Chips From a German Workshop," says: "The commands we give to the horse, and our call to the cow are the same used by the prehistoric men of our race. In all probability, the Arab calls to his camel in the same words now as in the days of Abraham and Noah. In talking to the horse, we find the word 'ho,' or 'whoo,' used alike all over the world. It is supposed to be the interjection 'oh' of the Greeks and Latins, a simple call to attract attention, another form of which was the Sanscrit 'yu,' meaning to hold back. 'Ho' is old English for 'hold,' and is still used in that sense in many countries, and is considered to be also the Aryan word 'stop.' The words that guide the reins are different in many languages, because the teamsters do not always guide alike. The Englishman and American say 'gee' and 'haw,' but as in Great Britain the horse must keep to the left, their meanings are reversed. The German says 'hott' and 'hist,' the Frenchman 'hue' and 'dis,' the Spaniard 'cho' and 'ven aca,' the Italian 'gio' and 'veney,' all meaning about the same, but of different origin. But when the farmer's boy says 'cope,' he uses an old Sanscrit word which means 'come.' The whistle to the horse is the same in every race, and also calls the cows. The child who pets her calf and calls it 'bos,' or 'bossy,' uses the Latin name of its race, almost the same in Greek, but when she says 'co-bos' she uses the Sanscrit verb 'gu,' meaning to low as a cow. The milker says 'sob' to the cow, which comes from the Sanscrit 'sagh,' or 'sah,' meaning to remain, or keep still. The fowl call, 'chick! chick!' is as old as the chicken itself, being the Sanscrit 'kuk,' the name of the domestic fowl, clearly limited from the older verb 'kak,' to crow, or cry, from whence the word 'cackle.' When the little country girl cries 'shoo' to scare away the chickens she uses the same word as did Penelope, that model of Greek housewives, and she inherited it from her Sanscrit forefathers."

## BAD SPELLING.

Only fifty-six out of 141 freshmen at the Northwestern University were able to pass an examination in spelling. They were tested with ordinary words; not with difficult and perplexing ones; and the test was too much for most of them. Probably similar examinations at almost any American university would show substantially the same results. Spelling is not an accomplishment in which college youth excel. Nor do the graduates of the common schools distinguish themselves in this useful but now somewhat superciliously regarded branch. The letters of the average public-school graduate or university graduate are likely to be prolific in bad spelling.

Prof. Clark of the Northwestern University says the trouble is with the so-called "scientific" method of teaching spelling. The public schools turn out graduates who have learned with great pains how not to spell. The undergraduates and graduates of the colleges probably spell a little or considerably worse than the public school children.

But the great thing is the method. Nothing can equal the pity which the enthusiasts of the new method bestow upon children who have learned to spell without reliance upon it. Spelling is nothing; method is everything. Let us remember that when we come across a fantastic or blundering speller. The worse he spells, the more superior is the method by which he came to that preeminence as a muddler and twister of orthography.—[New York Sun.]

"It's like pulling teeth to get a drink in this State, isn't it?" remarked the stranger in Maine. "Yes," replied the native, "and when ye get one and swallows it it's like having teeth pulled."—[Philadelphia Press.]



October 26, 1902.]

## THE THING SHE

THE ODD TALE OF A WOMAN

"RAN TO LAMP SHADE"

By a Special Contributor

If love did not laugh at locksmen, story would not have to be told. Laugh at locksmiths, also, prudence, it happened a few years ago to young people, well, even luxurious themselves within a week after their with hardly a dollar in hand. What though he acquitted himself manfully here. The pair were in New York to a rich woman whom it happened asking, not charity, but advice as best help in the battle for bread.

The rich woman thought a bit of it. "Can you do? Not singing, playing, that sort of thing—but something, you excel. Tell me that—and I can." The poor woman thought a minute. "I have any—runs to lamp shades," she said. "You shall make more," the rich woman said. "The first of them for me. Here, take materials—and let me see what you can do. If it is something individual, it is easy."

The completed shade, carried home, was not only individual but useful. The rich woman went into raptures over it. She ordered several more, paying for them in advance. By the time they were delivered, she had a dozen, secured for her party. To the protégé, along with the sound advice: "Never send out a shade of your best," she said. "And charge people who have money are only to be feared for anything really distinctive. Keep a few of the shop models. Trust your own sense, and your own sense of line with their set patterns for the market. Rather be out of the world than the originality, or else pay for it so modestly. Take a shop of your own, no matter how tiny—be polite, but never over-anxious, don't lower your price, and you will do well."

The little shop in a swell quarter. Very shortly there was a workwoman proprietor. And pretty soon the one companions, many or few according to the shop, too, was outgrown before a year. Next year one twice its size proved a steady custom. So other floors were other store fronts. As a result the shop spends three months of each year in colors, materials, heaven knows. One of the biggest of the little lamp-shade shops in the avenue region, is always on the lookout for artistic ability, and when she finds it, she works for her at rates that recall the need. She is on the point of settling business, albeit by selling at retail prices a comfortable sum. All which sense in the head that goes along with

## HALLOWEEN FASHIONABLE

IT IS QUITE CORRECT TO INVOKE NOWADAYS.

By a Special Contributor

All old things come into fashion again. Halloween now receives a sanction—not that sensible folk care, but a fine time on the last day of October. It is interesting to know that the ghostly more widespread this year than ever. Although often neglected in modern times, the essential part of the Halloween ritual, lighting of a bonfire in front of the house, such a practice is hardly possible in a village towns the vigil of Halloween. Halloween's day, is often kept by the light of a bonfire.

But, although ritually less correct, the most important celebrations are the Halloween games and, in various ways, from the fairies. For on Halloween, the fairies are all uncommon and propitious. Ghosts, too, abound in places on the last night of October. They are in their mildest moods.

The old-fashioned sheet and pillow-case form of Halloween entertainment. Each guest arrives at the house, trapped in a sheet and disguised by a head. Two holes leave room for the eyes, but he must neither laugh nor speak. The hostess, also garbed in sheet and bows low to each guest as he arrives. A sound, but points to the room he is to go.

All about the dimly-lighted rooms until everyone has arrived and the hostess follows her. She leads them through either up creaky stairs to an attic, where, in a morgue-like cave, awaits their arrival. Each one in turn is taken from the old woman and is asked to go down the stairs if they wish the secrets to be true.

Just before supper the ghosts are permitted to appear, reincarnated, in the person of the old apple-duking party is still

## CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times does not undertake to answer, either in this department or by mail, inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest, will receive attention in these columns. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication.]

## How to Drink Water.

**A**N EXCHANGE has the following, in regard to the desirability of taking a drink of water before eating:

"While the general opinion of those supposed to be authorities on this matter has been that the habit of drinking water at meals is a deleterious one, it is now stated, according to recent investigations, that a little water, if not too cold, is beneficial, as it assists in the digestion of food. A too copious supply of water dilutes the gastric juice and if too cold lowers the temperature of the stomach below normal, thus impairing digestion. If, however, water is taken in limited quantities, the peptones formed by the action of gastric juice on food will be washed aside, thereby facilitating absorption. By this means the undigested food is laid bare and is more susceptible to further action of the gastric juice. During the period of rest phlegm or mucus is deposited on the walls of the stomach. This phlegm, being very tenacious, prevents the free flow of gastric juice for some time, hence delays digestion. A drink of water before meals is recommended, because it loosens and washes away this deposit of mucus, thereby permitting the gastric juice to attack the food as it enters the stomach."

Another exchange, the New York Journal, contains the following on the same subject:

"A beginning of kidney trouble lies in the fact that people, especially women, do not drink enough water. A tumbler of water sipped in the morning immediately on rising, another at night, are recommended by physicians. Try to drink as little water as possible with meals, but take a glassful half an hour to an hour before eating. This rule persisted in day after day, month after month, the complexion will improve, and the general health likewise. Water drunk with meals should be sipped, as well as taken sparingly."

"Ice water ought never to be taken with one's meals, and as little as possible between meals. One never knows what is being taken into the stomach in water filled with chipped ice. It is safer to fill bottles with water and allow them to stand beside ice to chill until required."

"Tests have been made which show that one gill of ice water, which means an average tumblerful, poured hastily down the throat, reduces the temperature of the stomach from 100 to 70 deg., and it takes more than half an hour to recover the heat it has lost. Cold water, slowly sipped, will not be followed by such a result, cooling the system pleasantly in hot weather without chilling the glands of the stomach so that digestion cannot take place."

"There are certain tests of water which even the woman without the smallest knowledge of chemistry can make. She may pour a pint into a perfectly clean bottle, cork it securely and allow it to stand five or six hours. Instantly on withdrawing the cork smell the contents; if it has an unpleasant odor, no matter how faint, pour the water down the sink."

## Physicians and Consumption.

**T**HE following indictment of the medical fraternity is not from an outside source, but is from the columns of the Hospital, a publication of the regular school, and it is quoted in the columns of the Cincinnati Lancet Clinic, another regular allopathic publication:

"In view of the award to Dr. Arthur Latham of the first prize of \$500 for his essay in regard to the proposed King's Sanatorium for Tuberculosis, some interest attaches to an address delivered a few months ago before the Hunterian Society of St. George's Hospital, by the successful competitor, on the Modern Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption. In it Dr. Latham throws well-deserved scorn upon the treatment which has been so often meted out to unfortunate sufferers from this disease, a treatment, by-the-by, which can, even at the present day, be found in full swing in the out-patient departments of many a hospital, even of special consumption hospitals, where, if anywhere, one would expect to meet with better things. 'It is not an uncommon experience,' he says, 'to find some unfortunate workman, who lives continuously in a fetid atmosphere and eats an indifferent amount of coarse and unwholesome food, taking all of the following medicines during the twenty-four hours. A mixture of cod-liver oil with malt, to supply, so it is said, the place of the fast-ebbing vital oil; a mixture of gentian and sodium bicarbonate, to assist the faded appetite; an ether mixture to strengthen the action of the heart when the patient feels more than usually ill; some form of lozenge to allay the cough during the daytime, together with a new-fangled antiseptic as an inhalation; and some pernicious preparation of opium to bring sleep at night.'

"It is one of our amiable weaknesses to hold patent medicines in ridicule and contempt, but what could be more ridiculous, considering the teachings of the dead-house, than the current treatment of consumption so aptly described by Dr. Latham—a mere pouring in of drugs without any attempt to touch the root of the disease. Yet in the midst of all this drugging, going on far longer than we can remember, there have been men who saw the truth. So far back as 1840, George Bodington insisted on the importance of a generous diet and a constant supply of pure air, and propounded the terrible heresy that 'cold is never too intense for a consumptive patient.' In 1885 Dr. Henry MacCormac, the father of the late Sir William MacCormac, published a book on some-

what similar lines, and in 1861 read a paper before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, in which he advocated what are now established principles. Yet what was the treatment which these pioneers received at the hands of their professional colleagues? Bodington's book, says Latham, 'met with much bitter and fierce opposition, and eventually the disapproval of his methods became so universal that patients were driven from his sanatorium,' while 'the members of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society refused to pass the usual vote of thanks to Dr. MacCormac, because they thought that the paper was written by a monomaniac.'

"The position taken up by the medical profession in regard to the treatment of consumption has indeed been most deplorable, and has thrown into strong light the barbarism which hangs over the origin of medicine—a science, if it be a science, springing in the far past from mystery and witchcraft, tainted with the methods of the sorcerer, and even now dominated by that overmastering faith in drugs and nostrums which is the direct and disastrous heritage handed down to us by our immediate ancestors, the apothecaries. It has been an ignoble spectacle. No one taking a broad view. Each man limited by his education and trudging along in the rut of his old habits—physicians pouring in drugs, surgeons scraping out bits of diseased tissue, while even now, in the full light of bacteriological science, we find men attempting to cure consumption by soaking the patient's tissues with antiseptics; and all this in defiance of the teachings of pathology, which go to show how frequently the disease gets well if the patient's vitality, the vis medicatrix naturae, is but given a fair chance. Yet, how near we were to the truth if we would but have listened, if we would cut ourselves adrift from the prejudices ingrained in us by our education, and, in the words of one great man, have thrown 'physic to the dogs.'"

## Osteopathy.

**T**HE Journal of Osteopathy, which is published by the Original Osteopathic school, the American School of Osteopathy, at Kirksville, Mo., in a recent number contained an article of which the following is an extract:

"The osteopath does not use electricity, X-rays, or hydrotherapy, but relies on osteopathic measures in the treatment of disease."

"We have a friendly feeling for other non-drug, natural methods of healing, but we do not incorporate any other methods into our system. We are all opposed to drugs; in that respect, at least, all natural, unharmed methods occupy the same ground. The fundamental principles of osteopathy, however, are different from those of any other system and the cause of disease is considered from one standpoint, viz., disease is the result of anatomical abnormalities followed by physiological discord. To cure disease the abnormal parts must be adjusted to the normal, therefore other methods that are entirely different in principle have no place in the osteopathic system."

A local osteopathic physician writes to say that such a statement as this does not voice the sentiments of the better physicians of the school on this Coast. Such assertions, he says, tend to make the osteopath look ridiculous in the eyes of the scientific world.

Such a statement might be expected from a Christian Scientist, but is surprising as coming from this source.

## A Book on Hygiene.

**"THE New Method in Health Culture"** is the name of a hygienic work by Dr. W. E. Forest, now in its fifteenth edition. In his preface he makes the following sensible remarks:

"Do not suppose, however, that a disease of long standing can be cured in a few days by any method of treatment. One does not get wealth in a day or a week usually, but by continued work and the practice of self-denial. So the cure of a chronic disease will require patience, perseverance and a determination to succeed. There is no royal road back to health when once it is lost. It is easier to take a pill than to change the habit that has caused your infirmity, but the former only palliates the trouble and leaves the system weaker than before, the latter leads steadily, though slowly, back to health."

The book contains much good advice of a practical kind on hygienic subjects. It is published by the Health Culture Company, No. 481 Fifth avenue, New York, at the price of \$1.

## Cod Liver Oil.

**A** CORRESPONDENT writes: "Would cod liver oil be injurious to the stomach?" Large quantities would, undoubtedly, be harmful, but a tablespoonful daily should be digested by most people. However, The Times considers pure olive oil as preferable to animal oil of any kind. It should be taken freely with meals. Those who cannot readily use it may begin by using a few drops on their salad, and gradually increasing the quantity. Most people can use olive oil when taken with raw tomatoes.

## Enterprising Quacks.

**N**O BRANCH of the irregular medical profession exhibits more enterprise and ingenuity than those who appeal to the anxieties, fears and ignorance of young men—and for that matter of older men—in regard to irregularities of the sexual organs. The perseverance and ingenuity which they devote to securing victims should insure them a good income in any legitimate employment. For instance, a few days ago, the editor of this department received a circular letter, in imitation of typewriting, the address being printed in by a typewriter. It is dated from a town in Michigan. This is perhaps the first attempt to work the Philippine Islands as a source of marvelous and mysterious remedies. Hitherto, the center of the Dark Continent has been the favorite location for such fakes, and the agent, usually, a "retired missionary," who is actuated by feelings of deep benevolence toward his fellow-men, and consequently puts in his time, and spends thousands of dollars monthly, in paying for advertisements in which he offers to send free of cost a remedy to all who apply.

Following is the communication. Notice the amusing

way in which the writers deprecate the idea that they could possibly imagine the recipient of the letter in need of their services, also the funny closing paragraph, in which they thank the person addressed for the "courtesy of this interview."

"Dear Sir: We trust that you will pardon the liberty we take in thus addressing you and hope you will consider it an impertinence on our part. Nor do we intend, in any way, to imply that you are in need of the article that we seek to bring to your notice. This is simply one way that we take to advertise and the method we employ to bring to the notice of every man within reach of the mails the virtues of Dr. MacCormac [probably a corruption of Morgan.—Ed.] great discovery, —, the wonderful Philippine Restorative."

"The opening up of the hitherto unknown resources of the Philippine Islands by Uncle Sam, has revealed many surprising things. The most remarkable, and one that most profoundly affects the welfare of mankind, is the discovery of —, and its astonishing virtues. It is without doubt, the greatest addition to medical science that the century has ever known."

"— is a tonic of marvelous properties. It cures nervous debility, sexual weaknesses of all kinds, enriches and purifies the blood and gives you the strength and vigor of youth. It is infallible for the prompt and permanent cure of weakened sexual power, impotency, sterility, spermatorrhea, emissions, and all depraved conditions of the system."

"Send for our booklet. It will tell you all about the discovery and its marvelous virtues. Don't take a word for it. You may have a week's trial of — absolutely free. With your permission, we will be pleased to send you full particulars."

"Bear in mind, if you please, that this is no patent medicine or C.O.D. scheme. We have no free ones to offer you. We have only a good, honest and plain business proposition to make you. If you are willing in any way, we earnestly ask permission to send you our booklet and inform you of our honorable methods of doing business."

"Write. You will never regret it. Be sure and send for Dr. Na-Morg's book, telling of his wonderful discovery in the Philippine Islands."

"Thanking you for the courtesy of this interview and hoping to hear from you soon, we are,

"Yours respectfully,

The pamphlet inclosed is of the usual class of such publications, in which it is sought to arouse the vanity of men, and then to induce them to make a trial of the wonderful remedy. It is scarcely necessary to say to an intelligent person that all such propositions as these are absolutely and unequivocal frauds, and should be contemptuously ignored. Judging, however, from the immense amount of money which these people pay for advertising and literature, there must be a larger percentage of unintelligent people in this country than is sometimes supposed.

## The Cocktail Route.

**H**ERE is a warning for some of the "good fellows" who take their little drinks as a regular thing:

More interesting and remarkable, perhaps, than any other disclosures made by Dr. Dana are those relating to the capacity of men for drink and the duration of life among habitual inebriates. On the latter point, the conclusions reached are that in serious cases the duration of life is about fifteen years—the maximum being forty years. In general, it is said that hard drinking can rarely be carried on for more than twenty years, and it generally brings the victim to grief at about the age of forty. Referring to persons who drink most heavily and frequently, it is said that it takes ten or fifteen years to bring on dementia or insanity, during which time it may be estimated that each inebriate consumes about two thousand gallons of intoxicants. A man 25 years old confessed to Dr. Dana that he had been drunk twice a day for three years, making about two thousand intoxications; another man of 40 had been drunk every day for twenty years, and a third, aged 43, had been drunk a thousand times in fifteen years. Two thousand "drinks" is set down as the maximum limit of any ordinary inebriate experience. The favorite combination for inebriate drinkers was found to be beer and whisky, and alone came well up in the scale. Other beverages used by inebriates included cocoa wine, Jamaica ginger, and of soap, and a well-known proprietary "bitter." A remarkable absence of alcoholism was found in the drinkers.

## OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY.

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DRS. HAYDEN & HAYDEN, OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS.  
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**The W. W. Sweeney Co., Los Angeles, Cal.**  
Makers of Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Deformity Braces, Artificial Limbs, Circulars Free.



## THE THING SHE KNEW.

THE ODD TALE OF A WOMAN WHOSE TALENTS  
"RAN TO LAMPSHADES."

By a Special Contributor.

It love did not laugh at locksmiths this particular story would not have to be told. Because love does laugh at locksmiths, also, and parental reprobation, it happened a few years back that a pair of young people, well, even luxuriously reared, found themselves within a week after their runaway marriage, with hardly a dollar in hand. What the husband did, though he acquitted himself manfully, is out of place here. The pair were in New York City. The wife went to a rich woman whom it happened she knew slightly, asking, not charity, but advice as to how she might best help in the battle for bread.

The rich woman thought a bit then asked: "What can you do? Not singing, playing, painting china and that sort of thing—but something, anything—at which you excel. Tell me that—and I can really help you." The poor woman thought a minute: "My talent, if I have any—runs to lamp shades," she said. "I have made some gorgeous ones."

"You shall make more," the rich woman interrupted. "The first of them for me. Here, take this money—for materials—and let me see what you can do as quickly as possible. If it is something individual, the rest will be easy."

The completed shade, carried home the next day but one, was not only individual but strikingly beautiful. The rich woman went into raptures over it, and instantly ordered several more, paying for them generously, and in advance. By the time they were done, she had orders for half a dozen, secured for her protégé, among her friends. To the protégé, along with the orders she gave sound advice: "Never send out a shade that is less than your best," she said. "And charge for it accordingly. People who have money are only too glad to pay well for anything really distinctive. Keep away from the shops and the shop models. Trust your eye for color harmony, and your own sense of lines. It is the shops with their set patterns for the multitude that would rather be out of the world than the fashion, which stifle originality, or else pay for it so moderately it has never a bit chance. Take a shop of your own—in a good quarter no matter how tiny—be polite to purchasers, but never over-anxious, don't lower prices nor workmanship, and you will do well."

The little shop in a swell quarter was duly taken. Very shortly there was a workwoman in it to help the proprietor. And pretty soon the one workwoman had companions, many or few according to season. The shop, too, was outgrown before a year had passed. Next year one twice its size proved also much too small—not for Christmas rushes and such like times, but for steady custom. So other floors were added, and later other store fronts. As a result the proprietor now spends three months of each year abroad, studying colors, materials, heaven knows what. She owns one of the biggest and most artistic lamp-shade shops in the central Fifth-avenue region, is always on the lookout for women with artistic ability, and when she finds them, pays them to work for her at rates that recall her own time of need. She is on the point of setting up a wholesale business, albeit by selling at retail she has already laid in a comfortable sum. All which goes to show that there is money in artistic finger tips—if there be common sense in the head that goes along with them.

## HALLOWEEN FASHIONABLE AGAIN.

IT IS QUITE CORRECT TO INVOKE THE FAIRIES  
NOWADAYS.

By a Special Contributor.

All old things come into fashion again if you wait long enough. Halloween now receives fashionable sanction—not that sensible folk care, who have always had a fine time on the last day of October. But it is interesting to know that the ghostly celebrations will be more widespread this year than usual.

Although often neglected in modern practice, the most essential part of the Halloween ritual consists in the lighting of a bonfire in front of the house at nightfall. Such a practice is hardly possible in a city street, but in village towns the vigil of Hallowmas, the eve of All Saints' day, is often kept by the light of a blazing bonfire.

But, although ritually less correct, to young folks, the most important celebrations are the parties to play old-fashioned games and, in various ways, to learn their fate from the fairies. For on Halloween, as all the world knows, the fairies are all uncommonly good-tempered and propitious. Ghosts, too, abound in hitherto un haunted places on the last night of October, but even they are in their mildest moods.

The old-fashioned sheet and pillow-case party is a favorite form of Halloween entertainment among the young folks. Each guest arrives at the home of the hostess wrapped in a sheet and disguised by a pillow case on his head. Two holes leave room for the mock ghost to see, but he must neither laugh nor speak.

The hostess, also garbed in sheet and pillow case, stands in the hall dimly lighted with Jack o' Lanterns and bows low to each guest as he arrives. She does not make a sound, but points to the room in which they are to go.

All about the dimly-lighted rooms the specters stand until everyone has arrived and the hostess motions them to follow her. She leads them through dark passages and either up creaky stairs to an attic or down into the cellar, where, in a morgue-like cave, a fortune teller awaits their arrival. Each one in turn learns his or her fate from the old woman and is asked to back down or up the stairs if they wish the secrets just told them to come true.

Just before supper the ghosts are permitted to depart and appear, reincarnated, in the persons of up-to-date young folks.

The old apple-ducking party is still in vogue, but not

so much so as it was in the days of our grandmothers. It is considered, among effete moderns, too strenuous a form of amusement to rescue floating apples from a tub by the aid of the teeth only. It is more popular to lean over the back of a chair with a fork in the mouth and, while the apples float about in the water, to try to spear one.

The old fashion of naming the apples and counting the seeds first came into common practice at Halloween parties. The guests name each other's apples with the name of a person of the opposite sex and, when the seeds are taken out, the owner of the apple counts them with the old rhyme: "One, I love; two, I love; three, love, they say; four, I love with all my heart; five, is cast away; six, he loves; seven, she loves; eight, both love; nine, he comes; ten, he tarries; eleven, he courts; twelve, he marries. To make this come true the seeds must be eaten, regardless of appendicitis.

An old game something like beanbags is played on Halloween by placing three hollowed pumpkins in a row at one end of a room and throwing walnuts into them. Each player is given a walnut to throw into one of the pumpkins, which contain dirty water, clean water and no water at all. The players do not know which is which, but if he or she throws into the dirty water pumpkin their life partner will be poor; if the nut falls into the one with clean water, a rich mate awaits the player; and if it falls into the pumpkin with no water at all the person who threw it is doomed to a life of single blessedness. In the event that none of the pumpkins is hit, second and third trials are given. Failing to hit a pumpkin in three trials a player is bound to have a mysterious and very eventful life.

A strong imagination is necessary for the girl who attempts, by a Halloween method, to see the face of her future husband. Our grandmothers used to say that if they went into a dark room on Halloween and, letting fall their hair about their shoulders, brushed it while standing before a mirror repeating the Lord's prayer backward, they would see their future husband's face. The up-to-date girl wants some more substantial evidence. For those who scorn the mirror there is another choice. A four-leaved clover pinned on the door on Halloween is sure to make the first man who enters by that door the following day the husband of the girl who pinned it there.

The small boy's idea that he must break things which do not belong to him, knock down fences, run away with loose wagons and upset the neighbor's flowerpots as well as to throw corn and other missiles at people's windows originated with a fairy story. In olden days in Scotland the fairies were supposed to have done all these things, so today Young America takes it upon himself to keep the custom in vogue and turn fairy. Heartless policemen never seem to appreciate the fact that fairies are non-arrestable.

## LITTLE GIRL A HEROINE.

SHE NURSED HER LITTLE BROTHER AT HOS-  
PITAL THROUGH CASE OF SMALLPOX.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Cleveland has a heroine in the person of a simple little maid of 14 years, who is worthy to be sung in the verse of the most accomplished bards. Her name is Lena Bendig and she lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Bendig, at No. 81 East Clark avenue.

The little girl's brother, George, aged 7, was taken sick with smallpox about two weeks ago. The health authorities learned of the matter and called at the house with an ambulance. When they rapped at the door they were admitted by the child. The physicians told her that they had come for her brother.

"Where are you going to take him?" she asked. "We will have to place him in the detention hospital," they told her.

"You can't take him away," declared the little girl stoutly. "No one can nurse Georgie but me. He wants me with him."

The hospital authorities insisted, however, and then the child asked that she be taken to the hospital with her brother, but neither would the physicians permit this. They entered the house and carried the boy away. The child cried for his sister and the little girl was completely broken up. After her brother had gone she thought that she must go to the hospital, in spite of the disapproval of the physicians. So the child got upon the street-car with the determination that she would not be kept out.

The girl rapped at the door of the hospital and told her mission. At first the nurses objected, but finally finding that the child would not leave the door they let her in. For eleven days she stood at the bedside of her brother, who had been stricken with one of the very worst cases of the disease. The nurses had but little hope that he could recover.

So carefully was he nursed by his sister, however, to whom he owes his life, the nurses say, that the boy began to recover in a few days.

As the boy got better and required less attention the little girl gave part of her time to the other children who were in the ward. Then she herself became feverish and it was supposed that she had the smallpox. As soon as the child found it out she telephoned to her mother, saying: "Mamma, I have got the smallpox. I am afraid, but it doesn't make any difference. George is better." It proved, however, that the fever was only the result of overexertion on the part of the little miss, and she was better after a couple of days' rest.

On Saturday both children were excused from the hospital and returned to their home. Rev. A. G. Lothman, pastor of the Sixth Reform Church, to which the two children belong, learned of the case and at once presented it to the teachers of the Sunday-school. They unanimously decided that such heroism should be rewarded. On next Sunday the child will be presented with a medal for her noble deed.

The King's coachman never knows where he is to drive until His Majesty is actually seated in the carriage. This is a continuance of the rule which came into force when Queen Victoria ascended the throne.—[Tit-Bits.]

TOOTH  
TALK

No. 25.

## Tooth Decay.

The relation of the teeth to the general healthfulness of the body is more real than apparent. One or two unsound teeth quickly open the way for the ravages of decay—the interstices between the teeth fill with fine particles of food and ferment, causing an increased amount of acid in the mouth, which softens the enamel and hastens decay all along the line, greatly decreasing the flow of saliva which alters the digestion and an impairment of stomach functions immediately follows.

## Saving Teeth.

Prophylactic dentistry—the system I have evolved by years of study and practice—enables me to save and restore all teeth that are placed in my care before disease and decay have gone too far, thus often preventing serious complications in either the stomach or digestive organs or both. I have made several discoveries which afford the special knowledge required in particular cases where the average dentist would not know what to do. By studying individual peculiarities—condition of the enamel, character of the secretions of the mouth, etc.—I learn the conditions which must be met, and modify the treatment accordingly.

## Personal Talks.

Although I am very busy, I want my readers to feel free to come to my office and talk with me about dentistry at any time. If your teeth need attention, I will gladly make a thorough examination and tell you exactly what is required, and what my charges will be if you desire to have me do the work. Such consultation and examination is always free, and places you under no obligation whatever.

Walter T. Covington, D. D. S.

9 1/2 S. Spring St. Tel. Brown 1935.

First Entrance North of Christopher's. Open Sundays from 10 to 12.

## IT IS NOT GUESSWORK.

The science of optics and refraction has developed and proven it a fact that a perfect eye never fails distant vision. When they fail for distant work it is because of a loss of the power through which it originally overcame a defect. Such eyes can only be made perfect through glasses, and if once made perfect will then, like the perfect eye never change, and the glasses that make them so will never need changing. This proves that if your distance glasses need changing they were not originally a perfect correction.

The fitting of glasses is purely a mechanical science, requiring a thorough knowledge of the eye and the refraction of light as applied to the eye, the aim being to correct deformities of the eye, the real science lying in the scientist's ability to measure to an exact nicety the errors of refraction existing because of these deformities. To make these corrections, we use, commonly, three kinds of lenses, viz., spheres, cylinders and prisms. Using these lenses separately and in combination with each other, there can be made more combinations—all of which are absolutely necessary—than there are words in the English language. This shows that guesswork in optics is very uncertain. When your oculist or optician tells you, "If these glasses don't fit we will change them," you at least have cause to lose confidence in his ability as a refractometer. He proves at once he is guessing at it, and the science of refraction, being far from guesswork, you then have cause to believe he can never fit you.

Dr. A. T. Roberts, 380 1/2 South Broadway, agrees to "change," free of charge, any of his distance glasses that can be improved, either by himself or any other refractometer at any time in the future.

Examination free.

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## Body

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Los Angeles, Cal.



## THE RACE THAT BOBBY LOST.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE first place, Bobby was not a boy. Her name was Bertha, but ever since her stout little legs had been able to carry her, she had taken so much enjoyment in playing as boys play, that her father had called her Bobby—and of course everyone else did likewise.

Now, if there was one thing that Bobby liked to do more than another it was to run. She had learned to hold her arms close to her sides, her head up, her chin out and to breathe through her nose; and after you have learned these things, practice makes the rest. But the race that Bobby lost—well, here are the facts; you can see for yourself what I was about to say.

Every summer Bobby's father, Mr. Ward, sent Bobby and her mother away for a month or more to a lovely old summer resort up in the mountains. The big lawn was a delightful place to play all sorts of games in, for it had many trees to hide behind when very bloodthirsty Indians attacked you—of course, they were really and truly only your boy friends dressed up—as well as a little creek that flowed through the grounds which was used for a great river on which you could take long trips, or as the ocean over which you sailed your Viking ship.

Bobby liked this place almost as well as she did her home, especially the running track. This was not really a track; it was, indeed, only two long, smoothly-graveled paths, running side by side to the end of the lawn, where they joined with a wide curve. But as soon as the children saw it, they knew at once it must have been intended for a race track. This year—the year that Bobby was eight—they had organized a regular racing club before Bobby and her mother got there. And that day, after Bobby had had dinner and visited all her favorite nooks and corners and trees, the children told her about it.

"Tommy Gordon is champion," said Neil White, "for he's won all the races this week, and Mr. Barry is going to give him a lovely little collie dog if he wins them all next week."

"Oh!" said Bobby. It was all she could say, for the mention of that prize took her breath away. She loved collie dogs!

"Yes," continued Bess, as they walked up the long hill to the cottage across the lawn. "Tommy has raced once a day ever since he came and all the boys say he can't be beaten. He's getting awfully stuck up about it. He's going to race that new Tompkins boy today, after the mail comes in. You must come down and see it."

Bobby said she would, and after the mail came and was read the people gathered under the big tree which served as the starting post, ready to cheer the victor and console with the loser. Mr. Barry acted as master of ceremonies and kept the people laughing. Mr. Barry was such a jolly man—and the Barry baby; well, the Barry baby, in Bobby's estimation, was the dearest, sweetest, cutest, most lovable little thing in the world!

When Mr. Barry shouted "Go!" the new boy and Tommy sprang down the upper path like race horses. The people cheered them on and the cheers were redoubled when the new boy turned the curve far down the lawn a little ahead of Tommy. On the homestretch, as Mr. Barry called it, Tommy lost his footing for a moment, and his friends were silent with fear that he would not regain it. But before half of the course home had been covered the new boy began to tire and Tommy bounded ahead of him.

As the line was crossed Tommy was three feet ahead, and there was a great deal of shouting by his friends. It was evident that Tommy was the favorite, yet somehow Bobby felt sorry for the new boy, and as she passed him she said, "I am so sorry you lost; I think you run splendidly."

The new boy reddened with pleasure, but all he could say was "Thank you. He is a better runner than I am." Yet he told his mother that evening as he was dressing that he thought Bobby was the nicest girl there. Bobby's father used to call her tactful, whatever that may mean; and perhaps she was.

"Well, Bobby," said Mr. Barry, as he caught up with her on the way to the cottage, "what do you think of our new amusement?"

"I like it," said Bobby. "Tommy runs well, but I believe the new boy could beat him, if he tried several more times."

"He might," said Mr. Barry, patting her on the head. "He gave Tom the hardest race of the week. He might win the dog, after all, mightn't he?"

"Yes," said Bobby thoughtfully. "Is it a pretty one?"

"The prettiest one I can get in the city. He will be here Tuesday. Coming to see the baby now?"

Bobby's face brightened at the mention of her pet. "As soon as I take mama her work," she answered. Then she asked suddenly:

"Mr. Barry, how long did it take Tommy to go around the track today?"

"Just two minutes and eighteen seconds," answered Mr. Barry. "I am keeping the time of all his races so he can have a record to show when he goes home."

"I guess he will have the dog to show, too," said Bobby, somewhat wistfully, and then she ran into the cottage.

The next morning a strange thing happened—strange for Bobby, that is to say, for she got up at 5 o'clock. She dressed herself quietly, and taking her mother's watch, slipped out of the cottage. She went to the starting point of the track and put her toe on the line. Then she looked at the watch and darted off down the track. The soft tread of her little feet astonished no one but a ground squirrel or two, for no one was stirring that early, except Bobby; and when she crossed the line again, she looked once more at the watch. Then she hurried back to the cottage, her cheeks flushed, and a smile on her lips.

The following Saturday afternoon a larger crowd than usual gathered at the tree. Mr. Barry had given out

word that he had a surprise for the race attendants, and that had caused much excited talk among the little folks and interest among the older ones. Presently he got on a chair, and held up his hand for silence.

"Gentlemen and la-d-i-e-s!" he said, like a man making a speech. "The final race of the Mountain Springs Championship Meet will be run this afternoon. I beg to announce that, up to the present, Thomas Gordon is the champion of the course. He has met and defeated all comers. If he wins this race today, he wins the prize—if he loses, it will go to the winner of the next two out of three. I beg to announce that the contestants for this race are Thomas Brighton Gordon, and—"

He paused for a moment amid breathless silence and then went on—

"Bobby Ward!"

Bobby did not hear the murmur of surprise that ran around the group of people as she stepped out and took her place; she was looking up the hill to where the Barry baby sat, cooing and gurgling to itself in its carriage. The nurse girl was sitting on a bench under the tree, rolling the carriage back and forth with a foot, while she read, and for a moment Bobby felt as if she would much rather be there than where she was. But only for a moment.

She straightened the bow in her hair, tied particularly tight to keep from getting into her eyes, settled her belt—she was wearing her shortest and lightest summer dress—made sure that her soft kid sandals were tightly strapped, and crouched down as Tommy was doing. She noted the little look of chagrin and superiority on Tommy's face—he did not relish racing with a girl, he had told Mr. Barry—but it did not worry her.

"Go!" cried Mr. Barry again, and the two children were off like a flash.

Side by side they ran, while the onlookers watched them with breathless interest indeed. Bobby was keeping up with the champion. A girl running as well as a boy! It was astonishing.

They turned the curve, side by side, and started back. Half the distance home had been covered again, and—could this be possible?—Bobby was actually gaining. A groan went up from Tommy's backers. Bobby's admirers laughed and cheered softly; they were afraid to do too much. On came the children, and then—something startling happened—Bobby stopped short!

She stopped with one foot still forward, looking up the hill, and involuntarily everyone except Tommy, who was still running, followed her glance. The baby carriage had gotten away from the nurse girl and was running down the hill, straight for the fishing rock, which stood five feet above the deepest hole in the creek!

The nurse was screaming and attempting to catch the carriage, but as it gained headway every moment Bobby knew she could never do it. For a moment Bobby's eyes turned to Tommy, who was nearing the goal, unmindful of the threatening tragedy, and then—she turned back.

The carriage had already reached the track between Bobby and the farther end, and was rushing as straight for the dangerous rock as if the Barry baby, laughing with joy at the ride, were directing its course. If it reached the rock and plunged over—

Bobby bent her head again and set her teeth. Fast as she had been running before, it seemed like walking to the way she went now! The little sandals seemed to be the fairy story of seven-league boots, and yet, to Bobby, it seemed as if she were barely crawling.

"I must reach it, I must!" she cried to herself, a sob rising in her throat as she strained every muscle to increase her speed. The carriage struck a small stone, swerved a trifle, hesitated and then rushed straight on again. Bobby was within ten feet of it—eight—six! The carriage's front wheels reached the top of the long smooth stone, and then—

Bobby stumbled and fell! A groan went up in earnest from those who were watching her heroic efforts, but she heard it not. One small hand clutched frantically at the rear wheel—clutched, caught it, held tightly, and the carriage stopped. Baby Barry breathed a sigh of joy, and leaning over the side of the carriage, called out cheerfully to her beloved friend:

"Goo-o! Bobby youv baby?"

But Bobby, lying white and still, with one hand still clutching the wheel, heard those words no more than she did the excited babel of tongues and the cheers, as the people, headed by Mr. Barry, hurried to where she lay.

Today, if you happen to see Bobby Ward, you will probably see also that she wears the dearest little watch imaginable. Inside the case, if she will show it to you, you may read this inscription: "To Bobby Ward from her life-long debtor, in memory of the race she lost. George M. Barry."

And though the collie dog does not belong to her I think you will find that he and Tommy spend about as much time at Bobby's home as they do at Tommy's, for they are the firmest of friends now.

EVERARD JACK APPLETON.

## A TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

"Judge, my lord," said the prisoner, "before I enter my plea I'd like to ask a few questions."

"You have the court's permission."

"If I go on trial, shall I have to sit here and listen while the lawyers ask hypothetical questions of the jurors?"

"Certainly."

"And then hear all the handwriting experts?"

"Of course."

"And follow the reasoning of the chemistry and insanity experts?"

"Very probably."

"Well, then, My Lord, I'm ready to enter my plea."

"What is it?"

"Guilty."—[Tid-Bits.

## SETTLED BY THE LAWYERS.

Jenks: Haven't you and that neighboring farmer settled your differences yet?

Farmer Akers: No, but our lawyers have settled.

Jenks: Settled? How?

Farmer Akers: On our farms.—[Catholic Standard and Times.

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October 26, 1902.]

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Editorial .....  
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Two American Girls. By  
In Ocean's Depths. By  
New Coast Lights. By  
Raffia Basket Making.  
The Desert Tramp. By  
Halloween. By Janet St.  
Quaint Old Coyotean. By  
Suspended Animation.  
Fortune Telling. By He  
Stories of the Firing Line  
Good Short Stories .....  
Siam's Royal Family. By

## THE "FLIMSY"

SYSTEM BY WHICH NEWS IS GREAT CITY

The Fourth Estate, 'a recent the Hammondsport, N. Y., Herald Charles Hemstreet, describing the of what is familiarly known as the York City. Mr. Hemstreet is the York Press Club and one of the ed City News Association. Following "Even to those intimately acqu and bustle of New York, the me news of the city is an absolute m few who realize the countless p news springs, or is likely to spring or night.

"It may come from anywhere miles of avenues and streets, from structures that shelter every form the world; it may come from the twenty-five stories above the stre people, or from the home in the dozen families live in a single room.

"It may come from Wall street, business reach out to the entire from the surface roads that spread over half a hundred miles of city at front with its ships and shipping sumptuous hotels—from countless n

"If it is bewildering to think when from, how much more so to consid ing it in its entirety. And yet the city—what was New York before t Greater New York, what is now t hatian and the Bronx—is covered b "The sixteen daily papers some y form a news-gathering bureau, the Association, which is now really t gathering business in New York, pro rata share of expenses.

"The bureau was established with Forty of these men gather the news, vided into seven districts, with a sible for that district alone. Beside there is a man in each court, in e are headquarters, police headquarters who looks after ship news, another morgue. Then there are five men to wait for the emergency calls—any

"These news-gatherers do not ta office of the bureau. They never w time for that. The moment they he they rush to the nearest telephone, formation is sent into the bureau o of office men write the stories ther printed in the papers.

"The office men write peculiarly, writer, writing on wax stencil. They must write without errors, for the rected. Once the story is written, an editor, who reads it to see that sent out. The editor passes the w who puts it into a motor-propelled impressions from it at the rate of 20 series of pneumatic tubes. As the leave the machine they are jabbed i less than a minute the page of cop paper office in the city.

"The terrific rapidity of the wor when it is explained that in case of of news, such as a great disaster, it for the reporter to get his facts, hav through the pneumatic tubes, set u office, printed and sold on the stre after the disaster has occurred.

"The systematic work of the bure done away with the staff of the sixteen as the news of New York is conce means of the bureau the newspaper the same written news, this is all ch various offices a number of 're-w written stories to give them ind the bureau man must of neces of a fine caliber, for in writing has sixteen papers to please, has to cater to, has every shade of

And this is done successfully in



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## THE "FLIMSY MILL"

SYSTEM BY WHICH NEWS IS GATHERED IN A GREAT CITY.

The Fourth Estate, in a recent issue, reproduces from the *Hammondsport, N. Y., Herald* an article written by Charles Hemstreet, describing the method of operation of what is familiarly known as the "flimsy mill" in New York City. Mr. Hemstreet is the librarian of the New York Press Club and one of the editors of the *New York City News Association*. Following is the article:

"To those intimately acquainted with the whirl and bustle of New York, the method of collecting the news of the city is an absolute mystery. There are very few who realize the countless points from which the news springs, or is likely to spring, any second of the day or night.

"It may come from anywhere along the miles upon miles of avenues and streets, from the boundless lines of structures that shelter every form of business known to the world; it may come from the sky-scraper towering twenty-five stories above the street, that shelters 1500 people, or from the home in the slums, where half a dozen families live in a single room.

"It may come from Wall street, where the tendrils of business reach out to the entire world; it may come from the surface roads that spread like a spider's web over half a hundred miles of city streets; from the water front with its ships and shipping; from banquets at sumptuous hotels—from countless sources.

"It is bewildering to think where the news may come from, how much more so to consider a plan for gathering it in its entirety. And yet the main portion of the city—what was New York before the consolidation into Greater New York, what is now the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx—is covered by a perfect system.

"The sixteen daily papers some years ago combined to form a news-gathering bureau, the *New York City News Association*, which is now really the trust of the news-gathering business in New York, each paper paying a pro rata share of expenses.

"The bureau was established with a force of sixty men. Forty of these men gather the news. First the city is divided into seven districts, with a man in each, responsible for that district alone. Besides these district men, there is a man in each court, in each large hospital, at headquarters, police headquarters, Wall street, a man who looks after ship news, another stationed at the morgue. Then there are five men who sit in the office to wait for the emergency calls—anything that may arise.

"These news-gatherers do not take the news to the office of the bureau. They never write it—there is no time for that. The moment they hear of a bit of news they rush to the nearest telephone, over which the information is sent into the bureau office. Another force of office men write the stories there as they are to be printed in the papers.

"The office men write peculiarly. They use a type-writer, writing on wax stencil. They must be expert men, must write without errors, for the wax cannot be corrected. Once the story is written, it is passed over to an editor, who reads it to see that it is suitable to be sent out. The editor passes the wax sheet on to a man who puts it into a motor-propelled machine that prints impressions from it at the rate of 200 a minute.

"Between the bureau office and the newspapers are a series of pneumatic tubes. As the impressions of copy leave the machine they are jabbed into the tubes and in less than a minute the page of copy is in every newspaper office in the city.

"The terrific rapidity of the work can be understood when it is explained that in case of an important piece of news, such as a great disaster, it is not extraordinary for the reporter to get his facts, have them written, sent through the pneumatic tubes, set up in the newspaper office, printed and sold on the street, within half an hour after the disaster has occurred.

"The systematic work of the bureau has to an extent gone away with the staff of the sixteen newspapers, so far as the news of New York is concerned. Although by means of the bureau the newspapers receive identically the same written news, this is all changed by having in the various offices a number of 're-write' men, who alter the written stories to give them individuality.

"The bureau man must of necessity be a newspaper man of a fine caliber, for in writing for sixteen papers he has sixteen papers to please, has sixteen varying points of view to cater to, has every shade of political feeling to satisfy.

"This is done successfully is shown by the fact

that the bureau has grown larger and is more depended upon by the newspapers year by year. Its success, however, might not have been so absolute had it not been fortunate enough to secure an executive head of the most positive type.

"Since its inception the bureau has been in charge of J. E. Hardenbergh, a master of his craft in that he is a marvel of patient energy, a disciplinarian of the rigorous sort."

## THE CRAB THAT NEEDS A HOUSE.

A most amusing and curious creature is the hermit crab. He belongs to the biggest crab family that there is. There are thousands of different kinds of him, and hermit crabs can be found in all waters, from the cold North to the equator.

The hermit crab is shaped like a prawn or lobster. His head and upper part of the body are covered with a shell that is harder than that of most other varieties



THE QUEER HERMIT CRAB.

of crab. But his unfortunate tail end is soft. And, unhappily for the hermit crab, there is no delicacy that the other sea creatures love quite as much as they do that soft tail.

Under these circumstances the hermit crab has had to become a householder. He searches for a snail shell, and when he finds it he investigates it a moment to make sure that there are no other occupants, and then he backs in with funny, threatening motions of his big claws.

If the shell that he selects happens to be occupied by the snail or other rightful owner, the hermit crab drags it away to some safe hiding place and then calmly thrusts his mighty shears into it and eats the unlucky resident. Having thus simply cleared the premises, he gets in himself.

Occasionally a hermit crab cannot find a suitable shell in his haste. Then he takes anything that is convenient. As a result hermit crabs have been found living in all kinds of queer habitations. One was discovered living with pride and comfort in the bowl of a tobacco pipe. Many of them live in sponges.

The hermit crab is afflicted with an infirm temper and a constant desire to change. Consequently it happens often that one hermit crab, meeting another hermit whose house he likes better than his own, will essay to take it by force. Then there is a battle at once. No healthy hermit crab in full possession of its mind and faculties ever refuses a fight. Sometimes the crabs will seize each other like bull dogs and hang on for hours, each trying to pull the other out of his house.

The hermits come in all sizes. There are many so small that they can live in a barnacle shell. Another species loves to eat the tiny black sea snails out of house and home, and move into their miniature apartments. Others are so big that the biggest whelks of the sea have shells only just big enough.

## AN OLD MILITARY ROLL.

While preparing a part of the building at No. 41 Milk street, corner of Arch street, for occupancy by the Milk-Street Cut Flower Company, T. E. Waters, the manager of the company, who was directing the work of cleaning and renovation of the place, came across a valuable military relic, the existence of which has been known, while its place of concealment, since trace of it had been lost, was unknown.

This relic will be of vast interest to military men, because it is the enlistment roll of the old New England Guard, formerly one of the three crack military corps of this State. The roll was drawn up in this city and bears the date of February, 1814. It really is in the form of a letter to Caleb Strong, the Governor at that time, yet it is to all intents and purposes an enlistment roll.—[Boston Transcript.]

## DOING BETTER

A very plain man in Glasgow has a very plain daughter. One day she was sitting on his knee right before a looking-glass. She contemplated the reflection of their two faces and then asked:

"Papa, did God make me?"

"Yes, dear," he replied.

"And did He make you?"

"Yes."

Looking again in the mirror she drew a long breath and rejoined: "He must be turning out better work lately, isn't he?"—[Scottish American.]

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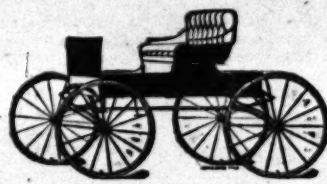
White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, a "tippler," social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy.

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Los Angeles, Oct. 10, 1902.

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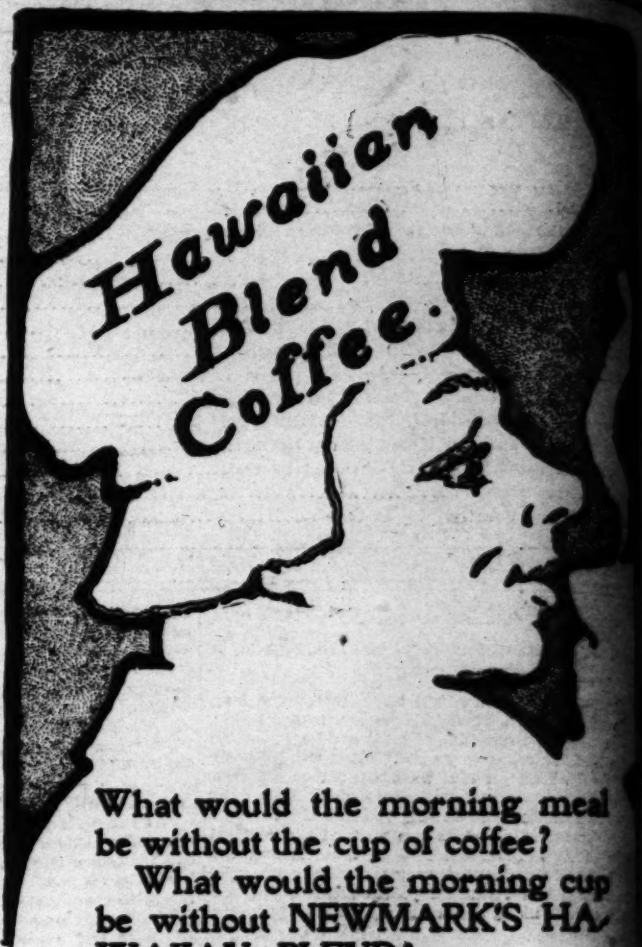
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What would the morning cup be without NEWMARK'S HAWAIIAN BLEND?

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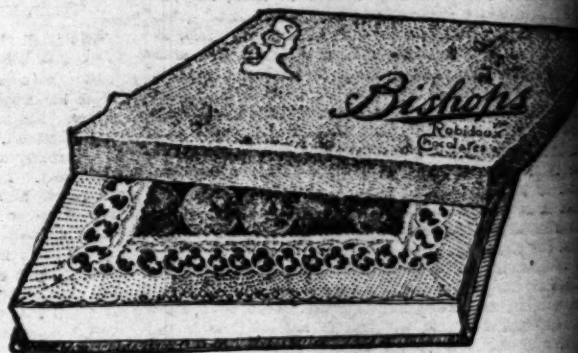
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SIX OR MORE  
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Music by